THE

RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE,

AND

NEW-YORK THEATRICAL REGISTER:

FOR THE

SEASON OF 1809-10.

VOL. I.

Heedless of interest or of praise,
We claim not either pelf or bays;
To please ourselves the only aim,
Averse to flatter—prone to blame;
On fools the cap we often fit;
At knaves we sometimes make a hit;
The good commend, the bad decry,
And tear the mask from villany.

Ramblers.

NEW-YORK:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor premises that two or three friends having made him an offer of their services to supply matter for a new literary miscellany, he is only to be considered as the *marsheller* thereof: and, in the arrangement of his literary *bouquet*, he will be careful that the modest violet be not hidden by the gorgeous apparel of the tulip or anemone; nor the lily of the valley obscured by the obtrusive brazen-face of the sunflower.

It is hoped that, independently of the promised support of this work, a liberal supply of communications will be made for it by those who have talents and leisure. The utmost attention will be paid to printing correctly; an advantage which writers in this country seldom meet with. The stage, the toilette, the bar, and all public amusements, are embraced in the publisher's plan.

A new number will appear whenever a sufficient quantity of interesting matter be received to fill it; but the publisher will not promise it at any stated time. It is however intended, if sufficient matter is offered, to publish every fortnight. Due notice of publication will be given in the papers.

Variety should ever be the principal feature of works of this complexion; and the editor will draw largely, to that effect, on the inexhaustible stores of european genius; careful at the same time that his exotics give precedence to the native plants.

A letter-box is placed in the window of the Shakspeare-Gallery for the receipt of essays, communications, &c. They must be directed to the Editor of the Ramblers' Magazine.

THE

RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

The end must justify the means;
He only sins who ill intends:
If then it is to combat evil,
Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Mat. Prior.

EVER since the invention of printing, the devil has made no inconsiderable figure in the republic of letters; and it is even thought by some that the learned dr. Faustus himself, to whom we are indebted for the art, was neither more nor less than his sable majesty in disguise. However this may be, the devil is the alpha and omega of a printing office, and for this reason I earnestly desire to be on good terms with him. If he be as accommodating as the Asmodeus of Le Sage, I may frequently stand in need of his services.

That I should enter the gloomy domain of a man of types, at a period of life when most men think of entering their graves, will seem rather singular, I must confess, to those who know the fact; but to the inhabitants of New-York, particularly, I need not remark that the *cacoëthes scribendi* is not confined to *sex* or *age*. The malady is indigenous and epidemic.

For many years (by the aid of a stout hickory sapling) I have hobbled about the streets of New-York and its environs, and more than once made up my mind to commit to paper my observations on the variegated scenes that passed before me. I have been a constant attendant at the coteries, the conversaziones, the tea-parties, the clubs, and the public amusements of the *haut ton*; and I often smoke my pipe at Baker's, and mix in the convivial parties of tories, whigs, and renegadoes. My mind, unshackled by prejudice, has found consolation wherever I sought it; and the wigwam of the savage, and the log-house of the woodsman, have often conveyed more useful instruction to my mind than the reading-rooms of the booksellers or the ponderous volumes of the learned.

That I should see more to censure than to praise, in the course of my visits and peregrinations, will readily be conceived. I am, moreover, a little caustic by nature. Liberality, however, forms the pedestal on which I rear my shaft; and I trust no one will attempt to assail it, without resorting to a similar foundation.

With this imperfect account of myself, I commence the first number of

THE PERAMBULATOR.

——Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit——

A stranger, at his first visit to New-York, will be forcibly struck with the strange admixture of elegance and meanness in our streets and build-

ings; and his first impressions will be succeeded by surprise that so many solid masses of stone, brick and mortar, should, in little more than a century, have arisen where miserable huts of branches and clay afforded the barest shelter to the wretched tribe of Manhattan.

The reflecting mind will repose with satisfaction on this change; and I never think on it but with sensations of delight. There is a system of meanness, however, "growing with the growth" of our civilization and improvement, which is manifest in all our public and private works, and which strikes a dampness to the heart expanded by the contemplation of the blessings that Providence has so abundantly showered on us.

I need go no further than the new building erected for "THE NEW-YORK FREE SCHOOL," in Chatham-street, for one elucidation of my remark. The noble philanthropy, that dictated the institution, is disgraced and insulted by a pennywise attempt of the present trustees to save a hundred or two hundred dollars per annum which might be raised in a manner worthy of a generous people.

The front of the free school is built with more than ordinary attention to architectural proportion, and is one of the very few edifices in our city that can boast of simple elegance. The building is scarcely half finished, when two paltry bills appear on the front pillars, announcing, "These stores and cellars to let." Chatham-street is the rag-fair of New-York; and we may consequently expect to see one wing of this temple

of learning ornamented with old clothes, frying-pans, gridirons, candleboxes, and dutch-ovens; whilst, peradventure, the other is bedecked with the gaudy trappings of a man-millener, or (for the accommodation of the charity children) with the more attractive nicknackeries of a toy-shop. O charity! charity! thou certainly coverest a multitude of sins: if thy friendly mantle can cover this, it must be *friendly* indeed.

I had not recovered from the irritation occasioned by the "stores and cellars to let," when, walking through the park, I was struck by the barbarous front of the theatre (the temple of the *muses*, the resort of *fashion*, the school of *morals*, the consolation of *rich* and *poor*, built by the most *spirited* men in town, managed by the most *liberal*, and supported by the *best* actors in the country) resembling a miserable barrack, stretching its vast crazy shoulders over a dead wall of brick, here and there interspersed with a few broken panes of glass, to illuminate the grog-shop up stairs, and the grand saloon below. Is this, thought I, the *grand* front of the *new* theatre of New-York? Do those bare joists and filthy walls bespeak wealthy proprietors? Do those copious streams of *indescribable distillation*, which run from its sides along the pavement, 'shedding their *sweets* around,' indicate the cleanliness or delicacy of *enlightened* managers?

Now I would ask the lady who writes for the Evening-Post (the *lady*, *Anglo-Americus*, I mean) or I would ask the sagacious mr. Coleman him-

self, who, we all know is a *great* theatrical critic, how these things can be? If the latter would take as much pains about the outside of the theatre, as he formerly took within it, there would not be a rotten beam, a dirty brick, or a broken pane of glass in the whole exterior, but would have at least half a column of the *Post* devoted to it.

But, a word or two touching the *lady* author. "The *freedom* and *liberality* which so eminently distinguishes that paper (says Anglo-Americus of the Evening-Post) have led *her* to offer *her* humble criticisms. *As a female*," she observes, "it may be rather presumptuous, but, she trusts not *generally* so, [not *generally* what?] or she would ere this have been *reproved*." Poor, simple, modest creature! Mr. Young's *dress*, in the tragedy of Adelgitha, she allows to be very *beautiful, and was very much applauded.* Happy, happy mr. Young! to attract the attention of this modest, diffident, lady; who, forgetting her *humble* professions at first setting off, declares boldly, as she proceeds, that every person who does not think exactly like *her*, must be "fastidious indeed, and a very incompetent judge."*

"*Razors! razors! razors!*" exclaims mr. Huggins, immediately after the *theatricals;* a species of insult, much greater, in my opinion, than that offered by him some time ago, to an *innocent* public, in firing off his anvils. This introduction of razors so close upon your friend's *theatricals*, mr. Coleman, was not a pretty thing!

* *Theatricals* published in the Evening-Post, under the signature of *Anglo-Americus.*

In spite of my gout and the determination I had made to go to bed early I one evening, last week, ventured to the theatre with a friend who offered me a pit ticket. I prefer the pit, because the faces of the performers are better distinguished from it (and there is certainly a face or two worth looking at among the actresses); besides, one is less liable to interruption, in that part of the house, from the *fashionables*, who think there is nothing so genteel as to disturb the performance by whispering as loud as most modest people speak, or, what is worse, affect to laugh loud at the most serious incidents of tragedy. It is not long since that I heard a *trio* of those little lady women, whose papas sometimes treat them to the boxes, censuring the indecent habiliments of a stage heroine, whilst they themselves were almost *nudities*. "Moy God!" exclaims one, "what a shame it is for that there woman to expose her shapes in that way. I wonder how any modest person can *wisit* the theatre!" "Very true," replied miss Dumpling, who sat in the middle, drawing her shawl a little forward on her almost bare shoulders, "I have often wondered why the managers suffer their play-actresses to dress *a shame* to be seen. If it was me, I should not be able to show my face on the stage." —"Well, I dont know," observed the other young lady, dropping her eyes on her bosom, which might vie with alpine snows for whiteness, "I can't see much harm in it: they ought to make themselves as agreeable to the eye as possible." I could not help subscribing to the sentiments of the

latter: she has ever since been a favorite with me. I frequently meet her in my rambles, and observe she still *practically* supports her opinion.

I like to sit as near as possible to the stage, for the purpose, as I before observed, of examining the faces of the actors, as well as to hear them distinctly (my auricular organs having suffered much by the report of cannon during our revolutionary war); but, to my great disappointment, I found, if I were near the orchestra, or within two or three seats of it, I could see nothing of what was going on above. It was like being in a well. I could hear, it is true; but the sounds came so confusedly to my ear from the mouths of the actors aloft, that I could not distinguish above one word in five. This inconvenience was not a little increased by an uncommon noise under the stage, apparently made by the actors in dressing themselves. I could plainly hear, in any interval of silence, aboveboard, a number of voices bawling out for hats, caps, helmets, swords, and daggers; and ever and anon a violent contest took place for the possession of the rouge-box.

Tapping a man on the shoulder, who sat in the orchestra, (in all probability one of the musicians) I demanded the reason of the confusion under the stage. "O Got dem," replied he, "it is de dem *figurantes*—vat you call dem?—*supernumeraires* ——Dey make every night de most got dem noise in de vorld. Vy mr. Cooper not make musician room dere? and put de dem rascals further away?" As it was impossible for me to reply to this ques-

tion, I sat down, and amused myself with an examination of the house, which is undoubtedly well decorated, but very badly constructed. The pit, evidently, should be raised, and so contrived that a person near the stage should see something that passes thereon, without running the risk of being ordered to sit down by the audience behind him, if he should venture to stand up to catch a glimpse of the scenes.

The boxes are much too high to give that cheerful effect so much desired in a theatre, where the audience are frequently more delighted with seeing and being seen among themselves than in attending to the performance. They are too much like the galleries of a methodist meeting-house. The second tier of boxes might be at least two feet lower, and the third in proportion, so as to make room for a fourth tier over the whole. This arrangement would, no doubt, contribute essentially to the interest of the managers, and to the satisfaction of the audience; who would not then be precluded from that intercourse of looks which forms one of the chief pleasures of public assemblies.

The ornamental part of the boxes and ceiling is admirably conceived and executed. Indeed, when it is known that an artist equal to any in Europe is at the head of this department, and that the managers (to do them justice) have opened their purse-string, to him, *ad libitum*, there can be no wonder that the interior of this building, in point of decoration, is very little inferior to the handsomest theatres of France, Italy, or England

And I am assured, by a gentleman, who has travelled in those countries, that it is much superior to the generality of them.

Of the performances I can venture to say nothing; first, because I am no judge of histrionic merit; secondly, because I could not hear; and thirdly, I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing. Although many a critic thinks neither of these advantages requisite for the guidance of his pen in such matters, I will leave it to the opinion of a *candid public*, whether he or I be most in the right.

Lewd, shallow, hairbrained huffs make atheism and contempt of religion the only badge and character of wit. *South.*

The death of Tom Paine, a man bloated with every species of vice, and whose name will be handed down with infamy to all posterity, has given rise to one of the most wretched caricature etchings that ever disgraced the arts. The *designer* and *prompter* are both known to me; and if the editor of the Ramblers' Magazine shall think proper to insert this communication, I will engage, in the future numbers, to make them both as well known to the public as they could desire to be.

There never, perhaps, was a more wicked and despicable attempt at wit than the thing I speak of. Its object is to censure the clergy, who very properly refused sepulchral rites to a monster whose only study had been to render his fellow-creatures (if they can be called his fellow-creatures) miserable through life, and ultimately deprive them of the only comfort a death-bed can receive.

In this stupid caricature, a most worthy man and venerable prelate is described riding on Trinity Church, a whip in his hand, and a bridle affixed to the steeple, whilst others of the clergy are dancing in exultation over the dead body of the arch-fiend. One of the divines is made to sing as follows—

> Tight fol de roll, let's dance and sing,
> Tom Paine is dead—God save the king;
> The infidel now low doth lay,
> Sing hallelujah, halleluya.

If there were any thing like wit or humor in this *attempt*, there might be some kind of excuse made for it; but it has not the merit even of provoking a smile. All about it is as dull and barren as the mop head of the jackanapes who made the drawing, and which was, no doubt scratched at a great rate to produce so much *fun*. What a pity it is that the public should not encourage *painters of merit*, and prevent the necessity of their having recourse to base etchings for a livelihood.—What! can glaring red and white no longer please. Do you at length see, fellow-citizens, the difference between a Trumbull, a Stewart, and a wretched *barbouilleur* of colors, whose *every likeness* is a caricature?——Well! this is as it should be. Quackery may prevail for a season, but the quack is soon discovered. The *persecuted patriot* may add his *nostrum* to the scale also; but I will engage that a feather shall, ere long, weigh down both Daub and himself.

VIGILARIUS.

THEATRICAL REGISTER,

FOR 1809-10.

On the 6th of September the theatre opened with the CASTLE SPECTRE of *M. G. Lewis*, and Bickerstaff's delightful farce, the ROMP. During the recess the interior of the house had undergone very material alterations, and had been embellished by the hand of mr. Holland in a style that reflects equal honor on his taste and judgment. "The fronts of the boxes are in imitation of pannels of a beautiful fawn color, surrounded by a white border richly decorated with gold ornaments. The style is of french grey; and between it, and the border of the pannel, is a plain band of light purple. The cove, beneath the boxes, is also of purple with gold mouldings and ornaments. The columns, which were last year of silver, are now gold; and that which then formed their pedestal is translated into a small pannel, enriched with gold ornaments. The backs of the boxes are again painted in the fashion of pannels, and are changed from straw color to a light pink, with a border of white —the style purple and the doors mahogany.

"The lobbies have not been neglected. The walls are of light straw color, with white ceiling; —the colonnade in the first lobby corresponding with the others;—the shafts of the columns yellow, the caps and bases white as before.

"The patent lamps, by which the house was for-

merly lighted, are intirely removed ;—a large and brilliant chandelier, suspended from the dome, with two of corresponding richness on the right and left of the curtain, together with the smaller ones dispersed round the second and third tier of boxes, furnish a new and improved light to the audience part of the house.—Indeed, the alterations throughout are most judicious, and the *tout en semble* airy and beautiful."

The company is nearly the same as that of the last season—messrs. Cooper, Twaits, Tyler, Robertson, Doyle, Lindsley, Oliff; mrs. Twaits, Oldmixon, Hogg, and miss White, with Harwood, who is sick in Philadelphia, are what remain of the former troop—mr. and mrs. Darley, mr. Rutherford, Hogg, Huntingdon, and Shapter, mrs. Lipman, and miss Dellinger, give place to mr. and mrs. Young, late of the Charleston theatre, mr. and mrs. Poe, late of the Boston theatre, mr. Foster, brother of mrs. Young, a noviciate and mr. Hallam: and mr. and mrs. Johnson, formerly of the New-York stage, who are hourly expected from England. The play this evening ushered mr. and mrs. Poe, and mr. Young before the public, in the several parts of Hassan, Angela, and Osmond —the performance generally was but so so—the farce however produced more satisfaction; and *mrs. Poe's Tomboy* gave surety of succeeding fame and favoritism. *Mr. Twaits* was a fine *Watty Cockney*—the rest was "as well as could be expected."

Friday, 8th. PIZARRO, *Sheridan*—and Ro-

SINA, *Brooke.* House very well attended. Captain Doyle who has opened the campaign with a tremendous pair of whiskers, played the king most majest-ically. This gentleman was certainly born for the stage, and promises to make one of its *greatest* heroes. *Twaits*, though a little man, was an alarming rival in *Orozimbo*, and hectored away in a style that almost put the captain to the blush. It is astonishing that a man holding the rank that mr. T. does as an actor, and whose judgment is most generally correct, should have mistaken the enthusiastic warmth and patriotic daring of this captive peruvian for the blustering bullyings of a braggart:——look to the *Orozimbo* of last year—repent and live.

Monday, 11*th.* HAMLET—and AGREEABLE SURPRISE, *O'Keefe.* Mr. *Cooper* was astonishingly fine in *Hamlet*, and never perhaps did the character more justice than on this evening. *Mrs. Poe* is too light for *Ophelia*—she seemed wanting in sensibility in the earlier scenes, and the mad scene was robbed of most of its effect by a total exclusion of melancholy:—it is the contrast that produces every thing in this scene; and if this is unattended to, the efforts of the actress are in vain. The ever to be lamented mrs. *Hodgkinson*, to whom mrs. *Poe* is more like in the *Romp* and parts of that description than any person who has succeeded her, was in this unequalled; and the whole effect was produced by the sudden transition from hysteric sprightliness to deep and reflecting sadness.

Mr. Twaits sustained the part of *Polonius* with great credit.

The *Agreeable Surprise* introduced *mrs. Young* as *Cowslip*, in which part the great personal beauty, and natural modesty of this lady, seems to have well qualified her ;—she was very interesting. *Lingo* is one of *Twaits's* best characters ;—it is a line for which he is peculiarly suited, and in which he ever excels. The farce gave great satisfaction.

Wednesday, 13*th*. RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE, *Beaumont and Fletcher*—and IS HE A PRINCE ?—first time. *Mr. Cooper's Leon* is too celebrated to make any comment necessary :—it was played with his usual judgment. *Mr. Twaits* undertook the part of the *Copper Captain ;* and were there not *personal* objections, might be held a very proper representative. *Mrs. Oldmixon's Estifania* was full of spirit, life, and fun.

IS HE A PRINCE ? This entertainment, which had its first representation on the New-York boards this evening, was brought out at the Haymarket theatre on the 14th of February last, by the Covent Garden company. It is from the pen of the translator of the *Portrait of Michael Cervantes*. The plot is not very natural, but branches out into many entertaining scenes and ludicrous incidents. The unintentional exchange of a picture suddenly changes a young officer, in the opinion of a german baron, a great sportsman, his maiden sister, a lady swelled with genealogical pride, and a count filled with good-nature, but void

of sense, into the *duke of Anhalt*, their sovereign. Profiting by this mistake the young officer obtains the hand of the baron's daughter, who had been pledged to the count; and being discovered by the untimely arrival of his uncle is forgiven by all parties and abdicates his sovereignty to assume the title of Caroline's husband. The characters do not possess any novelty, but are well brought into action. The situations and incidents are entitled to greater praise than the dialogue which, however, is free from ridiculous puns and not devoid of elegance. The parts were very feebly supported, and the cloud of damnation seemed hovering o'er the piece throughout the whole of the first act. In the second, however, it was dispersed; and the curtain dropped with approbatory sounds.

Friday, 15*th*. FORTY THIEVES, *Colman*—and IS HE A PRINCE? The grand spectacle of the Forty Thieves, whose attractive charms filled the managerial purse the last season, met on its return a very equivocal welcome. It is is not easy to say what this was owing to, as the same splendor of scenery, dress and decoration was apparent in the getting it up. The characters to be sure had undergone some change; but a change of too little importance to affect the reputation of the piece. Mrs. *Poe's Morgiana* is very little if any thing inferior to mrs. Darley's. *Ganem* was supported by *mr. Foster*; and considering it a first appearance, it was highly creditable and praiseworthy. When this gentleman shakes off something of his timidity, and becomes more intimate

and familiar with the stage, he will not be a disuseful actor. The part that suffered most was that of *Ali Baba;* which, though never of much importance even in the hands of mr. Harwood, was blundered through by mr. Tyler, in a style ridiculous and unnatural: scarcely a word that he uttered was the word of his author, and not unfrequently was his stage companion obliged to carry on the dialogue, by speaking his part for him. But *Mustapha* made up for all; and though thin was the house, the applause was "thick and threefold." The new farce went off much better than on the preceding evening.

Monday, 18*th*. ABÆLLINO, *Dunlap*—and ROMP, *Bickerstaff*. This play is a translation from the german, and is a compound of striking incident, interesting situation, unnatural character, and nonsensical dialogue—yet had it the power to draw a fuller house than any of the sterling pieces which preceded it. *Mr. Cooper's Abœllino* is but a *mediocre* piece of acting; indeed we never saw this gentleman sink so much below himself as on this evening. Was it owing to indisposition? for though we are disposed to think the part will never be much in his hands yet we cannot readily conceive that mr. *Cooper* in any thing could be so poor as in *Abœllino*. The bandit was dressed without effect—nothing to terrify, nothing to affright, nothing to awe. Flodoardo looked very tawdry, and seemed prepared to effect more by his dress than his fervor. Almost every character of this piece was illy supported. The great tragedian,

mr. *Robertson*, on one occasion expressed himself "*inexpressible happy*," which was generally understood by those in our neighborhood to mean, that he had got a new pair of breeches, and was glad of it. The conspirators had nearly gone to loggerheads about the pronunciation of Dandoli. The sage *Falieri* would have it Dand-il-e. *Parozzi*, *Contarino*, and the rest, contended for Dandoli. The former happily prevailed—and so he ought; for any one who is acquainted with the venetian history, must know that this firm friend of the *doge* was a descendant in a right line of the illustrious *Daniel Dilly*, commonly called Dan Dilly.—[*Quere for the Herald's office*—Are not the *Daffy-down-Dilly's* of England, a collateral branch of the same family?]

Wednesday 20th. GAMESTER, *Moore*—and FORTY THIEVES, *Colman.* This moral and instructive tragedy, one of the best that is exhibited on the stage, and with the Forty Thieves as an afterpiece, could not produce an audience half as numerous as that which attended the preceding night's representation. We record this as a proof of the vitiated and depraved taste of the city of New-York. Mr. Cooper played Beverly in his best manner. In the scene in which he reproaches Stukely with having undone him, and momentarily yields himself to desperation, and in the closing scene, he was pre-eminently fine. Mr. Young is the best *Stukely* we have seen for some time; he is not however all that we could wish;—there is too much of act-

ing about him, and too little of feeling. Mrs. Twaits was a very inefficient representative of the lovely injured mrs. Beverly. We have seldom seen this lady so little at home as she appeared in this character.

The Forty Thieves gave the accustomed delight. Mr. Foster was more at ease than at his first essay, and played his part to general satisfaction. Honest Joe had nearly made *Ali Baba* a dancing-bear—he hopped and skipped about, not as was remarked by some one near us, "like a flea in a tar barrel," but to use a more appropriate and no less refined comparison, "like a parched pea on a hot shovel." What had generated this extravagance we were at a loss to discover, till we heard the rumor of *Harwood's* death; and then all wonder ceased:—the certainty of retaining so important a part was enough to turn a wiser head than honest *Joe's*.—But stop, my old boy—moderate your ecstacies, and do not "reckon your chickens"—the proverb is somewhat musty. Harwood, unhappily for the New-York stage, is gone;—but though he is, it would not require the aid of magic to return mr. Tyler to the conspicuous part which he originally personated, and find as good a wood-cutter in any part of the company.*

* Though I am very far from wishing my theatrical correspondent to spare the lash, when it can be fairly applied, I must here observe that there seems an asperity in his observations on mr. Tyler's Ali Baba, which scarce any deviation from propriety could qualify. Mr. Tyler, I am informed, owing to the unfortunate absence of Harwood, was thrust into the part at a very short notice;

Friday, 22d. ADELGITHA, *M. G. Lewis*— HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS, *Garrick. Adelgitha* was brought forward this night for the first time in the season, under a new cast of character. Last year they stood thus:

Guiscard, . .	Cooper.
Michael Ducas, . .	Rutherford.
Lothair, . . .	Robertson.

This year:

Guiscard, . .	Robertson.
Michael Ducas, . .	Cooper.
Lothair, . .	Young.

The importance of the change was strongly visible; and the part of *Michael Ducas* received from the hand of mr. Cooper a richness of coloring that almost made one doubt if they had ever seen it before. His loss, in *Guiscard* was, however, sensibly felt; for mr. R. possesses no one quality, requisite for portraying the stern dignity of *Apulia's prince.* Those scenes with *Adelgitha*, which last year had awakened so much sensibility were now flat and insipid; and when *Michael Ducas* fell, all interest in the piece sunk to the grave with him. *Mrs. Twaits* played with much fire and spirit, and may class her *Adelgitha* as one of the best of her performances. *Young's Lothair* had nothing to recommend it.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS went off with

and if he did not succeed to the wishes of my correspondent, he, no doubt, endeavored, as he always does, to give satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Tyler, to the merit of a good citizen adds that of an excellent actor in parts adapted to his age and powers, and may be said to be the most *useful* performer now on the New-York boards.

great applause. *Mr. Young's My Lord Duke* was rather on the *extravaganza*, but, nevertheless very humerous. The other parts were supported as on the last season, excepting *mrs. Young* in *Lady Charlotte*, who fainted in great *snuff*, and much to the entertainment of the audience.

Monday, 25th. OTHELLO and ROMP. This celebrated and favorite tragedy was worse played than we have been accustomed to see it. Mr. Young made a miserable Iago, and to this, as the pivot on which all the rest turns, must we ascribe the languor which pervaded the whole performance. *Mrs. Poe* is very unequal to *Desdemona*. It is much to be lamented that this lady should be thrust into parts for which she is so wholly unqualified. Mrs. Young would have been a much fitter representative if the want of personal charms disqualifies mrs. Twaits, the only female tragedian of the company. *Mr. Twaits's Roderigo* was too comic;—to the resentful reproaches to *Iago*, he gave an air of simplicity and jocularity that does not belong to the character. *Roderigo* does not jest, nor is he a fool;—he had been gulled by *Iago*, and on the discovery thereof spiritedly determines to have satisfaction. *Iago*, it will be remembered, had had the cunning to deceive *Othello;* it is not therefore necessary to make *Roderigo* a simpleton, to render him a fit subject for *Iago's* art. The house this evening was most unusually noisy;—not from the clamors of the gods, but from a continued walking about, and loud talking in the lobbies of the upper boxes, during the performance:

this is a growing and vile practice, and unless soon checked will rob the sober and rational part of the audience of that mental gratification which they seek at the theatre. The cold-steel gentry are most conspicuous in this business; and will defend the practice, we suppose, at the point of the sword. At this we do not wonder, for to men of business, it certainly must be very irksome to have nothing to do.

Wednesday, 27th. PIZARRO and AGREEABLE SURPRISE. By the sudden indisposition of mr. Robertson, the entertainments announced for the evening (Pizarro and Princess or no Princess) necessarily gave place to the preceding. Mr. Poe was mr. R's substitute in Alonzo; and a more wretched Alonzo have we never witnessed. This man was never destined for the high walks of the drama;—a footman is the extent of what he ought to attempt: and if by accident like that of this evening he is compelled to walk without his sphere, it would bespeak more of sense in him to read the part than attempt to act it;—his person, voice, and non-expression of countenance, all combine to stamp him—*poh! et præterea nihil.** Orozimbo was less vociferous than usual; yet quite enough so to distract one's ears. If "bitterness and scorn" are only to be exhibited by loud and quick retort, then is the present representative the most bitter and scornful Orozimbo we have

* Here, as well as in some other passages of the Theatrical Register, our correspondent it too acrimonious; and I must take the liberty to differ from him, in some measure, respecting mr. Poe's talents, who, *if he would take pains*, is by no means contemptible.

almost ever seen; and never will you find him unprepared: he has an answer, and a sharp one too, cut and dried for every question that is proposed to him; and really, if it was not that he himself asks for an introduction to Pizarro, you would suppose they were well acquainted, and had concerted the dialogue that takes place between them; for hardly is the question asked before—pop—out comes an answer polished as steel and sharp as a razor. The play went off most heavily.

Friday, 29th. MACBETH—and PRINCESS and NO PRINCESS, (first time) *Dibdin.* We shall make no comments on this evening's performance of Macbeth, except to compliment mr. Doyle on his judicious representation of *Banquo.* The new afterpiece of *Princess and no Princess* was thus cast:

Almarick, . . .	Mr. Poe.
Oswald, . . .	Robertson.
Zavolano, . . .	Young.
Karll, . . .	Doyle.
Stork, . . .	Lindsley.
Orloff, . . .	Hallam.
Bazil, . . .	Tyler.
Andrew, . . .	Twaits.
Elizena, . . .	Mrs. Poe.
Ulrica, . . .	Twaits.
Gertrude, . . .	Hogg.

It is a production from the pen of mr. *Thomas Dibdin*, and was first represented by the Covent-Garden company while playing at the opera house on the 7th October, 1808. It is founded on an in-

cident which happened to the mother of *Charlemagne*, and which has been dramatised by the french under the title of *La Forêt d'Hermanstadt, ou la Fause Epouse.* The story is briefly as follows:—The *princess of Bulgaria* about to espouse the prince of Trannsylvania, is deprived of her royal robes by Oswald, the officer in whose charge she was entrusted. Oswald's sister is imposed on the *prince* for *Alexina*, the true princess; and after a reasonable variety of adventures at an inn, the imposition is discovered. The piece is by no means devoid of interest nor destitute of humor; and, had it been better supported, would have made an impression favorable to itself.—But *mr. Poe* played the prince,—and such a prince was "never surely dreamt of in man's philosophy." The other parts were tolerably well sustained, and the piece was announced for repetition without opposition.

KICKSHAWS.

"I know it is with books as it is with dishes at a table, where every one tasteth what he liketh, and some prefer mere *kickshaws.*" Hool's advertisement *touching* Cato.

Love-letter from a schoolmaster to a young lady.

DEAR MISS B.

If there be yet no *preposition* towards a *conjunction* with you, be pleased to accept of this *interjection* of my pretences: for I do

pronouns adverbum that I desire to be *adjective* to you in all *cases;* and I *positively* declare that, *comparatively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy might I engender with you in all *moods* and *tenses.* I hope you will not think me so *singular* as not to desire to have the *plural number* in my family, or that I am too *masculine* to be *neuter* in regard to the *feminine.* Wherefore, dear miss B. let us have our affections in *common of two.* Far be it from me to *decline* the *conjugation,* though I am not the *first person,* nor the *second,* nor the *third,* that have solicited you to be *subjunctive* to his love. I presume you will not be in the *imperative* whilst I pass from the *optative* to the *potential,* and that you will permit me to make a *conjunction* of my *propriæ quæ maribus* with you *as in præsenti.* This will make a *participle* of happiness, if you please *actively* to give your voice to be *passive* herein. Be you but *supine,* and I'll be *deponent;* thus you will find it the *optative* part of my soul to be a lawful *concord* with the *genitive;* my whole income shall be a *dative* to you for the *present;* nothing shall be *accusative* against you for the future, and your dear name shall be my *vocative* till death, the great *oblative* of of all things, part us.

Yours, *infinitely,*

CALEB SCRAWL.

The facetious abbé Gagliani (afterwards raised to the papal chair) was one day at a public dinner

making himself and the company merry at the expense of an absent lady's character. He pushed his sarcasms to so great a length that a gentleman, seated at some distance from the ecclesiastic, bawled out with the voice of a Stentor, "Mister abbé, your observations are impertinent, and if I sat near you I would give you a box on the ear. You may even imagine you have received it." "Sir," replied instantly the abbé, in the same tone, "my profession does not permit me to carry a sword; but if I sat near you, I would borrow one from a neighbor, and run you through the body; you may therefore imagine yourself dead." The gentleman, in fury, was about to reply; but the abbé insisted that, in honor, he was *defunct*, and had no longer the power of speech. The company, nearly suffocated with laughter, acknowledged that the abbé was right, and that his opponet was fairly defeated.

MIRROR OF FASHION.

It has been usual to regulate the fashions, on this side the Atlantic, by those of Great Britain and France. In proportion, however, as the people of this country become independent of those nations, the *beau-monde* of America will find an inclination to *legislate* for themselves. At a late *caucus* of fashionables, the following resolutions were agreed on for the present year:

FALL FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES.

Chemise of irish linen, holland, lawn, or home-

spun, changed at least twice a week, but as much oftener as convenient.

Hat or bonnet of straw, silk, or velvet, sufficiently water-proof to keep out a few minutes' rain, in case of being without an umbrella.

Stockings of silk, cotton, or thread, without holes above the shoes, and, if possible, holes at the toes.

Flannel petticoat over the chemise; but if flannel be too heavy, at least a dimitty one.

Shawl or neck-kerchief of red, blue, brown, or any other color; but if these be too warm, the gown to be so cut as to cover at least one half the breast.

Cormorant-bill hat, or bonnet, sufficiently small to admit of turning the head round without incommoding it in a moderately narrow passage.

Shoes of black, green, blue, or dry leaf color, sufficiently short-quartered to be worn with ease, and hide that vulgar protrusion of the toes so common to large feet.

The most approved lotion for the skin is a large bason-full of fresh water and a small piece of white soap, carefully rubbed off, when used, with a coarse towel.

A certain cleanser and sweetner of the hair was introduced into this country about the time the world was created: it is to be procured for nothing whenever it rains. This, copiously applied, and well taken off again with a comb and brush, is, by judges, allowed to be better than *eau-de-Cologne*, or the far-famed waters of the *Fontand Sophia*, at Rome.

FALL FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

A good coat, waistcoat, and small clothes of any color.

Hat of any size, perfectly whole.

Clean stockings of any kind to be worn under boots.

Half shirts intirely exploded.

Shirt neck quite plain.

Walking-cane any weight under twenty pounds.

Boots blacked so that they will not soil the ladies gowns at card-parties.

Swearing not much in use.

Cigarrs not to be smoked in the streets, except by military gentlemen when marching on days of parade; but as the fume of tobacco does not quite so much affect the nerves of some persons as gunpowder, it is to be hoped that so *sweet* an accomplishment will not be intirely discarded.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RAMBLERS' MAGAGINE.

SIR,

Having heard that you are about to publish a new miscellaneous work, I take the liberty to send a small poetic effusion excited by the untimely death of one of my particular friends, John E. Harwood, late of the New-York theatre. I cannot claim any merit for the performance, but I hope it will prompt some more able pen to pay that respect to departed merit which, to that late

bright gem in the theatrical world, it is the province of the poet to show.

Your most obedt. servt.

T. T.

P. S. I have an only son, a lad of some parts, who observing what I had written for insertion in your paper, requests that he might try his hand in verse. As I had no objection to it, he the next morning handed me the lines herewith enclosed, which he has entitled "Consolation." If you think it not *too low* for insertion, the youth will be encouraged by its appearance, and may at a future time be found more deserving of your indulgence.

There is one thing respecting my son, which gives me some uneasiness; and if you can induce any of your correspondents, in a future number, to write a little advice on the subject, you will render me an infinite service, and perhaps many other parents who are anxious for their children's prosperity. My son is one of those satellites who is constantly seen revolving round the minor play-actors at taverns, billiard-tables, and other places, by which his morals are much corrupted and his manners brutalised; from these people he is undoubtedly furnished with documents for the poetry (if it may be so called) which I have herein the honor to send. He tells me that he has got it by heart, to sing at a society to morrow evening, known by the elegant appellation of "the Shin of Beef Club," of which he is a *worthy* member, together with the theatrical sucklings above mentioned.

T. T.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARWOOD.

Mourn, hoary Hudson, deeply mourn
  Thy Harwood lost, thy sons forlorn;
For *he* shall never laugh again,
  The chief of all the laughing train.

Long had his sunken eye proclaim'd
  A rankling arrow at his heart;
Long had his mind, for genius fam'd.
  Refused the balm that friends impart.

Mute is the tongue that erst at eve
  Would "set the table on a roar,"
And keen reflection's pangs relieve,
  When care beset the well-closed door.

Thy "jibes and jokes," thy joyful mien,
  Thy rosy cheeks, that lit the soul,
Now lie in dust!——No more be seen
  The cheering pipe and flowing bowl.

No more at Shannon's shall we laugh
  The long night's fleeting hours away;
No more his whisky shall we quaff,
  From eve till the succeeding day.

No more at Hodgkinson's or White's,
  Each witling elf shall court his smiles;
No more his well-told tale delights;
  No more his song the time beguiles.

Mourn, hoary Hudson, deeply mourn
  Thy Harwood lost, thy sons forlorn;
For *he*, shall never laugh again,
  The chief of all the laughing train.

CONSOLATION.

No matter if Harwood be dead,
Come, my hearts, let's away to the show;
There's *Hallam* engaged in his stead,
And he is *no fool*, we all know;
Then there's Twaits, with his whimsical phiz,
And Tyler in Ali Baba;
There's Poe makes an excellent quiz,
And Cooper enacts the bashaw.*
Sing fal de ral tither rol dee.

There's Young, in Iago, looks sly,
And his eyes roll about in his head,
And tho' he won't tell 'em for why
He wishes Othello was dead.
Desdemona has conquer'd his heart;
His own wife he did not care a fig for;
He's resolved from Emilia to part,
Tho' her bread she may beg, steal or dig for.
Sing fal de ral tither roll dee.

Then there's Doyle, a great actor, no doubt;
And Robertson, second to no man
In lovers, who whine, cant and pout,
And through pining can settle to no plan;
Tho' sometimes he's terrible stiff,
'Tis much if he does not soon get right,
For the managers sure take the miff
If he's missing at all on a play night.
Sing fal de ral tither roll dee.

* Tis a very good thing to be tied by the law,
To a very pompostical three-tail'd bashaw.
Sec. to the L. B. Soc.

Then we've Hogg——oh, no ; Hogg is not there ;
He's sitting at home in his garden ;
He thought he was not treated fair,
And the show-folks will not ask his pardon ;
But Johnny is much better off,
Rus in urbe enlivens his senses,
And his benefit, tho' he's a cough,
Yields him more than will pay the expenses.
Sing fal de ral tither roll dee.

Mistress Poe in the Romp is at home ;
Her dresses are all very fine o !
If she's not minded to roam,
She may stay here and pocket the rhino.
Mistress Oldmixon sings like a lark,
And frisks like a colt in high clover ;
'Tis said she was much in the dark,
When she, hapless, from England came over.*
Sing fal de ral tither roll dee.

* I cannot suffer this unintelligible reference to mrs. Oldmixon to pass over without notice. This lady, once the favorite of a London audience, and now deservedly admired by all musical amateurs in this country, was the pupil of the amiable Dr. Philip Hayes, professor of music in the university of Oxford, and one of the ablest composers and musicians of his time. Mrs. O. after displaying her acquirements for some time in the music hall of Oxford, was engaged at the Haymarket theatre at a great salary, and only left it to comply with the wishes of those who thought they were rendering her a service. She was afterwards engaged on a most liberal salary in Ireland; and, in an evil hour, was then persuaded to visit America, under an impression (in which most of her countrymen participate who have never crossed the Atlantic) that our streets are paved with dollars, and our houses covered with doubloons; that ready-roasted pigs run about our streets with knives and forks sticking in their backs, inviting people to eat them, and that fricas-

Mistress Twaits, now the soul of the stage,
With *eclat* Adelgitha rehearses,
And mocking Byzantium's rage,
Kills him off while he's venting his curses.
Miss White, mistress Young, and the rest,
Are all of them good in their way,
And tho' sometimes they *mimic* distress,
They prefer a good *fun-making* play.
Sing fal de ral tither roll dee.

SONG.

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show ye what tis to be gay,
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away:
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasantest when he's mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But tis wine that makes us free;
Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see.
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent to woman,
But none in a brimmer can be.

seed chickens hop through the public walks, with the most delicious sauces in their bills, humbly requesting to be devoured.

Mrs. Oldmixon is, perhaps, unequalled in a particular line of character. She is the mrs. Maddocks of America, in comedy and farce; and, in opera the madame Mara. EDITOR.

SONG.

Bid me, when forty winters more,
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
When from my head, a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow;
When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and slow scarce steals along;
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire:
Shall then that rebel man presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near:
All charms me that to joy incites,
And every she, that's kind, is fair.

SONG.

from the tragedy of DE MONFORT, *by* JOANNA BAILLIE.

The organ strikes up a solemn prelude. Enter a procession of Nuns, *with the* Abbess, *bearing torches. After compassing the grave twice, and remaining there some time, whilst the organ plays a grand dirge.*

SONG—BY THE NUNS.

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallowed lowly grave contains;
Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
Whose pains and sorrows are no more!
Bless'd be thou with the bless'd above!
Where all is joy, and purity, and love.

Let him in might and mercy dread,
Lord of the living and the dead;
In whom the stars of heaven rejoice,
To whom the ocean lifts its voice;
Thy spirit purified to glory raise,
To sing with holy saints his everlasting praise!

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
Hast our lowly sister been.
Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell!
Until we meet thee there, farewell! farewell!

CHOWDER.

The bee excursive seeks the flow'ry field,
And sucks the sweets that garden glories yield;
Returning home, into his hive he pours
The juice of aromatic herbs and flow'rs;
So we the *bloom* and *quintessence* extract
Of hill and dale and ev'ry fertile tract;
With the best flow'rs of speech adorn each page,
And store up honey for a future age.

[It has been the opinion of many commentators on the writings of Shakspeare, that the plot of his play of the Merchant of Venice was derived from the *Pecorone* of *Fiorentina*, with the exception of the incident of the caskets, which appeared to be borrowed from *Boccace*. A british publication of much celebrity modestly hints that Shakspeare drew his plan from an old novel, written by Thomas Nashe, and published in 1594, entitled *The Unfortunate traveller*, or the Life of Jacke Wilton.]

The hero is described to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the eighth, and is made to play a number of roguish pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munster in Germany, where he falls in with John of Leyden the famous fanatic, and is present at his defeat by the imperialists; here he meets lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and accompanies him to Venice, passing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carlostadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a series of strange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a jew named Zadock, physician to Pope Clement VIII. and having forfeited his life to him by the

law, the jew gets the person of Jacke Wilton in limbo with an intent to anatomize him, and whilst he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpose, the marchioness of Mantua, the pope's mistress, spies him out from her balcony, and being smitten with his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands, by persuading his holiness to banish all the jews from Rome and confiscate their effects, upon a charge she sets up against them.

With this intelligence Zadock is accosted by a brother jew called Zachary, "who comes running to him in sackcloth and ashes, presently after his goods were confiscated, and tells him how he is served and what decree is coming out against them all."

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will observe by the date was published before Shakspeare wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics seem agreed that he was conversant in other works of Nashe, it is highly probable that this history of *Jacke Wilton* had also been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakspeare took his character of Shylock from this of Nashe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant such an inference; but I shall submit the following dialogue as an extraordinary specimen of strong empassioned writing, which though it will not stand by Shakspeare's scene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terseness, has nevertheless a force of expression, that will bear a comparison with that or any other passage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief speaker—" Description stand by! here is to be expressed the fury of Lucifer, when he was turned over heaven's bar for a wrangler: there is a toad-fish, which taken out of the water swells more than one would think his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that touches him; so swelled Zadock, and was ready to burst out of his skin, and shoot his bowels like chain-shot full in Zachary's face, for bringing him such baleful tidings; his eyes glared and burned like brimstone and aqua vitæ set on fire in an egg-shell; his very nose lightened glow-worms; his teeth cracked and grated together like the joints of a high building rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full-butt against her broadside: he swore and curst, and said—

" These be they that worship that crucified god of Nazareth; here is the fruits of their new-found gospel; sulphur and gunpowder carry them all quick to Gehennah! I would spend my soul willingly to have this triple-headed pope, with all his sin-absolved whores, and oil-greased priests, borne like a black saint on the devils' backes in procession to the pit of perdition. Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow up this Rome, this whore of Babylon into the air with my breath! if I must be banished, if these heathen dogs will need rob me of my goods, I will poison their springs and conduit-heads, whence they receive their water all about the city. I will 'tice

all the young children into my house, that I can get, and cutting their throats, barrel them up in powdering beef tubs, and so send them to victual the pope's galleys. Ere the officers come to extend, I will bestow an hundred pounds on a dole of bread, which I will cause to be kneaded with scorpion's oil, that may kill more than the plague. I will hire them that make their wafers, or sacramentary gods, to mix them after the same sort, so in the zeal of their superstitious religion shall they languish and drop like carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous conjurer, that can call the winds from their brazen caves, and make the clouds travel before their time, I will give him the other hundred pounds to disturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to sour all the wines in Rome, and turn them to vinegar: as long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinchingly upon them."

"Zadock, Zadock," said Zachary, cutting him off, "thou threatenest the air, whilst we perish here on earth: it is the countess Juliana, the marquis of Mantua's wife, and no other, that hath complotted our confusion; ask not how, but insist on my words, and assist in revenge."

"As how, as how?" said Zadock, shrugging and shrubbing; "more happy than the patriarchs were I, if, crusht to death with the greatest torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quintessenced out of me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue; shall I cut it off, and

from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? if thou wilt, I will go to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running sore upon me, I will come and deliver her a supplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction."

Zadock, in conclusion, is taken up and executed, and the description of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumstance attending them is minutely delineated in colors full as strong as the above.

[Mr. Ryley, formerly manager of the Liverpool theatre, has lately published his memoirs, in three volumes 12mo.—They contain some sprightly anecdote, and occasionally display a pretty accurate delineation of human nature. I extract the following as specimens of the author's manner.]

The last night of Jefferson's engagement, he played "Hamlet," for his own benefit; and Tom Blanchard, ever accommodating, agreed to DOUBLE* *Guildenstern* with the *Grave-digger*. When *Hamlet* called for the recorders, Blanchard, who delighted in a frolic, instead of the flute, brought on a bassoon, used in the orchestra. Jefferson, after composing his countenance, which the sight of this instrument had considerably discomposed, went on with the scene.

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"My lord, I cannot."

"I pray you?"

* *Doubling* signifies playing two characters in the same piece.

"Believe me, I cannot."

"I do beseech you?"

"Well, my lord, since you are so very pressing, I'll do my best." Tom, who was a good musician, immediately struck up '*Lady Coventry's minuet*,' and went through the whole strain, which finished the scene, for *Hamlet* had not another word to say for himself.

[Mr. R. being at Buxton in Cheshire, thus describes a visit of a particular theatrical acquaintance, Tony Lebrun.]

A short time before the season closed, a gentleman requested to see me at the sign of the Cheshire cheese; I lost not a moment to obey the summons, and was entering the room, when the landlady told me he was at that moment engaged with his washer-woman; and the door being a-jar, I found they were literally disputing about the merits of washing a shirt. "I can't wash it, sir," said the woman, "twill fall to pieces." "*Od rabbit it!*" replied the other, "then hang it against the wall, and throw a bucket of water at it; but dont abuse it, for it is an only child, and dry it as fast as you can, that I may get into better habits. It's an hour's good exercise every morning to find my way into it; I must have a chart drawn, that I may know how to steer; for when I think I am sailing through the *neck*, I find myself floundering in the *arm pits*, or ramming my head into *elbow lane*." At the conclusion of this speech, I rushed into the room, took the poor fellow in my arms, threw the shirt in the fire, and turned the washer-woman out of doors.

Feeling choked his utterance—"*Od rabbit it!*" was all he could articulate. I stood gazing with astonishment and pity; clothed in the same habit he wore nine months ago, but grown ragged and shabby by constant use; his once fat and rosy gills now bore the semblance of penury; even his laughter-loving eye had lost its lustre, it was sunk and hollow; yet still his heart was whole, and still he laughed at sorrow. After mentally making these observations, "Tony," exclaimed I, "is that you?"

"A piece of me;" I'm in famous trim for the starved apothecary, "for all the world, like a forked raddish:" "misery brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows," but more of this anon."

"My good friend, what has brought you here? I am heartily glad to see you, but tis with sorrow I observe you hang out signals of distress."

"And you, mr. Romney, like a brave english sailor, heave to—take me on board and place me on the doctor's list—being weak from hard work and short commons, he orders the grog to be *thrown in* immediately—so *od rabbit it!* ring the bell, and I'll tell you all, how, and about it." After some refreshment, his eyes recovered their lustre, his pipe was filled, and between each puff, he spoke as follows. "Tis about nine months since you left me in London, and—well remembered—thank you for the note you sent me; the 5*l*. stood me in good stead, God bless you for it. Well, I was comfortable enough, all things considered,

and held the book, whilst 'prentice boys made fools of themselves at Dibble Davies' slaughter house; till the cash came in so slowly, that Dibble *hopped the twig*, and left me to shift as well as I could. Now, your note stood my friend; for three weeks I took my drops, and smoked a social pipe at Spencer's, caring as usual, little about the morrow. One evening when I had been very successful in some of my best stories, a little gentleman, who sat in the corner, and had laughed till his sides aked, insisted upon treating me with a bottle of wine, which, rather than give offence, I suffered him to do. After a glass or two, I found he was manager of a small company at Barnet, and though he had never heard of my fame as an actor, which is rather odd, he took it into his head that I must be a very excellent comedian, from my conversation and appearance, and offered me an engagement. I snapped immediately, struck the nail on the head, whilst it was hot, and agreed to play at Barnet six nights on *profits—od rabbit it!* how I hate the word; if you'll believe me, the profits were all losses; and after exerting my talents before a set of stupid dolts, who did not know good acting when they saw it, I found myself reduced to half a crown; so that rather than go back to town, and *stand* the *roast* at Spencer's, I engaged to give them another lift at the next town, in hopes of better luck. But here, the manager (who ought to have known better, from the sample he had had of my acting) gave me inferior parts; instead of Richard, I saw my name

down for the Lord Mayor. Thus neglected, I thought it best to decamp; but not before I had given them the *bag* in *style*, and serve 'em right too, for they often gave me the *goose*. Another unfortunate son of Thespis who, like myself, meant to leave a bad business, without knowing where to get a better, hit upon the following scheme. We had a set of hand-bills printed, informing 'the nobility, gentry, and public at large, that *signior Grimalkini* was just arrived with a most astonishing *cat*, the wonder of the world; that this amazing animal was capable of articulating several words, in many languages, and could absolutely hold a conversation in english. Likewise the signior's own imitations, which would embrace many well-known characters of the present day, and finally, that he would take himself off, to the great surprise of all present." *Od rabbit it!* mr. Romney, *John Bull* is always to be *had;* I intend to revive the *bottle conjurer* next time I am put to my *shifts*. We took a large room, which was presently filled; I received the money, whilst the signior prepared the cat and himself for their public *entré*. At length he went forward with his green bag, which being opened, the cat naturally enough ran away, which the signior as naturally accounted for, by attributing it to fright. However, to give the quadruped time to recover herself, he would begin with his imitations, and first, he would have the honor of taking himself off. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "by the compression of the larinx"——

here he was conveniently seized with a fit of coughing, and requesting their patience, whilst he retired for a glass of water, joined me, and making the best of our way out of town, we left the audience to amuse one another, and the reflecting part of the inhabitants to laugh at their credulity.

"Why, Tony, that was letting the cat out of the bag to some purpose, but what said your conscience? had you no qualms?"

"I can't say I felt quite comfortable, but "since the world will, why let it be deceived." The greatest geniuses in the profession have before now been put to their shifts; I remember when John Kemble was at Tewksbury, his landlady was very importunate for several week's lodging in arrear; vain was her application, John had no money, and was at his wit's end. At length he hit upon a grand *manœuvre*. In the apartment beneath, for John was in the attic, a gentleman lodged, whose state of health was so precarious, that the greatest care, attention, and quiet were necessary. John knowing this, purchased two tops, and with much expertness whipped them about the room, as if his very existence depended upon their constant motion. The landlady in vain represented the state of her sick lodger, John "had a complaint in his chest, and his physician prescribed that mode of exercise, as the only cure." And so it proved, for the woman forgave the arrears, provided he would leave her house, and thus John *whipped himself out of his lodging*."

Tony, in his eagerness for story telling, forgot

his situation, and the misery he had experienced, but as he imitated the whipping of the top, I perceived his bare elbow through his coat—"Why, bless me, Tony, are you without shirt?"

"To be sure, did not you burn it?"

I instantly wrote for a couple, and insisted on his putting one on. "What! before I have finished my story? no! not for a laundry full of shirts. Where did I leave off? oh! at John Kemble whipping himself out of his lodging. Well, by giving them the *bag*, we put a few pounds in our pockets, and set off full speed to a town about twenty miles distant, where a small company occupied a barn, under the management of a mrs. A——, a lady, whose infirm state of health rendered a course of *cordial medicine* necessary, and she found great relief from the *drops*. Here we took up our rest in a public house, and having confided our wardrobe, contained in two handkerchiefs, to the landlady's care, retired to the chimney corner to enjoy the comforts of a pipe. Though the room was nearly full, being strangers, they gave place to us; and I was witness to one of the most instructive conversations that the united genius of men ever formed Politics were the subject, and the mayor of the body corporate principal spokesman. With all that attention and awe which power begets on weak minds, his open-mouthed hearers swallowed his worship's nonsense with the greatest avidity, although his harangue was often interrupted with, "mr. Mayor, your good health." "Thank you, mr. Re-

corder." "Mr. Sheriff, my service to you." "Thank you, mr. Alderman." So that I found we were in the very bosom of the body corporate; and these simpletons were so elated with the pride of office, and so puffed up with their silly titles, that it was thought an insult to greet them by their patrimonial appellation. Nay, this absurdity was carried so far, that the whip-beggar and street-cleaner dignified each other with the title of "mr. Beadle and mr. Scavenger."

As we joined them, the mayor was on the point of reading some glorious news from the seat of war; on the strength of which they were charged brim full of liquor and loyalty. After abusing the americans, by the name of *yankee doodles*, for daring to rebel against her *mother's* country, he gave a loud hem! and began—"We hear from America, that his majesty's forces have obtained a complete victory by a *coup de main*, and this news will be authenticated by the general in *propria persona*, who, it is said, is leaving the army, supposed to have taken umbrage." At the end of this sentence he dashed his pipe upon the ground, took off his hat, and, as if all the blood in his body had taken possession of his face, roared out, "shout, gentlemen, shout—three times three—we have taken *Humbridge*." As soon as this ceremony was over, they sat down and drank, "success to our arms, and confusion to the *yankies*." For a short time, a pompous, solemn silence ensued; at length one of this erudite body, taking his pipe from beneath his rubicund nose, said—

"Hambridge! um—I have seen it in the map of America, but I dont exactly recollect in what part." "Why, a," replied the mayor, "you see a —there are a vast many bridges in America, but if my memory does not fail me, this crosses the Delaware, just below Bunker's hill." "Pray, mr. Mayor," said mr. Alderman, "what is that *coup de main* and *propria persona*, you so often read about?"

"What! mr. Alderman, dont you know who *Coup de main* is? why then, I'll tell you. *Coup de main* is a *hessian general*, and *Propria persona* is his *aid de camp*." And thus they settled the matter. "Ay, ay," continued the mayor, "they can't hold out long, but I am very sorry, mr. Sheriff, to find some of our own countrymen hold with them through thick and thin; the laws are too lenient in this respect, they ought to be punished; for the man that won't stand up for his country, is no true briton." You know, Romney, I am not much given to taciturnity, but the profound wisdom of these politicians, had in a manner overwhelmed my faculties; they now, however, gave me an opportunity I could not resist. "Give me leave, mr. Mayor, said I, "to ask your advice?" his worship nodded approbation. "My father, sir, was an englishman, my mother an american, whom he married at Philadelphia. In crossing the seas I was born about the midway between the two countries; now, sir, as I evidently belong to neither, which, in the present contest, should I stand up for?" "Why, sir," replied the mayor,

not a little puzzled, "you see—a—water is no country—and—a—that is—d——n me, sir, you are a rebel, and ought to be sent out of the country." With all their affected gravity, it was as much as the major part of them could do to avoid laughing; but as the mayor was offended, they stifled this propensity, called for their reckoning, and in solemn silence left the house."

"I give you credit for your invention, Tony, but you are too severe upon the body corporate."

"Invention! I swear it is all true! I can tell you what the word alderman is derived from; it arose simply from the circumstance of two boys, sons of a carpenter, who, during their leisure hours, chizzled out of an useless lump of wood, a curious man, which, when finished, was found to be made of the wood called *alder*, hence we have the word *alderman*, and hence we may naturally account for the more than ordinary thickness of the heads of these gentlemen.*

[Mr. Ryley takes frequent occasion to mention with respect and gratitude mr. Stephen Kemble, manager of the Newcastle company, and relates the following circumstance which occurred in it during his engagement with mr. K.]

Before the end of the season, a person joined the company, to do what is commonly called little business; he had been for many years the *hero* in an itinerant troop of the lowest order, and in him were centered all the imperfections of the *old school*, such as stamping before he made his ap-

* What a blessing it is that in this country we have no such aldermen as these. *Ed.*

pearance, crossing at every period, protruding the elbow, slapping the thigh, pointing the toe, and all the minor absurdities that are remembered with disgust, and were judiciously reformed by mr. Garrick. This actor was the *fac simile* of *Knight's Tag*, and generally bore the appellation of tragedy Tom; but he was not the only curiosity in mr. Kemble's company. We had occasionally two *prompters*, neither of whom could utter an intelligible sentence; one, from having lost the roof of his mouth; the other, from a superabundance of tongue, which so completely filled the cavity of his mouth, that there was no space left for the formation of words, but they were gobbled forth in an unfinished state, clustered together like nuts, and instead of assisting the memory, completely set the understanding at defiance. Tragedy Tom, like Tony Lebrun, had an innocent substitute for swearing, "cut me down" was an expletive of great use to him, particularly in times of irritation. At the period his benefit was announced, there happened to arrive at Newcastle a show; no less a personage than the *Prince Annamaboo* was to be seen, at the small price of one shilling. Tom, without delay, waited on the proprietor, and for a handsome sum prevailed upon his highness to exhibit his royal person on the stage that evening. The manager, with much good humor, consented, and the bills of the day announced, that "between the acts of the play, *Prince Annamaboo* would give a lively representation of the *scalping operation*, he would likewise give the

indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these *princely* imitations. At the end of the third act his *highness* walked forward, with dignified step, flourished his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha, ha—ho, ho!" next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the *prince*, with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly *imperial*, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; and lastly, the abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef steaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a *princely* and *dignified* manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk in an exulting manner, exclaimed "ha, ha—ho, ho!" and made his exit.

The manager possessed a penetrating eye, and a profound knowledge of human nature; but without arrogating much of the latter to himself in this instance, he fancied this princely personage was an impostor, and his opinion was confirmed the following day; for in the middle of the market-place he espied the most puissant prince Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a jew pedlar. "What!" said mr. Kemble, "my prince, is that you? are not you

a pretty jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?

Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, *princh* be d——d, I *vash* no *princh*, I *vash* acting like you—you *vash* kings, *princh*, emperors to-night, Stephen Kemble's to-morrow; I *vash hampugs*, you *vash hampugs*, all *vash hampugs*.

Tragedy Tom was a considerable gainer by this imposition on the public, but when the stage-keeper produced his *property bill* a scene of warm altercation took place respecting the several items contained in it. The *property man's* employment in a theatre is, to provide certain articles necessary for every performance; for instance, tea, coffee, wine, daggers, pistols, poison, thunder, lightning, soldiers, virgins, children, &c. &c. At benefits these are paid for by the performers, and the evening's bill ran thus:

PROPERTE BILL.

Hamlet—Interlewd—and Pantomine.

Skull and bones - -	1	0
Geting fore mades of honnor -	4	0
Geting too cortyers -	2	0
Paper for rufs, do. -	0	2
Geting fore men to cary cofin	4	0
To a neddy for epilog -	1	0
Blader for scalpin -	0	2
Goin on myself to bee scalp	2	6
Soft pummatum - -	0	2
Trakle and water, for wine at banquit	0	1½

Three wite sheets for gosts		0	6
Sleepin butey	-	1	0
Geting a child for ditto	-	1	0
Beefe stakes for princ Anymabow		1	4
Gin for ditto	-	0	3
		£0	19 2½

When Tragedy Tom had, with some pains, made out the several articles, and read the sum total, he pulled the corner of his hat over his eye, drew down his wristbands, took several strides across the stage, and in great tragic fury uttered, "Cut me down, scoundrel! harkee fellow! what is this vile scrawl you have put into my hand?" "Why, sir, it's the property bill I have paid out of my own pocket, for your *cruel pantomine* and *Prince Humbug*." "Dont be impertinent, sir, or *cut me down*, if I dont shiver you to atoms." The enraged tragedian would certainly have annihilated the poor stage-keeper, if some one had not interfered; after his rage had in a great degree evaporated, he continued, "Carry this literary *morceau* to your manager: if his company are not sufficient to perform a common play and farce, without supernumerary *maids of honor*, *courtiers* and *sleeping beauties*, he ought to be at the expense of them himself; as to your *getting a child*, I have not the least objection to allow you a shilling for your trouble in that business; I will likewise pay you for the *gin*, the *bladder*, the *beefsteaks*, and the *ass*, because I do not know that managers are obliged to provide *quadrupeds of*

that name; the *biped* is to be found in all companies, witness the sapient composer of this disputed bill." Throwing the paper, with solemn indignation, at the disappointed property man, he stalked away, muttering, in an under voice, "*cut me down!*" "If you wait till I cut you down, mr. Stiffrump," replied the other, "you may hang to eternity."

[The following is by no means a contemptible *burlesque* of that inflated 'pomp of insignificant phraseology,' and that 'vain ostentation of scientific erudition,' which are so common to many of the essayists of Great Britain, as well as to the generality of our own. A certain political *doctor* would do well to peruse it with attention.]

——*Fumum ex fulgore, ex fumo dare lucem.* Horat.

As I was sitting the other morning by my fire-side, lolling in an easy philosophical supineness, after my footman had taken away the chocolate, and I had ordered the chariot to be got ready, I fell into a musing upon the importance of my own character, and the insignificancy of every one else. I soothed myself awhile with the imaginary prospect of laurels springing under my feet, which grew up on every side of me, and overshadowed me with their never-fading verdure: I saw the hand of fortune reaching out to me her full cornucopia of riches and pleasure, which she poured in great abundance into my lap: honor attended to crown me with dignities, and power put the sceptre of universal authority into my gripe: fame with her trumpet blew a blast that alarmed the remotest corners of the world, which echoed

back in triumph my every-way envied name of immortal INSPECTOR.

As soon as I awoke from this pleasing reverie, I found my eyes steadfastly fixt upon the glowing cinders that sparkled from my Newcastle-coal fire: the bright flames ascended in a regular transparent cone; the curling smoke lazily crept up the sooty chimney in the spiral curvature of a cork-screw, while it wantoned in vaporish exhalations; the burnished cinders, that emulated the darting rays of the topaz, were prettily contrasted by the opacity of the ebon cake expanded over the surface of my grate; and the lily-white hearth was lightly strewed by a blueish powder from the ashes, intermixed here and there with a solitary little crust of an hollow light texture, and of rather a dark grey than a black color: the whole together made the most beautiful real picture imaginable.

I am wonderfully affected with the various appearances of nature: my microscopes, which are the nicest in the world, have opened to me her inmost recesses: I have discovered millions of hopping, skipping, jumping, dancing, capering inhabitants in the uterus of a toad-stool: I have counted forests of bristles upon the back of a mite extracted from a winny Cheshire cheese: and what no man yet ever pretended to have seen, I found out, through my glasses, the hitherto invisible animal spirits.

The coal-fire consequently afforded me abundant room for physical speculations: I directed my

visionary organs between the parallel curvatures of the steel inclosure, and attentively examined the images that presented themselves to my creative imagination from the ignited mass within: I could plainly discover houses, churches, trees of fire with golden fruit, geese, pigs, apple dumplings, and flitches of bacon, scattered in every part of it; at one end I adored a little beauty in a scarlet sack dressed for the birth-day, whose cheeks glowed with the vivid ruby of a Gunning; in a snug corner I detected my honest cook at the Shakspeare with his nose flaming with carbuncles and his ferret eyes starting out of their claret-painted sockets.

While I was thus contemplating these delightful configurations of nature, I observed a black film of a gross texture loosely hovering from the top-bar, which plainly forewarned me of the adventitious approach of a stranger. This was afterwards confirmed by a friendly visit I received from a noble duke, who shall be nameless, that called upon me to intreat my instructions in the important affair of matrimony. The depending thread, as I wanted to pursue my investigations which it obstructed by itsin tervention, I tried to remove by applying my mouth closely to it and breathing hard upon it; but the principle of self-defence implanted in all matter made it adhere the more firmly: at length, I disturbed and dissipated it by one hearty puff from my silver-nosed bellows.

I then applied the ponderous extremity of my

poker between the interstices, and gently heaving up the agitated entrails of my chamber Ætna, I was presented with a new seene: a dense cloud of sulphureous and bituminous vapor, as it ascended up the funnel, irritated my olfactory nerves with its volatilised particles: I could no longer trace distinct figures as before, in the now confused heap: the whole seemed a tartarean chaos with diminutive imps emitting fire and smoke out of their nostrils, and exactly representing the painted canvas hanging down from the stage, as it is lifted up in the new entertainment of Harelquin Sorcerer.

While I was calmly contemplating this picture, I was disturbed by a bouncing, cracking, sort of noise; when a bright coal was instantaneously darted against my silk-stocking. It tumbled upon the floor, rolled about upon the marble hearth, and at last settled against the fender: I took up the gritty interpreter of chance cautiously between my thumb and fore-finger: I viewed it on every side, and felt the most rapturous ecstasy of transport when I found it was the messenger of good luck. It bore the exact form of a purse in every the minutest particular, and its vacant concavity was gaping for the glisteners though it contained none.

My curiosity unawares tempted me to examine a fellow cinder that sheltered itself close by my heel: but this had the doleful ominous appearance of a coffin, and at once dashed me from my former golden hopes by its funeral resemblance. I cast it

away from me with a dejected air, and having no spirits any longer to carry on my curious observations on this subject, turned my head up towards the mantle-piece, and surveyed the china vases that adorned it.

A coal fire may afford us an inexhaustible scope for physiological disquisitions: it is more infallible than the almanac, or barometer, or a corn, in its predilection of frosty or wet weather: nay, its very ashes too, if sifted by a virgin upon a midsummer's eve, will inform her whether she is doomed all her days to the dreadful state of celibacy.

I have often amused myself in the same manner from the various phenomena of a lighted candle. A blue languid flame investing the scarce kindled wick has alarmed me with the approach of a spirit: a casual spark starting from the snuff has given me intelligence of a letter two hours before the postman has brought it me; and a night or two ago the complicated sinuosities of a tallow winding-sheet shocked me with the dreadful notice of approaching mortality.

"SWEET CREATURES,"

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THEM.

The use of this fashionable expression, is principally confined by the ladies to that species of mankind, who are possessed of good legs, a tolerable face, and little understanding; fellows who grow like excrescences upon the surface of creation, and whose ideas, if they have any, are entire-

ly confined to the contemplation of their own sweet selves, and the seduction of innocence and virtue.

As a great number of our modern fine gentlemen put in their claim for the title of *Sweet Creatures*, it may not be unnecessary to mention some particular marks by which they are to be distinguished from the *sensible* part of mankind.

A sweet creature is a constant attendant upon, or rather dangler after the ladies; and always connected with a dancing-master.

A sweet creature wears an eternal simper on his countenance, and is in every company the readiest to laugh at his *own* jokes.

A sweet creature talks very loud, swears very much, and thinks very little.

A sweet creature generally behaves rude to ladies in public, stares in the face of every woman he meets, and though possessed of a good pair of eyes, always makes use of a glass.

A sweet creature is courageous enough to knock down a blind beggar, and good natured enough to take a slap in the face from any man superior to himself.

A sweet creature frequently appears in the upper boxes with the ladies of easy virtue; and is perfectly acquainted with all the fruit women of the theatre.

A sweet creature perpetually struts before a coffee-house glass, and is his own admirer though despised by all around him.

A sweet creature affects the practice of the

vices he is a stranger to, in order to pass for a devilish clever fellow and enjoy the good opinion of the ladies.

A sweet creature's principal study is his dress; and his only oracle his tailor.

A sweet creature's highest ambition is to run in debt, and his greatest terror is a sheriff.

A sweet creature is always a fool or a coxcomb, but more frequently *both*.

A sweet creature is an utter stranger to reflection, a disgrace to society, and a scandal to human nature.

Having thus defined, and given some incontestible marks of a *sweet creature*, I shall beg leave to conclude this essay with one remark, which I principally intend for the benefit of my *fair* readers, who may be teased with his folly, or offended by his impertinence.

A man who can be amused with trifles, has generally no great understanding; and the weakness of those who render him delighted with folly, naturally exposes him to the allurements of vice: incapable of judging between an error and a crime, he is seldom honorable, and never honest. A stranger to the proper means of promoting his *own* happiness, he is not fit to be trusted with that of another; and being by inclination vicious, habit makes him truly despicable, till, as Shakspeare finely says,

> "The affections of his mind are dark as night,
> And dull as Erebus,"———

And concludes with this admirable admonition,

> "Let no such man be trusted."

May the ladies in general take the poet's advice, and as a mark of their good sense and discernment, from henceforth treat these sweet creatures with a just disdain. TARTLET.

[The cruelty and oppression of judges and justices, is in Gritain Britain, have long been themes amongst the jacobins of this country. Whilst a jury can exercise the liberty of speech set forth in the following anecdote, no fear need be entertained for the civil liberties of britons.]

A judge on the north-west circuit in Ireland, came to the trial of a cause in which much of the local consequence of certain gentlemen in the neighborhood was concerned. It was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor by the defendant, in the defence of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment. Not only the bench, but the whole bar dined with the prosecutor's father the day before the trial; and some of them praise the venison and the claret even to this day.

When this poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every tittle in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were honest tradesmen and reputable farmers. The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause—and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the judgment and the heart. The jury found him—*not guilty.*

The court was enraged; but the auditors,

gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury, they must go back to the jury-room, and re-consider the matter; adding, he was astonished they should return so infamous a verdict. The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "my lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but as we then found no reason to alter our opinion or our verdict, we return it to you in the same words as before—*not guilty*. We heard your lordship's language of reproof, but we do not accept it as truly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that individually concerned, in our private capacities, we may be poor and insignificant men: therefore, in that light, we claim nothing out of this box above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible to the great and constitutional importance of the department we now fill. We feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution—not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but that we act in a situation of still greater confidence; for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench. To you, my lord, meeting you without these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues; in this

place your private character is invisible ; it is veiled in your official one, and to your conduct in that only we can look. We do not in this business presume to offer the bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult ; we pay it the respect which one tribunal should pay to another: for the common honor of both. This jury, my lord, did not accuse that bench of partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet of influence, corruption, oppression, or tyranny : no, we looked to it as the mercy-seat of royalty—as the sanctuary of truth and justice ; still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school-books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on the first page of our intellects and memories. Here we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, and that the mercy-seat of royalty and the sanctuary of justice have been polluted by a Tresilian, a Scraggs, and a Jefferies."

The bench frowned at these words, but the intrepid juror thus proceeded : " nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free-born subject of the kingdom of Ireland--a member of the constitution ; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim for myself and fellow-jurors the liberty of speech ; and if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the door of this court-house, and tell them why I deliver my mind there instead of in this place."

The bench here resumed its dignified complacency, and the honest orator continued his address: " I say, my lord, that we have nothing to do with

your private character; we know you here only in that of *judge*, and as such we would respect you; you know nothing of us but as a *jury*, and in that station we look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal in which they have vested the dearest and most valuable privileges they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are met here not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our judgments, on the evidence before us. We have, in our own minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor to the bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to a higher power—THE KING OF KINGS."

The bench was dumb, the bar was silent; astonishment and applause murmured through the crowd, and the poor man was discharged!

TABLE TALK.

[Mr. Boswell, who has not inaptly been called a *tin kettle* tied to the tail of Dr. Johnson, has notwithstanding done an essential service to the world, in retailing his conversations with that eminent scholar. The following extracts from them will not be found uninteresting. The first, particularly, ought to be forcibly inprest on the mind of every parent in this country, where

the *lax* system of education adopted by ignorant masters, and too much approved of by their employers, have a most baneful effect on the rising generation.]

In a conversation on the educating of children, mr. Boswell asked Johnson what he thought was best to teach them first. "Sir, said he, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

Johnson himself began to learn latin with mr. Hawkins, usher, or under-master of Litchfield school, "a man, said he, very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of mr. Hunter, the head-master, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used, said he, to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question; and if he did not answer it he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it; for instance, he would call upon a boy and ask him in latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

Johnson, however, was very sensible how much

he owed to mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he acquired so accurate a knowledge of latin, in which he was thought not to be exceeded by any man of his time. He said, " my master whipt me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." He also told mr. Langton that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, " and this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. " I would rather, said he, have the rod the general terror of all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

SPECULATION.

Hazard, a careless fellow, known
At every gambling house in town,
Was oft in want of money, yet
Could never bear to run in debt;
Because, twas thought no man was willing
To give him credit for a shilling.
Dependent on dame Fortune's will,

He threw the dice, or well, or ill;
This day in rags, the next in lace,
Just as it happened, sice or ace;
Was often times, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.
One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stript him of his last half-crown,
Sauntering along, in sorry mood,
Hungry, perhaps, for want of food;
A parlor window struck his eye,
Through which our hero chanced to spy
A jolly round-faced personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Beginning a luxurious meal,
For twas a noble loin of veal;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention:
Surely, thought he, I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place—
I recollect, twas at the play,
And there I heard some people say
How rich this fellow was, and what
A handsome daughter he had got!
That dinner would exactly do,
A loin of veal's enough for two:
Could I but now strike out some way
To get an introduction, eh!
Most likely tis I may endeavor
In vain, but come, I'll try, however;
And now he meditates no more—
Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
The party-colored footman come,

"Pray is your master, sir, at home?"
"My master, sir, 's at home, but busy."
"Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, "is he?"
In voice as loud as he could bellow,
"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do some little good;
A speculation that I know,
Might save a thousand pounds or so.
No matter, friend, your master tell
Another day will do as well."
"What's that you say?" the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuckt beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlor, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds
Of saving him a thousand pounds!
"My dear sir, what is that you say?"
"Sir, I can call another day;
Your dinner I've disturb'd I fear."
"Do pray, sir, take your dinner here;
You'll find a welcome warm and hearty."
"I shall intrude, sir, on your party."
"There's not a soul but I and you."
"Well then, I dont care if I do."
Our spark's design thus far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have prest
The thousand pounds upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,

Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him,
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner, the debate;
And now, "the king and constitution,
With ill success to revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast,
Had been discust, when our good host
Thought it was almost time to say,
"Let's move the order of the day."
Indeed he hardly could help thinking
Twas rather odd his guest was drinking,
The business not a jot the nearer,
A second bottle of madeira;
And that he seem'd to sit and chatter,
'Bout this, and that and t' other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pound of his to mention.
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin 't;
At length, "sir, you've forgot, I fear,
The bus'ness that has brought you here?
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving speculation."
"Ay, sir—you'll find it not amiss,
My speculation's simply this:
I hear you have a daughter, sir,"
"A daughter! well, and what of her?
What can my daughter have to do
With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
"I mean to make your daughter—craving
Your pardon, sir—the means of saving
The sum I mention. You'll allow

My scheme is feasible." "As how?"
"Why, thus—I hear you've no objection
To form some conjugal affection
For this same daughter." "No, provided
All other matters coincided."
"Then, sir, I'll suit you to a hair—
Pray is she not extremely fair?"
"Why—yes—there's many folks who praise her—
But what is beauty now-a-days, sir!"
"Ay, true sir, nothing without wealth;
But, come, suppose we drink her health!"
"Indeed I've drank enough already."
"Oh fie—consider, sir, a lady!
By rights we should have drank her first.
Pray fill," "well, if I must, I must."
"And pray what age, sir, may she be?"
"God bless her,—she's just twenty-three."
"Just twenty-three! faith, a rare age,"
"Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."
"I was—and wish to know, in case
"Such an occurrence should take place,
The sum it might be in your power
To give with her by way of dower?"
"Well then, sir, this is my intent,
If married with my own consent,
I've no objection on such grounds,
With her to pay ten thousand pounds."
"Ten thousand, sir, I think you say?"
"I do." "What! on the marriage day?"
"The whole." "Then let her, sir, be mine;
I'll take her off your hands with nine;
And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
For saving you a thousand pounds."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To my theatrical friend, who has been kind enough to furnish the "Register," I feel much indebted. There are some trifling errors in his language, which grate a little on the ear. These can only arise from inattention, and might be easily corrected by himself. The papers which are sent to me will be inserted with all their errors on their head; but I shall reserve to myself the right of occasionally remarking on them.

I insert the communication of *Vigilarius*, without knowing any of the parties concerned. It is, however, a laudable effort to expose a miserable deistical junto, and meets my hearty approbation.

To *Perambulator* I can only remark that the city and neighborhood afford ample materials for his pen. *Caustic* is an excellent remedy in cancerous diseases; and I hope he will not spare it.

EDITOR.

THE

RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

PERAMBULATOR.

No. II.

" All common exhibitions open lie
" For praise or censure to the common eye."

There is a certain time in men's lives when their appetites change, as well as their general desires; and this may account for my inclination lately to visit the theatre. When I was a boy, I was taught by my parents, who were strict puritans, that all scenic exhibitions were the works of the devil, and should be shunned as a pestilence; and I may say that no person was ever more impressed with this opinion than myself, until very lately, when for the first time in my life I ventured within the walls of a playhouse;

——————not deceived,
But fondly overcome.

Without knowing whether the performance consisted of tragedy or comedy, I paid my money: and, as I have before described in the former number, seated myself in the pit, near the orchestra; where, if I had been *inclined* to see, nothing was to be seen. I had in this first visit, however, been pleased with the beauty and liveliness of the

objects around me, and lately, about six o'clock in the evening, I insensibly strolled to the doors of the theatre, and entered the boxes. This time I was determined, if possible, to *hear;* and therefore took a seat over the stage. A bill handed to me by the door-keeper announced the *Mountaineers* and *Forty Thieves;* two pieces, as a gentleman next to me observed, of considerable interest, particularly the first, in which the favorite mr. Cooper would play the principal part. The curtain soon drew up, and a silly dialogue ensued between two gardeners, one of whom would willingly have been thought an *irishman;* but I was not to be duped in that way; I could have sworn the *blockhead* had been born in Kentucky. I had well nigh grown tired of their nonsense, when a pretty looking lady made her appearance, who spoke very kindly to them; and she was soon after followed by a merry little fellow, who made the whole house laugh, before he had scarce uttered a syllable. I suppose they all knew what he was going to say. To confess the truth, I laughed as heartily as the best of them. The little fellow's long hooked nose and monkey tricks would have made a bramin laugh. His presence seemed to clear away the gloom of the former barbarous dialogue, and put every body in a good humor. When he made his exit, the lights appeared to be extinguished; all became sombre; a dull monotonous dialogue took place between two turks, till the appearance of a tight buxom lively wench, called Agnes, who made up for it by her vivacity and voice. My favorite song of " When the hol-

low drum has beat to bed," was sung by her in a most charming style; I need not add that the singer was mrs. Oldmixon. The next scene, between the little droll dog I mentioned before and Agnes, was infinitely pleasing. Good voices, judgment, and natural conception in actor and actress gave a gloss to the whole picture which enraptured me beyond description. Of the other performers, all that can be said is, that they undoubtedly did their utmost. But the best of all, my neighbor told me, was yet to come. Octavian would soon appear: and so fully was I occupied with Agnes and Sadi, and the *coming* Octavian, that I paid very little attention to the intervening scenes.

A ragged miserable figure at length made its entry from a kind of cave; and I was not long in discovering it to be Octavian. Of mr. Cooper's performance I had heard formerly the most fulsome eulogiums; and I was in hopes his appearance would in some measure justify them; but either from my want of knowledge of the rules of acting, or from some deficiency in the actor, I was far from satisfied. Mr. Cooper was at first so *far back* on the stage, and my hearing being very imperfect, I could not catch the words he uttered. I imagined, however, by his *action*, that he said something like what follows; and in the following manner: *entering from the cave with folded arms, half naked, the most wretched rags scarcely covering enough of his body to be decent, shakes his head, extends the right arm, clenching his fist, as if in the act of menacing somewhat, his left arm resting still on his breast:*

O I am very cold;—ye ancient trees,
Come lay your trunks together, and make a fire,
Or I will tear your leafy honors from their boughs
And blast the sap that feeds them.—Get ye hence,
Ye grisly wolves and shaggy lions; come
Not near, to bite my naked skin, or by
My rags I'll cram my arm full down your throats,
Then through your bodies, e'en unto your tails,
And seizing them, will turn you inside out.

Such were the words I should have supposed mr. Cooper uttered by the action attending them. His constantly clenched fist, shivering limbs, and violent gesticulation, ever and anon drawing the air witha great noise between his teeth, as if freezing, gave no great idea of a man's *burning*, talking to himself, and uttering the speech set down for him; which, to my great surprise, I found thus:

I cannot sleep.—The leaves are newly pull'd;
And as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery.—That frets me.——
And then I could outwatch the lynx. Tis dawn.
Thou *hot* and rolling sun! I rise before thee!
For I have twice thy scorching flames within me,
And am more restless————————

For a novice to venture an opinion how this should be delivered might *appear presumptuous*, as a *brother* critic observes; but I am determined to consult a book I have somewhere seen, which might not be unserviceable to mr. Cooper himself. It is entitled "*Traité sur les gestes théâtrales*," in two volumes, translated from the german into french, and, if I am not mistaken, may be found in english, with additions by John Kemble.

Until I can obtain this or some other book to set me right (if I am wrong) on the subject, I shall

confine myself to a very few observations on other parts of "the Mountaineers."

The gentleman who played Roque (his name I do not remember) was perfectly natural and correct. Nothing could be finer than his manner at the first sight of Octavian in the cottage. Every sentiment of pity, compassion and regret stood confest in his countenance; and, if I am not mistaken, the actor was capable of *feeling* as well as *acting* the fine and honorable impulses of nature. Octavian's reply to the man's simple question, accompanied with the most respectful address, is most ridiculously answered by

> No—Providence has slubber'd it in haste.
> Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
> She manufactures when she makes a gross.
> She'll form a million such—and all alike—
> Then send them forth, ashamed of her own work;
> And set no mark upon them.—Get thee gone.

In this stupid and unmannerly reply, the author could not possibly have had any other object than indulging in that low flippancy which characterises all the works of the younger Colman. In a former scene we have observed Octavian courteous, sensible, and kind to the misfortunes of others; and here we see him blurting in the face of a poor humble old man, gross *witticisms;* which none but the most ignorant mechanic would have thought of. But this is *singular*, forsooth, and fools laugh at it. Why could not Roque have continued the question, after the pause in which Octavian endeavors to recognize him, by "Do you not know old Roque? the time has been when you would question old Roque

kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor donna Floranthe?" I conceive it would have been more natural; and the reply of Octavian, "Thou hast shot lightning through me, &c." would have had a double effect.

It must be confessed that this whole scene was admirably managed by mr. Cooper. I have only to lament that the author should make him so absurd. If I were to say all I felt of the excellence of Roque, I might be accused, perhaps, of what I most despise—*flattery*.

To a sweet person and a musical voice, it is a pity that Floranthe (mrs. Young I think) could not articulate better, and appear to feel the strong emotions her words are meant to express. There is a singsong coldness in her acting which *might* be conquered by close attention to her author, and the aid of reason and reflection. How strange does it seem that the following forcible lines should want the *fire* of action.

> O, I did fear this—my Octavian—
> To see thee thus!—why, Roque, alas, Octavian,
> Revive, or thou wilt kill me.—Tis Floranthe,
> Thy own Floranthe.

To deliver this, I say, in the manner of telling a servant to bring the tea-kettle, and not scald himself, is certainly far from *clever*;* for I am confident that mrs. Young has powers, if she would

* The word *clever* our correspondent must here mean to express *dexterous*, skilful, according to the first definition of Johnson.

It was the *cleverer* mockery of the two.

In my opinion this word was never properly used in any other sense than those cited by Johnson. EDITOR.

use them. This lady, I am told, is a model of excellence in private life, and one of its brightest ornaments;—what a pity then it is, if she be doomed to tread "her hour on the stage," that she do not bring into action the advantages which she undoubtedly possesses for it. Passion and feeling are not to be expressed by a *twinkling* of the eyes, or waving about of the hands; a tyrolese doll could do all that; the muscles of the face must move, or all action is mummery, and the most impassioned language completely lost.

At the end of the play some dreadful twinges in my gouty foot announced the evening far advanced, and I retired home without seeing the "Forty Thieves," which I deeply regret. The scenery, I have heard, is a chef-d'œuvre of Holland and his assistants; than whom few european artists are more excellent.

FOR THE RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

Observing something like partiality in your correspondent who writes the *Theatrical Register*, I take the liberty to offer a few pages on the merits and demerits of mr. Cooper and the *new* english performers, for whom mr. Price and co. were fishing, off Sandy-Hook, two or three days previous to their arrival. It is unfair to attack so unmercifully the *little fry*, and leave the larger fish to flounder about as they please. I trust, sir, you will not refuse a place to *my* remarks, which I assure you are commenced in friendship to the

parties spoken off, and will be continued and ended the same.

Mr. Cooper has long bestrode this little world, the acknowledged Colossus of the stage in point of theatric *genius*, though, in stature, he is not to be compared with the hero of the *salt works*. His fame reaches the utmost limits of the union; and in Europe his comet blaze has astounded many an aspiring candidate for the chair of Garrick.

It is our duty, therefore, as citizens of the polite and polished city of New-York, to tread lightly over the earth that contains this wonder of the western hemisphere, and teach the rough unmannerly critics of London, Manchester and Liverpool, to have more regard for the opinions of their trans-atlantic brethren than to cry down an actor in *our* opinion superior to Kemble, Cooke or Elliston, and who is only kept off the London boards by their *envy* and malice.

It would give us much pleasure to be able to trace mr. C's history "from his boyish days even until now;" the sketches we have hitherto had of it seem at least *apocryphal*, if not altogether void of foundation. In the juvenile tricks of Bonaparte, we perceive the shoots of that mind which was one day to direct the destinies of Europe; and even the life of our Franklin, while it affords us a thousand pleasing reflections of various hues, is an unexampled proof of the influence of *fortune* over obstacles of birth and patronage, and of the success of *wariness* and *perseverance* over genius and talents. How much, then, is it to be lamented that a Capel Loft or a Hayley cannot be found

to throw a part of that lustre on the youth of *our* Roscius, which, in his riper years, has been so abundantly shed around him.

Content, however, with knowing that mr. Cooper now keeps a carriage and several horses, I shall proceed, in my next paper, to notice his career in the walks of Melpomene, in which, it seems, he most delighteth. Of mrs. Mason and mr. Simpson, I have also much to say at a future opportunity.

FOR THE RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

I am one of that solitary class of beings, called bachelors, though not an *old* one; and, contrary to the opinions of the greatest part of mankind, I have ever maintained that marriage is not only the most comfortable state in this life, but also the best adapted to fulfil the great purposes for which we are sent into the world.

Strange as it may appear to you, I have lived full five years under a determination to get married as soon as I can find a female inclined to listen to my proposals; but unfortunately for me, an unsurmountable *bashfulness* (which I suspect is nothing more nor less than what the french call *mauvaise honte)* eternally prevents the attainment of my desires. So marked is my character in this respect, that I have incurred the appellation among the ladies of a *silly fellow*, and instead of being treated with proper respect wherever I mix in the crowd of *fashion*, I am a continual butt of ridicule. Some time ago, at mrs. Blazeaway's

converzatione, a young lady dropped her fan. I was the very man that should have taken it up and presented it to her. I was even sensible of this at the time; but my confounded *shamefacedness* put in its *veto*. Tom Sharpshins, a fellow whose appearance would excite contempt in any society, if he did not possess a degree of effrontery that *carries him through*, seeing my stupidity, stepped up, restored the fan to its lovely owner, and from that slight introduction, was successful enough to marry her in less than a month.

Independently, sir, of this my disadvantage among the ladies, my disease (for so I may call it) makes me a dupe in all my intercourse with the world. My tailor, though I pay punctually, always serves me the last, and even laughs in his sleeve in my presence, at my being so *easy*. He is, it is true, *without measure*, polite to me, but then he is careless whether the politeness *fit* or not; his expressions are the common-place cant of a tailor, a string of which he has always hanging about him, as numerous as the tape measures in his shop. I have often thought of going somewhere else, but I hate to make new connexions, and had rather suffer a little than be exposed to them.

But the worst of all, mr. Editor, is that my bashfulness deprives me of almost every comfort in the boarding-house where I live. Mrs. Manciple was recommended to me as an obliging, motherly kind of a woman, who only kept a few boarders *just for company*; she did not want to make a profit out of them. I was *easy* enough to believe

this, and made a bargain with her for board and a bed-room on the second floor at twelve dollars a week, which she assured me was more *moderate* than usual; although I have since been credibly informed that some of her boarders only pay her seven dollars, and some six. Be this as it may, I had fondly imagined I should here at least be treated with *proper respect*, and for some time all went on pretty smoothly. My unhappy failing, however, began to develop itself. If mrs. Manciple in carving happened to splash the gravy over my clothes, I was foolish enough to blush up to the ears, and ask her pardon; or, if one of my fellow boarders accidentally placed his chair on my toe, and almost pressed it off, I was the first to make an apology; in short, sir, I soon became the *butt* of the whole house. Mrs. Manciple, who had contrived to get from me a quarter's board in advance one day, *just to prevent* her having a walk as far as the bank, soon took advantage of my disposition. She had a particular acquaintance coming from the country, and I was prevailed on to give up my comfortable room on the first floor, and mount up another pair of stairs; about a month afterwards, she had another friend from the country, and I was consigned to the garret, where the air was much purer, and the prospect more agreeable, as mrs. Manciple assured me, than in the rooms below. The house was now completely full, and my landlady, *just for compa..*', had about thirty noisy dashing fellows every day at table, whose principal delight was to *quiz* me. In this state I am almost starved; and I frequently have to go out and order a dinner at a tavern

rather than brook their insults. What makes it the more mortifying is that mrs. Manciple and a neice of hers, miss Lucretia Mac Dragon, pretend to check them; though the winks and nods I observe round the table at the time convince me that they also are among the *quizzers*.

I could give you such a history, mr. Editor, of the inconvenience I have experienced from the *weakness* of my character, that would exceed your belief. But, until I am assured you will be kind enough to advise me whether I ought not *to put on a face*, and find some other lodgings; I have the honor to remain your very humble servant.

SAMUEL SIMPLETON.

SUR UN *POE* DE CHAMBRE.

Rendons hommage au rédacteur
Du Ramblers' Magagine;
Il juge bien de chaque acteur,
Les talens à la mine:
Suivant lui surtout,
Jamais du bon goût,
Monsieur *Poh* n'eut l'empreinte;
Son père était pot,
Sa mère était broc,
Sa grand mère était pinte.

BAG-AND-TAIL.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FOR 1809-10,

[continued from page 29]

Monday, October 2d. RICHARD III—and PRINCESS AND NO PRINCESS. A very respectable audience assembled this evening in the expectation of seeing mr. COOPER personate the *crook'd back tyrant;* but before the raising of the curtain we were informed that that gentleman had become suddenly indisposed, and that mr. Twaits had *graciously condescended* to undertake the part in his stead. To the generality of the audience, this alteration was productive of mortification as well as disappointment—to us of disappointment alone: for having long witnessed, in the little parts which occassionally fell into this gentleman's hands, a violent hankering after tragic fame, we were pleased at the opportunity now afforded him of a full indulgence of this unnatural propensity; hoping that after having had a full swing, he would wisely confine himself to that line for which nature designed him and in which he always delights. For *mr. Twaits* to play *Richard the III*, is about as absurd as it would be for *mr. Fennel* to attempt *Tom Thumb;*—each would correctly conceive their parts, yet neither could personate it.

Mr. Twaits's peculiar physiognomy, his awkward gait, nasal twang, and *petite* form, all disqualify him for those parts where dignity of person, and gracefulness of carriage are essential

concomitants. This was strikingly palpable in the love scene with *lady Anne*, where the most insinuating manners and persuasive address are necessary to reconcile us to its otherwise unaccountable conclusion;—but here we saw *Dicky Gossip* rather than *Dicky the third*. The bowing and scraping was borrowed from *Lingo's* scene with the *princess Rusty-Fusty*, and when he knelt, we fancied it was *Jobson* the cobler going to take measure for a pair of shoes. All was burlesque and whimsey. The audience kept their countenances because the actor himself was grave: but it was a seriousness imposed by respect for the man, not by admiration of the performance. In a word, we would advise mr. Twaits never again to wander from his natural path:—it is so strongly marked that none but a man wilfully blind would ever deviate. Besides, this itch for tragedy creates an indifference and neglect of other business; and in parts, where he has had the audience at command, and could have drawn peals of laughter from every quarter of the house, we have seen him walk through with a listlessness and *non chalance* that seemed to say, "this is beneath a man like me."

Wednesday, 4th. POINT OF HONOR, *Kemble* —and FORTY THIEVES. The performance this evening was as dull and uninteresting as any we ever witnessed. *Mrs. Poe* was improperly cast in *Bertha*. This part is better suited to *mrs. Young;* and in her hands would have given more satisfaction. The after piece exhibited considerable alterations, some of which may be considered

improvements. It went off as well as from the present support could be expected.

Friday, 6*th*. To MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY, (first time) *mrs. Inchbald*—and WAG OF WINDSOR. This comedy though brought out in London as long since as the winter of 1805, was this evening first exhibited on the New-York boards, under the following cast:

Lord Danberry, .	Mr. Twaits.
Sir Oswyn Mortland,	Mr. Cooper.
Willowear, . .	Mr. Young.
Lavensforth,	Mr. Robertson.
Amos, . .	Mr. Poe.
Lady Susan Courtly	Mrs. Oldmixon.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland,	Mrs. Hogg.
Hester, . .	Mrs. Young.

The title is drawn from a strong aversion against matrimony, which constitutes the leading *trait* in the hero of the piece, and produces the whole interest of the plot. It does not affect to be a picture of modern life and manners, but bears more resemblance to a tale from a romance or novel. Divested of all adventitious ornaments, the interest of the piece exclusively arises from the unaffected yet sufficiently mysterious manner in which the story is unfolded, the natural flow of the dialogue and the truth and simplicity of the sentiment. More than once in the progress of the piece we are ready to condemn it for immorality, as inculcating revenge and inveighing against a married life; but the *denouement* agreeably undeceives us, and we find the object of the author was only to veil virtues under a momentary cloud,

that she might produce them with more strength and brilliancy. While, however, it possesses a fair claim to purity of sentiment, to chaste and classical language, to sound morality, to a plot judiciously managed, and situations naturally produced, it cannot boast many passages of forceful interest, few that are pathetic, and still fewer that are either ludicrous or lively. The character of *Hester* is *Amanthis* in *the Child of Nature;* or, perhaps, it resembles more nearly *Amelia Wildenheim*, in *Lovers' Vows*, divested of her spirit and vivacity; and a solemn gloom, approaching to tragic horror, is diffused over *sir Oswyn Mortland*, and *mr. Lavensforth*, the two principal characters in the piece. *Mr. Cooper's* personification of the former, was not marked by that superiority which we are accustomed to look for at his hands, nor was *mr. Robertson* in the latter, tho' a character but of small compass, equal to the little that is required of him. *Mr. Young's Willowear* was not amiss; to have it possess extraordinary merit, would no doubt operate to the disadvantage of the hero of the piece. *Mrs. Young* in *Hester* was the most attractive performance of the evening: we never saw this lady with more satisfaction; and we hesitate not to pronounce that, with application on her part and encouragement on that of the managers, she will very soon rise to be of considerable importance. *Dan Dilly* played *Amos*, and in spite of the coat of lampblack that covered his muffin face, there was no difficulty in penetrating the veil and discovering the worthy descendant of the illustrious Daniel

By the by, it has been said, that this *gentleman* has taken some of our former remarks very much in dudgeon; but whether this be true or not, we entertain very great doubts, for certainly we have said nothing but the truth, and that should give no man offence. If it is the case, however, we are sincerely sorry for it; for from his amiable *private character*, and high *professional standing*, he is among the last men we would justly offend. We owe this to our friend Dan from having heard much of his *spirit;* for, for men of high spirit, we have a high respect, though no *fear*. This we beg to be explicitly understood; for as there are men who will sometimes mistake motives, it may happen that this conciliatory conduct on our part be imputed to causes foreign from the truth. *Mr. Twaits* represented *lord Danberry* with much correctness and propriety. *Mrs. Oldmixon's lady Susan Courtly*, was deprived of one or two requisites to make it a finished performance. The play upon the whole seemed somewhat heavy but nevertheless interesting, and closed with very decided tokens of pleasure and approbation.

The *Wag of Windsor* presented several novelties, but none that will at present invite notice, save *John Lump*. Mr. *Young* personated the yorkshireman, and made less of the character than we should have expected from him. His joy at receiving the *douceur*, was extravagant and unnatural.

Monday, 9*th*. To Marry or not to Marry—and Princess and No Princess. The performance this night was better than on Friday.

The actors were more perfect, and the business of the piece better managed. *Princess and no Princess* followed; and was there any *thing* else but *Dan Dilly* in the prince, it would not be an uninteresting after-piece. But poor *Dan* is fated to spoil whatever he undertakes, and like a mill-stone round the neck of a goose, he will be sure to drag it to the bottom in spite of all its buoyant properties. A want of judgment in the arrangement of pieces was manifest again this evening. *Princess and No Princess* is a serious after-piece, and of more than ordinary length; yet, in every instance of its being played, it has been tacked to a long and bloody tragedy, or as in the case of this evening, to a comedy, that wants but a fraction of being one. If no other objection were made, the consumption of time is a serious one; but as some come to laugh and others to cry, it is but fair that the board should be spread with a variety suited to their various palates.

Wednesday, 11*th*. To Marry or not to Marry—and Forty Thieves. This play was again repeated, and with equal interest. *Mrs. Young* appeared to greater advantage than on the preceding representation, and evinced the effect of study and practice. One thing, however, she must correct, and that is the manner of answering sir Oswyn, when on her denying her love for Willowear, he supposes "she never could love" any man. The author has expressly pointed out that this examination of sir Oswyn's person, is not to be made with a seeming consciousness of what she is doing, nor is its influence

upon her answer to be seen or felt by him. Mrs. Young will readily conceive what we allude to, and if we mistake not, will be no less ready to profit by the intimation.

Friday, 13*th*. ADELGITHA—and CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. We shall pass by the tragedy of *Adelgitha* to notice the revival of the interesting afterpiece that followed it. *Mr. Twaits's Walter* was in the first line of excellence. The serious part of this character is all of tragedy that mr. *Twaits* ought ever to attempt; for we never wish to see him, where tears are expected, without being allowed to accompany them with smiles. The children executed their parts very well, and reminded us of those times when the talents of their parents were in a similar way exerted for the public gratification. Mr. *Robertson* played *Gabriel* with very fine effect. His drunken men are among the best of his performances.

Monday, 16*th*. MOUNTAINEERS, *Colman*—and FORTY THIEVES. Whether it was the solemn assurance that this would positively be the last time of performing *Forty Thieves*, or the attractive qualities of the play, we know not, but notwithstanding a very wet and stormy evening, the house was better attended than at any time since its opening. *Mr. Cooper* played *Octavian* in his best style, and perhaps never did the part more justice. *Mrs. Young* made an interesting *Floranthe:* a little more occasional force is the only improvement we would suggest to her. *Sadi* and *Agnes* (*Twaits and mrs. Oldmixon*) were in excellent hands, and contributed greatly to

carry off the piece with *eclat*. *Mr. Doyle* for the first time personified the irishman, and very creditably too:—the brogue was very happily assumed, and might have passed among the natives for a child of the sod. The gentility of the part, however, was wanting:—this was not unexpected, for no one, we presume, will ever do captain *Doyle* the injustice to suppose, that in any thing, except wearing white top boots, with a full suit of black, he can play the gentleman. *Lope Tocho* knew not a word of what he had to say, although he has never failed to take a part in the piece any time these twelve years. If he goes on thus to forget every thing he knew and (as it is said he is a bad study) adds nothing to his stock, he will certainly in a short time become a very useful actor. Mr. Robertson acquitted himself well in Roque. Virolet was——but no matter—*Dan Dilly* played the part, and as far as the *gentleman* was concerned, it was a fit companion for *Kilmallock*.

The *Forty Thieves* after *robbing* the house of *hordes* of applause, *retired* to their *cave* to share the *plunder*. We hope it was only for the evening.

Wednesday, 18*th*. GRIEVING'S A FOLLY, (first time) *Leigh*—and CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. This play is the maiden production of *mr. Richard Leigh*, of Bexley; and in England, where it was brought out in the spring of the present year, was esteemed better than the every day productions of the age, and had a proportionately successful run. The dramatis personæ and fable are as follows:

Mr. Herbert, .	Mr. Young.
Sir Oliver Cypress,	Mr. Doyle.
Capt. Cypress, .	Mr Poe.
Belford, . .	Mr. Anderson.
Sedley, . .	Mr. Foster.
Crape, . .	Mr. Twaits.
O'Harrolan, .	Mr. Tyler.
Joe Thresher, .	Mr. Robertson.
Jonathan, . .	Mr. Lindsley.
Woodburn, .	Mr. Hallam.
Mrs. Mordaunt, .	Mrs. Twaits.
Ellen, . .	Mrs. Young.
Susan, . .	Miss White.

" Mr. Herbert, residing in Italy, on account of the indisposition of his lady, was recalled to England by the death of his relation, *lord Mortimer*, on which event he succeeded to the title and estate; on his return to Bologna, he discovered that mrs. Herbert had eloped with a friend of his, *count D'Alembert*. Pursuing them to Florence, and disappointed in his hopes of an honorable atonement, by D'Alembert's sudden flight, he returned to England, where intelligence reached him that *mrs. Herbert* had died in child-birth.

Having for eighteen years led an unsettled melancholy life, he becomes tenant of a cottage belonging to sir Oliver Cypress, whose lady is just deceased, and whose affected grief forms a contrast to the feelings portrayed by *lord Mortimer*.

Lord Mortimer, in his retirement, had formed a friendship with Charles Sedley, the lover of *Ellen*, the supposed daughter of *O'Harrolan*, a

farmer on sir O's estate. In *O'Harrolan's* house lodged *mrs. Mordaunt*, who had particularly interested herself in the education of *Ellen. Charles Sedley's* uncle, *mr. Belford*, a near friend of *lord Mortimer*, was supposed to be shipwrecked on his passage to the West-Indies; he, however, arrives, after having pursued one who had defrauded him, to Bologna, where he saw *D'Alembert*, who had made an avowal of *lady Mortimer's* innocence, and the arts he had employed. *Capt. Cypress, sir Oliver's* son, had formed a design to carry off *Ellen*, who is rescued. The alarm of her danger induces *mrs. Mordaunt* to follow her, and in the protector of her daughter, she discovers her husband, *lord Mortimer*. *D'Alembert's* villany is explained, when *lady Mortimer* informs her lord, that *Ellen* is his daughter, whose birth occasioned the report of her death; and the play concludes with *lord Mortimer's* bestowing on *Charles Sedley* the hand of *Ellen*, but without proper poetical justice being exercised on *sir Oliver*, who had attempted to seduce her." So much for the play—now for the performance.

No piece was ever exhibited under greater disadvantages than *Grieving's a Folly:* with a very few exceptions, the performers were unequal to their parts; and to this natural incapacity, in many instances, was added a total ignorance of the words. Mr. Twaits, who ought to have been perfectly at home in *Crape*, for it seems as though the author had him in view when he wrote the part, was dull, flat, and insipid; and we are strongly suspicious that this was not altogether

without design. The strong affinity between the fictitious character of the author and the real one of the actor, terrified the representative of *Richard* and of *Lear*—he had no objection to be nicknamed *king Larry:* but to have all the jokes of *Crape* applied to *mr. Twaits*, was insupportable. We may be wrong in our suspicion, but we know not how else to reconcile this imperfect portraiture of *Crape*, to its inimitable original, *Caleb Quotem*. There is an old and hackneyed axiom that is not the least impaired by age or use, and if regarded will be found as true now as at the day it was written.

" Honor and shame from no condition rise;
" Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Mrs. Twaits, *mr.* and *mrs. Young*, and *mr. Robertson*, were the only persons who did justice to their parts. The rest were all incompetent, *mr. Twaits* excepted; and the curtain fell amidst salutes of hisses. Mr. Young was well chosen to announce its repetition—he had done his duty, and could not misapply the decided and repeated disapprobation which was intended for his compeers, by taking any part of it to himself. We think the managers did not pay sufficient respect to the public opinion, when they persisted in announcing the piece for repetition, after three rounds of decided disapprobation. It would have been much more courteous, and would not have detracted in the least from their characteristic politeness, if the performer had been instructed to say that a substitute would be furnished. The most attractive part of this evening's exhibition, was a new street, and a new garden scene, for giving

birth to which Grieving's a Folly must ever be remembered with complacency and respect. They are a rich specimen of mr. Holland's taste, skill, and genius.

The CHILDREN IN THE WOOD followed, and made ample amends for the disappointment of the earlier part of the evening. The third tier was again distinguished for its portion of noisy and riotous conduct. The frequenters of this part of the house bid fair soon to rival even the *gods*. If they do not mistake their place, the door-keeper mistakes them: they should be shown one story higher, or else the door; it boots not which.

Friday, 20th. CASTLE SPECTRE—BLUE DEVILS—*and* DON JUAN. It was not until the curtain was ready to rise that the audience were informed that, owing to the sudden indisposition of *mr. Robertson* and *mr. Poe*, the *Castle Spectre* was necessarily substituted for *Grieving's a Folly*. A very slender audience expressed their assent to this arrangement; and the performance throughout evinced the want of study and due preparation. We cannot descend to particulars when the whole is so imperfect. *Blue Devils* succeeded, and was well received. Mr. TWAITS'S *Meagrim* is a very correct performance; he is fully possessed of the author's object, and portrays it with great truth and justice. DON JUAN suffered in nothing but the last scene, which instead of being splendidly horrible, was meanly ludicrous—unworthy of the New-York stage.

Monday, 23d. GAMESTER—*and* AGREEABLE SURPRISE. The attraction this evening was mrs.

Mason, from the theatre royal, Dublin. The reputation of this lady had preceded her across the Atlantic; and public expectation was on tip-toe, to behold the performances of one who was said to have no superior off the London boards. Expectations, thus highly raised, are seldom gratified; this was unfortunately the case this evening. Mrs. Mason, though evidently possessing very considerable powers as an actress, failed entirely in mrs. Beverly. She either misconceived the part, or, embarrassed by the delicacy of her situation, lost that self-possession essential to its correct personification. We shall avoid going into a detail of what seemed to be the errors in her performance. As a lady and a stranger she is intitled to every civility; and could we be faithful *chroniclers* of the stage, without noticing the prominent figure of the evening's picture, we would rather pass it by in silence, than wound her sensibility by unapprobatory regard. It is a duty, however, we owe to her to say that she ran into error at the very commencement of the play, and instead of exhibiting that resignation which was to be "an example of patience" to her child, she portrayed an excess of grief that exhausted her store, and left her nothing to bestow when the measure of her afflictions being full, the stronger ebullitions were expected. The beauty of this character is that all the woman, and nothing of the actress, should appear. A suppression of feeling marks it throughout; and scarcely does mrs. Beverly give the smallest voluntary vent to her sensibility, until roused to resentment by the infamous avowal

of Stukely, and driven to despair by her rash and ill-fated husband. We shall content ourselves with this general remark.—But four days anded, after a long and boisterous passage—in a strange land, without a friend to support her, and ignorant of the temper and disposition of the people before whom she was to appear, are all powerful reasons why a female might lose her confidence, and seem the thing she is not. We have no fears for mrs. Mason's eventual success. It is not in one or two trials that the value of a performer is to be determined. Let her but be disencumbered of these temporary embarrassments, and we doubt not she will prove a valuable acquisition to the New-York stage.

Mr. Cooper was less excellent in *Beverly* than we have sometimes seen him. For this we shall not attempt to find a cause. No man is the same at all hours. There was nothing faulty in his performance, but in some parts he was less forcible than usual. A mr. COLLINS also made his *debut* this evening in the part of *Lewson*. Of this gentleman we know little, except that he is a native of Philadelphia, and was engaged at the theatre in that city a few years back. For the last two years, however, we understand he has not been on the stage. He supported his part very creditably, and discovered talents which, when more exercised, will render him a respectable and useful performer. *Mr. Tyler* played *Jarvis* with much feeling; he was more correct in the words of his part than formerly. It is much to be lamented that a man so essential to the stage, and so capable of giving effect to the parts he under-

takes, should sometimes be deficient in this all essential point.

Wednesday 25th. ROAD TO RUIN, *Holcroft* —and SPOILED CHILD. *Much Ado about Nothing* had been given out for this evening; but mrs. Mason having become severely indisposed, Holcroft's comedy of the *Road to Ruin* was substituted for the purpose of introducing to the New-York audience, mr. SIMPSON, from the theatres-royal, Dublin and Edinburgh. The disappointment of the preceding evening was undoubtedly favorable to mr. Simpson; it checked that expectation of pre-eminence so often fatal to a first apperance, and prepared the audience to examine coolly and dispassionately the merits of the actor, without a reference to foreign opinions or antecedent reputation. The house was less thronged than on the preceding evening, but highly fashionable and sufficiently full to prove that curiosity was still awake, and anxious to be gratified. *Mr. Simpson*, like his sister candidate, was greeted on his *entre* with the most cordial welcome. Assured, by this, of a candid and liberal hearing, he entered on his task with great spirit. The very first scene secured him the favor of the audience; —he grew in their esteem as he progressed, and finished amidst shouts of the warmest approbation. Nothing can be desired more easy, natural and graceful, more feeling and judicious than his whole performance of the thoughtless *Harry Dornton;* with just as much freedom as is perfectly graceful; and as much spirit as is consistent with decorum. His face and figure exactly harmonized with the sentiments he uttered, and in-

deed with the entire character which he represented. Mr. Simpson does not appear to be above two-and-twenty—a form well proportioned, delicate though manly—a face regular, intelligent, and interesting—his voice, modulant and sonorous—his gestures graceful, and his motions easy. Such is this young foreigner, than whom, since the days of *Moreton*, we have seen no one so likely to fill with success the gay and fashionable walks of lively and genteel comedy. *Mr. Young* was an excellent *Jack Milford*. *Mr. Collins* undertook the part of *Silky;* and considering that memory is still awake to the superior performance of this part by the lamented *mr. Harwood*, executed it in a style deserving of great commendation. *Mr. Twaits's Goldfinch* was the best we ever saw—full of eccentricity and character. *Mrs. Oldmixon* has no equal in the *widow Warren* in America, and we doubt if she has a superior in England. She dressed and personated the character with infinite judgment and commanding excellence. Our beauteous favorite, *mrs. Young*, rose several degrees in our esteem by her representation of *Sophia*. Partial as we are to this lady, we did not conceive her capable of so finished a performance. The artless and unsophisticated *Sophia* acquired additional interest at her hands ; and happy were we to see the tokens of satisfaction, which a discerning audience willingly bestowed. The *Spoiled Child* fell short of our expectations. The *little Pickle* of *mrs. Poe*, is by no means equal to her *Romp*. This may be owing to her not being accustomed to "wear the breeches." Her songs were harsh

and unmelodious. *Mr. Doyle* was a sorry substitute for *Harwood*. *Tag* and *miss Pickle*, was richly colored by the conjoint efforts of *Twaits* and *mrs. Oldmixon*.

Friday, 27th. SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, *Cherry*—and ROSINA, *Brooke*. Nothing could reconcile us to the revival of this flimsy production, but that it contributed to exhibit *mrs. Mason* in a character well suited to her powers, and instated her in that rank to which she is justly entitled. The elegance of her person, the ease and gracefulness of her carriage, and the sprightliness and vivacity of her manners, aptly fit her for parts like that of the *widow Cheerly*. Here she strongly reminded us of *mrs. Johnson*, who was certainly the best representative of a fashionable fine lady, that our boards hitherto have known. Mrs. MASON, in form and execution, is not unlike her, and, by the spirited manner in which she went through the part, gave pledge of qualifications that make her no less estimable than her esteemed predecessor. Her reception was gracious and encouraging, and she concluded under a round of approbation that left no doubt of the success of her efforts, or of the general satisfaction which pervaded the house. *Mr. Simpson* again delighted us by his *Frank Heartall*;—it was full of life and gaiety, and confirmed the favorable impression made on his first appearance. The *Governor* found an able representative in *mr. Twaits*. *Mr. Collins* made an excellent *Timothy Quaint*, although it by no means appeared to belong to his line. Of the *Malforts*, we can only say they were

respectably portrayed—and *Doyle's Ferret* was perfectly destitute of character.

Rosina followed; and, with the exception of *Twaits* and *mrs. Oldmixon*, was a very feeble performance indeed. *Mrs. Poe* is not calculated for the serious line, and equally unsuited is her voice, to the soft and pathetic airs introduced in this part. *Mr. Tyler* may have made a very good *Belville* forty years ago, as mr. Foster *may* make a very good captain Belville, forty years to come; but at present they are about as unfit for the parts as the want of almost every requisite can make them. *Mr. Doyle* was quite at home in the *irishman*. It is this branch of the character that is peculiarly suited to his genius and manners.

Monday, 30th. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—and SPOILED CHILD. But a thin house, made so by the storminess of the weather, attended the presentations of the evening. *Mr. Cooper* and *mrs. Mason*, were the *Benedict* and *Beatrice*, and went through their parts with as much spirit as the gloomy prospect before them could possibly inspire. The earlier scenes of the play went off somewhat heavily, owing to the very feeble support of the subordinate characters, *Foster*, *Anderson*, and *Hallam*, had at one time the whole burden on their shoulders; and a scene of greater distress we have seldom witnessed. The signal of *exit* was a signal of mutual joy;—they seemed as happy to get away, as the audience were evidently happy to part with them. *Dogberry* was the whole support of the watch-house scene. Linds-

ley made a wretched *Jaques;* and the *reverend mr. O'Liffey*, though an acknowledged wit, showed little of it in *Seacoal*. *Borachio*, without attending to the cue, or from *Leonato's* usual forgetfulness, and neglecting to ask the previous question, lugged in his vindication of the calumniated *Hero*, by the head and ears, and converted the whole dialogue into a jargon of unmeaning nonsense. The indisposition of *mr. Robertson*, which we lament to hear is serious, was sensibly felt; and, until he is restored to the stage, or efficient substitutes be found, it certainly would argue no want of wisdom in the managers, to avoid such pieces as require an extraordinary number of hands.

The *Spoiled Child* was in no wise improved by our chastisement:—we fear it is incorrigible. Why we are pestered with the same farces over and over and over again, it is difficult to conceive. The records of the theatre, for several years past, will display a continued repetition of the same pieces:—pieces which, to be sure, have their excellencies, but which the frequenters of the theatre have so long fed upon, that they perfectly sicken the taste and pall the stomach. If there was nothing good but what has been selected for the New-York stage, we could excuse this faithful adherence to the familiars of the household; but when there are so many pieces that only require to be domiciliated to be useful and agreeable, we must enter our protest against "riding a free horse to death," and beg to see the *Agreeable Surprise*, the *Wags of Windsor*, *Rosina*, the *Forty Thieves*, and the *Spoiled Child* hung up at

least for a fortnight or three weeks. We have not mentioned the *Children in the Wood*, because it is a little of a novelty; but we are not without our fears that this too will be hacked to death, and the unhappy orphans come to an untimely end.—"Spare to speak, and spare to speed," they say.

Wednesday, November 1st. MERCHANT OF VENICE—and CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. This favorite play exhibited *Mr. Cooper* in the important part of *Shylock*, *mrs. Mason* as *Portia*, and *mr. Simpson*, *Gratiano*. The *Jew* of Shakspeare is a character which may rank among mr. Cooper's most successful personations, and at no time do we remember to have seen it with more satisfaction than on this evening. In the scene with *Tubal*, he was particularly excellent; and the transitions from joy to grief were managed with great skill and natural effect. *Mrs. Mason* did not equal our hopes in *Portia;* and we fear, from this second specimen of her serious acting, that she is not calculated to shine in the pathetic. The sprightliness of *Gratiano* is well suited to the manner of mr. Simpson, and, though of little consideration, as connected with the *denouement* of the piece, was very well supported. The gentle *Jessica* will never stand excused to the world for running away from her father with such a *Lorenzo*, who, if he wooed her at all, must have wooed her by signs, for he had not a word to say for himself. *Mrs. Poe* sung her songs with considerable effect, and looked very pretty and interesting. *Twaits's Launcelot* was, as usual, excellent—well dressed, and cor-

rectly portrayed. *Capt. Doyle* is a paradox—that which he should have played exceeding well, (Gobbo) being himself an exceeding poor man, he played exceeding bad, but when decorated with the ducal robes and placed in the judgment-seat, the representative of royalty, the captain shone forth to the astonishment of all beholders, and the admiration of surrounding hundreds. It was, almost, the best duke we have ever witnessed. *Mr. Robertson*, though evidently laboring under severe indisposition, gave *Bassanio* with dignity and effect. We were happy to see this useful actor again restored to the stage.

The *Children in the Wood*, having been already hacked out of its novelty, and, with the exception of *Twaits* and the *children*, but feebly supported, made but a partial detention of the audience, and gave but little pleasure to those who did remain.

GREEN ROOM CHIT-CHAT.

BY ASMODEUS.

Mr. and mrs. Johnson, late of this theatre, were engaged to return to America by our managers, but they have broken their engagement; an attack of the english *yellow* fever is said to be the cause of it.

The fines for losing or forgetting black lead pencils, presented by the managers to the performers, to mark O. P. and P. S., are to be appropriated to the exterior decoration of the theatre. A

fine colossal figure of Apollo is to be placed on the cupola, and a statue of Shakspeare, supported by tragedy and comedy, will grace the front, which is to be thoroughly repaired and *cleaned*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If I were to attend to the request of Strephon, I should be subject to constant applications of a similar nature; but I have inserted his *morceau* in its native garb; our plan admitting of well-written pieces in any language.

The author of the Theatrical Register is accused, in several papers I have received, with using a great number of *low expressions*, and words which are not licensed by the *english lexicographers*. I must confess that there is some truth in the charges; and I have advised my young friend, for our *Registrar* is a young plump rosy-faced urchin, who has nothing to do but to announce himself publicly to be half devoured by the wits, the critics, the ladies of the *bon-ton*, and all ranks and descriptions who are not ashamed of encouraging *native genius*); I have advised my young friend, I say, to lay aside Noah Webster and take up Johnson, Sheridan and Walker; and he promises very faithfully never to be caught tripping again in such vile phrases as "flea in a tar-

barrel," " great snuff," " parched pea on a hot shovel," &c.

In justice to my critical young friend (who would rather be *nothing* than not *critical*) I must inform the public that he has been frequently pressed to make himself known to mr. Coleman and others, who, as in the instance of our little *Roscius*, would undoubtedly *puff* him into fame and *good-living*. The stripling has too much modesty to suffer it; and, what is more extraordinary, he would not give a fig for all the plum-cake and malaga wine which could be showered on him from the *best* tables in the city.

I have received " The life and exploits of Jack the Painter, with observations on a lately-published infamous caricature, &c. &c." ; but, as some parts of it are too indelicate to meet the public eye, I must request Vigilarius to call for the manuscript, and retouch it for a future number. I know how impossible it is to do justice to certain characters without the use of *nasty* epithets; but in this instance I would rather, in some measure, spare the *culprit* than offend the ears of modesty.

If the *lady*, who appears to possess so *comfortable* an opinion of herself and talents, had been *solicited* to contribute to our miscellany, she might have had reason to refuse it with all the *consequence* displayed in her epistle. Our only fear was that her *prosings* would be pressed on us. I agree

with her, however, that the stage should be cherished and supported, under all its present disadvantages; and I do not think the proprietors of the Ramblers' Magazine would suffer the insertion of a single article that he did not imagine might contribute *ultimately* to the well being of the theatrical corps. It is not by anointing this *corps* with the soft oil of flattery that it is to be preserved; nor is it to be effected by the administration of anodynes: a sound rubbing of the temples with the coarse towel of common sense, and an occasional pungent embrocation, are the best remedies, and may be applied without danger. We have all of us, editor, publisher and writer, a more than common affection for the children of Thespis; we wish to be their real supporters, we *are essentially* their *real* supporters; we *pay* for our tickets; and we would never accept their *benefits* to deter us from speaking our minds as freely of them, in their *public capacity*, as we would of the beauties or defects of a church clock, or the gilt vane of a steeple.

The numerous communications of *Viator*, *Moliere*, *Ghost of Shakspeare*, *Q in the Corner*, *Tom Fool*, *Cap and Bells*, *Solomon Gundy*, *Eliza*, &c. are received, and shall appear very soon. Our painter has been dilatory in the *device* intended to be placed over our letter-box, which *is to be* in the Shakspeare Gallery; but those who wish their communications to reach us, may readily find a *medium*.

CHOWDER.

The bee excursive seeks the flow'ry field,
And sucks the sweets that garden glories yield;
Returning home, into his hive he pours
The juice of aromatic herbs and flow'rs;
So we the *bl•om* and *quintessence* extract
Of hill and dale and ev'ry fertile tract;
With the best flow'rs of speech adorn each page,
And store up honey for a future age.

Since an ambassador has been sent from this country to *Russia*, with a view, no doubt, to the opening a closer intercourse with her, it may be as well to inform ourselves a little respecting the character of the people with whom we are likely to be more intimately acquainted. If my object were politics, I should descant at large on the object of mr. Adams's mission; and, after filling two or three numbers with *opinions* thereon, my good fellow-citizens would probably be left as much in the dark as ever. It just strikes me that I have in my possession an account of an old lady who keeps, or did keep, a coffee-house in St. Petersburgh; and as I know of nothing more agreeable to the generality of my countrymen than good eating and drinking, I cannot do better than extract, for their benefit, a few passages from a work of much merit, which may, if they visit the capital of all the Russias, be serviceable to them in discovering the lady in question, and in cautioning them to avoid those little aberrations from

politeness and *civility*, which too often go unpunished in this *civilized* land.

" There is but one english coffee-house in Petersburgh: you will know it by the inscription over the door, ' *Anglis Caffé Hous.*' It is kept by a late female domestic of the celebrated mr. John Wilkes; a french woman by birth. A new customer is always entertained, along with his *caffé*, with anecdotes of her mistress, miss Wilkes, whom she praises highly as the very mirror of virtue and all good qualities.

This lady, in addition to tea and coffee, formerly the only thing to be had in her rooms, has got a stock of rum to make english punch. She told me, ' that she had much difficulty in procuring a license: that the officers of the customs would do nothing without extravagant fees: but,' continued she, ' I gave them no rest, I went every day, and, as they knew me to be an english woman, I ventured to speak freely to them—I told them that they were a pack of rascals. They were frightened, and gave me my license.' Her method of doing business she informed was this: ' if any gentleman called for a dish of coffee or a glass of punch, and *forgot* to pay for it, she never had any thing in her house when they called again, until they paid her the old debt.'

The most prudent people will meet with misfortunes. She had lately a misfortune in a love affair; and, as every person becomes her confidant immediately on his arrival, she stated the matter to me thus: ' You have seen that french gentle-

man by the side of my fire frequently—he is a most ungrateful fellow. He had from me his lodgings and board for nothing, *and he was unto me as a husband.* The fellow,' continued this lady, 'at last began to give himself the airs of a husband, and to use the freedom of scolding and even of beating me: but I have a good spirit, and I this morning turned the ungrateful dog down stairs.' I commended her much for this sensible instance of executive power, and advised her to be more cautious of her next choice; but she is resolved, no doubt while the marks of the blows remain, to have no more connexion with tyrant man.

The english, and every thing from England, were, until of late, all in all with the russians. Even a dog from England would have met with all possible patronage. In the gardens of the palace of Zarsko Zelo I observed a pillar which I supposed erected to the memory of some worthy. Upon reading the inscription, I found it contained an epitaph upon an english dog! This honest mastiff, whose courage and fidelity had procured him the favor of the empress Catharine II, had been brought to Russia by some shipmaster. The dog, by the direction of some good star, found his way to the court; and, no doubt invited by the steams from the imperial kitchen, resolved to lodge there in preference to the dirty crib upon a vessel's deck, and where he could obtain nothing but the tattered relics of the seaman's dinner for his subsistence.

This judicious preference marked him born for a courtier; but his other qualities were much su-

perior to the ordinary virtues found in levees. He remained at the court of Russia many years; and, if he was known to flatter, by fawning upon his imperial mistress, at least he was never known to betray. His epitaph is in substance: 'That virtue in animals of whatever kind merits reward: that the animal here interred possessed the noblest virtues, courage, fidelity, and ambition: that, unlike the most part of his countrymen in Russia, who arrived in search of vulgar commerce, this dog had contemptuously passed their houses, and directly come to court, where he had been treated generously, and merited this treatment by long and faithful services.'

The russian government, nobility, and gentry, formerly paid every attention to strangers visiting the country. The ill usage they experienced in return from several ill-natured philosophers in their books of travels, make them now behold travellers as spies, come to pick up what intelligence they can, with a view to revile them. I have been told very plainly by some gentlemen to whom I applied for information, that they did not choose to run the risk of having their names given as authority, perhaps for more than they had mentioned. I was under the necessity of having recourse to every secret expedient, to procure what I might have obtained in open company, had no illiberal philosopher arrived before me.

The utmost civility is yet observed to strangers by the higher ranks: but we have lost their confidence. In Petersburgh, strangers are as much at home as the russians themselves: every person

here is surrounded with his countrymen. It is in the inland cities, where attentions of the natives to strangers are most requisite, that they are most paid. Yet, as will happen in other nations, there are, at times, instances of incivility from russians to strangers, and from strangers to russians.

A young irish gentleman was lately at Muscow. One night he was present at a public masquerade. In walking through the rooms he inadvertently, in the crowd, pressed against a russian lady of high quality. The princess complained of the rudeness; and the gentleman, the moment he understood what had happened, went to the lady, and made the most ample apology. The princess expressed herself satisfied, and the gentleman naturally supposed this affair settled.

A russian officer, probably some dependant of the prince, the husband of the lady, anxious to show his attachment to the family, basely encouraged others of the company, no doubt by misrepresenting the matter, to insult this stranger, by crowding about him and showing different signs of disapprobation. The englishman who kept the house, advised the gentleman to leave the rooms, as it was idle to contend with hundreds—he did so, but was followed unperceived by the russian officer, who in one of the entries leading out from the rooms came behind the irish gentleman, and pulled him down, assaulting him in the grossest manner. In this conduct, I am sorry to add, the officer was not only abetted but assisted by the prince his patron. Every country has some nobility to disgrace it.

The landlord with difficulty rescued the stranger —the prince and officer ran away. The gentleman not being able to find the delinquents, applied to the governor of Muscow for redress, who readily promised that exemplary punishment should be inflicted, and demanded to know what sort of satisfaction the gentleman expected. The stranger replied, that although the prince and his associate had behaved like scoundrels, he would be satisfied with the prince's accepting a challenge to fight him in a duel. The governor said, that such satisfaction was not permitted by the laws of Russia, but that he would cheerfully grant any satisfaction which these did permit.

The stranger thanked the governor for his politeness, and agreed to accept of an apology, which he wrote down, to be delivered by the prince and the officer in presence of the company assembled at the next masquerade. The masquerade was in consequence of this expected exhibition much crowded. The governor himself attended, and the prince and officer, having mounted to the orchestra, pronounced from it, in view of all the assembly, the apology dictated to them.

The governor added: 'Thus will I punish any one who treats ill any stranger. Our city and country are not so full of foreigners, that we need drive them from us with rudeness and inhospitality: on the contrary, let us invite society so beneficial to us, with kindness and respect. I am ashamed for my country, that persons of such exalted rank should not show a better example to their inferiors: but while I have authority, those who will

not voluntarily show a good example shall be held up an example at least of the justice of our laws.'

Count ——, the governor, deserves not merely the thanks of his country, but the esteem of mankind, for such a noble behavior."

TABLE TALK.

" Dr. Johnson and I, says mr. B. one day took a schuller at the temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the greek and latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. *Johnson.* " Most certainly, sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." " And yet, said mr. B. people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." *J.* " Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, " what would you give, my lad, to know about the argonauts?" " sir, said the boy, I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. The doctor then turning

to mr. B. said, " sir, a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind ; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

To mr. Langton, when about to establish a school upon his estate, it had been suggested, that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious. " No, sir, said Johnson. While learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work ; but when every body learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work ; but if every body had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more industrious, none who work more than our manufacturers ; yet they have all learnt to read and write. Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, from fear of remote evil, from fear of its being abused. A man who has candles may set up too late, which he would not do if he had not candles ; but nobody will deny that the art of making candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the time that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art, and ought to be preserved." Boswell. " But, sir, would it not be better to follow nature, and go to bed and rise just as nature gives us light or withholds it ?" Johnson. " No, sir ; for then we should have no kind of equality in the partition of our time between sleeping and waking. It would be very different in different seasons and in different places. In some of the northern parts of Scotland how little light is there in the depth of winter !"

Of education at great schools, Johnson displayed the advantages and disadvantages in a luminous manner; but his arguments preponderated much in favor of the benefit which a boy of good parts might receive at one of them.

At another time he said, "there is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other." Yet more, he observed, was learned in public than in private schools, from emulation; "there is, said he, the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one centre. Though few boys make their own exercises, yet if a good exercise is given up, out of a great number of boys it is made by somebody. I hate by-roads in education. Education is as well known, and has long been as well known, as ever it can be. Endeavoring to make children prematurely wise is useless labor. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years than other children, what use can be made of it? it will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labor of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed. Miss —— was an instance of early cultivation; but in what did it terminate? in marrying a little presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boarding school, so that all her employment now is,

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.'

She tells the children, 'this is a cat, and that is a dog with four legs and a tail;' see there! you are much better than a cat or a dog, for you can speak.

I am always for getting a boy forward in his learning; for that is a sure good. I would let him at first read *any* english book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards."

Johnson advised mr. Boswell not to *refine* in the education of his children. "Life, said he, will not bear refinement; you must do as other people do. Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth; if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end." Boswell. "It may come to the door: and when once an account is at all varied in one circumstance, it may by degrees be varied so as to be totally different from what really happened." A lady in the company, whose fancy was impatient of the rein, fidgetted at this, and ventured to say, "nay, this is too much. If mr. Johnson should forbid me to drink tea I would comply, as I should feel the restraint only twice a day; but little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." Johnson. "Well, madam, and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

Talking of instruction, "people have now-a-

days, said he, got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chemistry by lectures; you might teach making of shoes by lectures!"

He allowed very great influence to education. "I do not, he said, deny but there is some original difference in minds; but it is nothing in comparison of what is formed by education. We may instance the science of *numbers*, which all minds are equally capable of attaining; yet we find a prodigious difference in the powers of different men, in that respect, after they are grown up, because their minds have been more or less exercised in it; and I think the same cause will explain the difference of excellence in other things, gradations admitting always some difference in the first principles."

He often took occasion to enlarge upon the wretchedness of a sea life. A ship, said he, is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea life, they are not fit to live on land." "Then, said mr. B. it would be cruel in a father to breed his son to the sea." Johnson. "It would be cruel in a father who thinks as I do. Men go to sea before they know the unhappiness of that way of life;

and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession; as indeed is generally the case with men, when they have once engaged in any particular way of life."

In one of mr. Dilly's literary parties, somebody was mentioned as having wished that Milton's 'Tractate on education' should be printed along with his poems in the edition of the english poets then going on. Johnson said, "it would be breaking in upon the plan; but would be of no great consequence. So far as it would be any thing, it would be wrong. Education in england has been in danger of being hurt by two of its greatest men, Milton and Locke. Milton's plan is impracticable, and I suppose has never been tried; Locke's, I fancy, has been tried often enough, but is very imperfect; it gives too much on one side, and too little on the other: it gives too little to literature."

On another occasion, he said, "where there is no education, as in savage countries, men will have the upper hand of women. Bodily strength, no doubt, contributes to this; but it would be so, exclusive of that; for it is mind that always governs. When it comes to dry understanding, man has the better."

Mr Boswell observed, that he was well assured, that the people of Otaheite, who have the bread tree, the fruit of which serves them for bread, laughed heartily when they were informed of the tedious process necessary with us to have bread; plowing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, threshing, grinding, baking. Johnson. "Why, sir, all igno-

rant savages will laugh when they are told of the advantages of civilized life. Were you to tell men who live without houses, how we pile brick upon brick, and rafter upon rafter, and that after a house is raised to a certain height, a man tumbles off a scaffold, and breaks his neck, he would laugh heartily at our folly in building; but it does not follow that men are better without houses. No, sir, holding up a slice of a good loaf, this is better than the bread tree."

He repeated an argument, which is to be found in his "Rambler," against the notion that the brute creation is endowed with the faculty of reason: "birds build by instinct: they never improve; they build their first nest as well as any one that they ever build." Goldsmith said, "yet we see, if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest, and lay again" Johnson. "Sir, that is because at first she has full time, and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mentioned she is pressed to lay, and must therefore make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." *G.* "The nidification of birds is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."

The master of a public school at Campbell-town, in Scotland, had been suspended from his office, on a charge against him of having used immoderate and cruel correction. Mr. Boswell was engaged to plead the cause of the master, and consulted dr. Johnson on the subject, who made the following observations: "the charge is, that he has used immoderate and cruel correction. Correc-

tion, in itself, is not cruel; children, being not reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress this fear, is therefore one of the first duties of those who have the care of children. It is the duty of a parent, and has never been thought inconsistent with parental tenderness. It is the duty of a master, who is in the highest exaltation when he is *loco parentis*. Yet, as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when is correction immoderate? when it is more frequent or more severe than is required *ad monendum et docendum*, for reformation and instruction. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary; for the greatest cruelty would be to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much hardened for reproof. Locke, in his treatise of education, mentions a mother with applause, who whipped an infant eight times before she had subdued it; for had she stopped at the seventh act of correction, her daughter, says he, would have been ruined. The degrees of obstinacy in young minds are very different; as different must be the degrees of persevering severity. A stubborn scholar must be corrected till he is subdued. The discipline of a school is military. There must either be unbounded license or absolute authority. The master who punishes not only consults the future happiness of him who is the immediate subject of correction, but he propagates obedience through the whole school, and establishes regularity by exemplary justice. The victorious obstinacy of a single boy would make his future endeavors of

reformation or instruction totally ineffectual: obstinacy therefore must never be victorious. Yet it is well known, that there sometimes occurs a sullen and hardy resolution, that laughs at all common punishment, and bids defiance to all common degrees of pain. Correction must be proportioned to occasions. The flexible will be reformed by gentle discipline, and the refractory must be subdued by harsher methods. The degrees of scholastic, as of military punishment, no stated rules can ascertain. It must be enforced till it overpowers temptation; till stubbornness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular. Custom and reason have, indeed, set some bounds to scholastic penalties: the schoolmaster inflicts no capital punishments, nor enforces his edicts by either death or mutilation. The civil law has wisely determined, that a master who strikes at a scholar's eye shall be considered as criminal. But punishments, however severe, that produce no lasting evil, may be just and reasonable, because they may be necessary. Such have been the punishments used by the school master accused. No scholar has gone from him either blind or lame, or with any of his limbs or powers injured or impaired. They were irregular, and he punished them; they were obstinate, and he enforced his punishment. But, however provoked, he never exceeded the limits of moderation, for he inflicted nothing beyond present pain; and how much of that was required, no man is so little able to determine as those who have determined against him—the parents of the offend-

ers. It has been said, that he used unprecedented and improper instruments of correction. Of this accusation the meaning is not very easy to be found. No instrument of correction is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain without lasting mischief. Whatever were his instruments, no lasting mischief has ensued; and therefore, however unusual, in hands so cautious they were proper. It has been objected, that he admits the charge of cruelty, by producing no evidence to confute it. Let it be considered, that his scholars are either dispersed at large in the world, or continue to inhabit the place in which they were bred. Those who are dispersed cannot be found; those who remain are the sons of his persecutors, and are not likely to support a man to whom their fathers are enemies. If it be supposed that the enmity of their fathers proves the justice of the charge, it must be considered how often experience shows us, that men who are angry on one ground will accuse on another; with how little kindness, in a town of low trade, a man who lives by learning is regarded; and how implicitly, where the inhabitants are not very rich, a rich man is hearkened to and followed. In a place like Campbell-town, it is easy for one of the principal inhabitants to make a party. It is easy for that party to heat themselves with imaginary grievances. It is easy for them to oppress a man poorer than themselves; and natural to assert the dignity of riches, by persisting in oppression."

Upon the same subject, mr. Boswell also observed, "it is a very delicate matter to interfere between a master and his scholars; nor do I see how you can fix the degree of severity that a master may use." Johnson. "Why, sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity must be continued until obstinacy be subdued and negligence be cured."

A young man being mentioned, who was uneasy, from thinking that he was very deficient in learning and knowledge, *J.* said, "a man has no reason to complain who holds a middle place, and has many below him; and perhaps he has not six of his years above him; perhaps not one. Though he may not know any thing perfectly, the general mass of knowledge that he has acquired is considerable. Time will do for him all that is wanting.

"Idleness, said Johnson, is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."*

Goldsmith once attempted to maintain, perhaps from affectation of paradox, "that knowledge

* To a man, as mr. Boswell justly remarks, of vigorous intellect and arduous curiosity like Johnson's, reading without a general plan may be beneficial; but even such a man must submit to it, if he would attain a full understanding of any of the sciences.

was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness." Why, sir, said Johnson, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But upon the whole, knowledge, *per se*, is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it. Much might be done if a man would put his whole mind to a particular object. By doing so, Norton made himself the great lawyer that he was allowed to be."

He one day observed, "all knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could obtain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle."

To mr. Boswell, while studying at Utrecht, he gave the following advice:

"You will, perhaps, wish to ask what study I would recommend. I shall not speak of theology, because it ought not to be considered as a question whether you shall endeavor to know the will of God. I shall, therefore, consider only such studies as we are at liberty to pursue or to neglect; and of these I know not how you will make a better choice, than by studying the civil law, as your father advises, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourself; at least resolve, while you remain in any settled residence, to spend a

certain number of hours every day amongst your books. The dissipation of thought of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind suspended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loses strength. If you can but kindle in your mind any strong desire, if you can but keep predominant any wish for some particular excellence or attainment, the gusts of imagination will break away without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any traces left upon the memory.

"There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affectation, in time, improves to habit, they at last tyrannise over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless, but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when first he set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all ap-

pearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and all the tumult of diversion, that knowledge and those accomplishments which mortals of the common fabric obtain only by mute abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life a while, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue; he then wished to return to his studies; and finding long habits of idleness and pleasures harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogatives, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

"Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever. Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavor to avoid the seducements that prevailed over you before."

CONTRAST BETWEEN ST. PETERSBURGH AND LONDON.

[Most of the following observations on London may apply to New-York nearly as well as to the metropolis of the british empire.]

St. Petersburgh, so far as it is finished, is the handsomest city in Europe; and one almost forgets the evils which too frequently attend arbitrary governments, when he beholds the noble regularity and elegance of a capital, which could have been executed only under an arbitrary sovereign.

It is too great a degree of liberty, when a peevish or low-minded individual has it in his power to hurt the superb designs of architecture, by interrupting the uniformity and elegance of cities by some mean building of his own planning. Is it not to be regretted that the first city in the world in point of wealth, on account of the cause alluded to should be among the last in uniform elegance? London is rather a collection of houses than a city: an aggregate of meanness and splendor. It may be urged, that elegance does not suit the convenience of trade: but Petersburgh is a proof of the contrary. London itself is in many instances a proof of the contrary. The truth is, that elegance does not suit the low ideas of the generality of mercantile people, and it requires the interference of a legislature to redeem our metropolis from the hands of traders. They are the most useful subjects of every state, but they are bad engineers and architects.

In Petersburgh the shops are collected together in the asiatic style, and serve as shops and ware-

houses only. But this is not a good plan. The grand display of commerce which we view wherever we walk in London, as well as the splendid illumination of the streets from the shop windows, must give at first sight a decision in favor of our mode, even before we recollect the other advantages attending it. Our shop-keepers, by lodging with their families on the spot where their business is carried on, have their property always under their immediate care, and derive considerable assistance from their wives and children.

A russian shop-keeper, besides the expense of clerks, must leave his shop at every meal, and in the evening desert it altogether. Above every shop door in Russia is placed the figure of some guardian saint. The shop-keeper, upon leaving his warehouse after locking the door, and putting a seal upon it, to break which last is deemed the most atrocious crime, crosses himself before the holy painting, thanks it for the quick sale of his goods upon that day, and intreats it to guard his valuables during his absence.

I should only wish the asiatic style of shop-keeping to be followed in the sale of animal food: the most retired spots of cities should be fixed upon, though at convenient situations for the inhabitants. It reflects no honor upon our feelings, to have the carcasses of animals that once possessed life, and instinct approaching to reason, hung up in every corner to incite, but which should rather pall, our appetites. It becomes the government of a country to reform a custom so disgraceful to humanity.

The asiatics construct every building, public and private, in the form of a square: and the russians, *aborigine* asiatics, inherit this taste. Not only their market places and all buildings for transacting business are of this form, but likewise every building for the purposes of pleasure or magnificence. The houses of the princes and nobles are consequently more superb, but less neat and convenient, than those of modern structure. The whole suite of apartments serve as entrances to each other. The inhabitant wishes you to pass through them all, before you arrive at the room where he sits and entertains company. In passing you behold the open square which the palace itself incloses, and the range of windows and apartments upon the opposite side, which certainly has a grand effect; the architecture and ornaments being all in the most finished taste. This inclosed square is the world of every asiatic: wherever he throws his eyes, he beholds his own property and works; the property and works of others are shut out: and here he reclines upon a sofa drinking his coffee, or otherways regaling himself amidst his numerous visitors and attendants. Yet the russians in cities, at least in this metropolis, after the manner of the germans and french, affect to be more public than private in their entertainments and assemblies; and the rooms fronting the streets and highways are the most occupied by the inhabitants.

As in Asia too, every person has his peculiar province, and this province and profession frequently descends to their posterity. A stranger is

apt to commit many blunders in askinga russian domestic to do some work which is not his inheritance.

CHARACTER OF PETER THE GREAT.

I take my morning walk in the gardens of the palace of Strelina Mysa, now in ruins. Peter began this palace, and his daughter the empress Elizabeth continued the building, but died before it was finished. While I sit upon a broken column, a thousand thoughts rush into my mind. Peter meant to adorn the dreary shores of the Finland Gulph leading to his capital, with imperial mansions. The palaces of Oranienbaum, Peterhoff, and Strelina are evidently a part of this plan. The appearance of the opposite shore of Carelia, destitute of such ornaments, sets off those improvements in the light of contrast. I can trace, upon the banks of the river where I fish, the outlines of gardens. Wherever I see a straight avenue, I know that Peter has been there, and has cut some of the trees, formerly growing where I now walk, with his own hand. You may easily imagine that I feel myself a foot higher, in walking in a path which has been cleared for me by the hand of an emperor! I am attached to Russia and to russians—not from any superior excellence in the natives—they are loaded with vices as much as any of their brothers of Europe—but because they are the children of Peter I. As a proof of my friendship for them, I will tell them freely of their faults. Peter did every thing with the axe and the

sword—they were his only instruments in war and in peace: he fixed himself upon the throne with them; he conquered the finest provinces of Sweden; he built and peopled his metropolis; he built and manned his navy; he established an academy of sciences with those tools, by seizing the library at Mittau—all this as a warrior and legislator. We wish we had not to add, that, unlike a father, he corrected his own children with them. In the academy there is a figure of Peter in wax: it would have been more characteristic in iron. There is, in the same collection, a bar of iron forged by his majesty's own hand. This is a better remembrancer of him:—yes, Peter! you manufactured other articles in the iron branch: racks, wheels, and impaling hooks, with stains upon them that time will not efface.

No am'rous hero ever gave thee birth,
Or ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave you form,
And raging seas produced you in a storm:
A birth well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners———————

[I publish the following new translation of "The Wild Hunter," first on account of its eminent superiority over every other, and secondly because it is my intention in a future number to notice particularly this *chef d' oeuvre* of the german poet.]

THE WILD HUNTER.

Loud, loud the baron winds his horn;
And, see, a lordly train
On horse, on foot, with deafening din,
Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack
Dash swift, from couples freed;
O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,
Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallowed temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heaven-ward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and prayer.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry:
See! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I guess full well:
Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
A milk-white steed bestrode;
Mild as the vernal skies, his face
With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
Red as the furnace flame;
Sullen he loured, and from his eyes
The death-like lightning came.

'Right welcome to our noble sport;'
The baron greets them fair;
'For well I wot ye hold it good
To banish moping care.

'No pleasure equal to the chase,
Or earth, or heaven can yield;'
He spoke,—he waved his cap in air,
And foremost rushed afield.

'Turn thee!' the milder horseman cries;
'Turn thee from horns and hounds!
Hear'st not the bells, hear'st not the quire,
Mingle their sacred sounds?

'They drown the clamor of the chase;
Oh! hunt not then to-day,
Nor let a fiend's advice destroy
Thy better angel's sway.'

'Hunt on, hunt on,' his comrade cries,
'Nor heed yon dotard's spell;
What is the bawling quire to us?
Or what the jangling bell?

'Well may the chase delight thee more;
And well may'st learn from me,
How brave, how princely is our sport,
From bigot terrors free.'

'Well said! well said! in thee I own
A hero's kindred fire;
These pious fool'ries move not us,
We reck nor priest, nor quire.

'And thou, believe me, saintlike dolt,
Thy bigot rage is vain;
From prayers and beadrolls, what delight
Can sportsmen hope to gain?"

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
O'er valley, hill, and plain;
And ever at the baron's side
Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
Up-springs from yonder thorn:
'Now swiftly ply both horse and foot;
Now louder wind the horn!

See, falls a huntsman! see, his limbs
The pangs of death distort!
'Lay there and rot: no caitiff's death
Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
Wide o'er the country borne;
Now closer prest a refuge seeks
Where waves the ripening corn.

See, the poor owner of the field
Approach with tearful eyes;
'O pity, pity, good my lords!'
Alas! in vain he cries.

'O spare what little store the poor
By bitter sweat can earn!'
Now soft the milder horseman warns
The baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds;
'Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

'Away!' the imperious noble cries;
'Away, and leave us free!
Off! or by all the powers of hell,
Thou too shalt hunted be!

'Here, fellows! let this villain prove
My threats were not in vain:
Loud lash around his piteous face
The whips of all my train.'

'Tis said, tis done: swift o'er the fence
The baron foremost springs;
Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
And loud the welkin rings.

Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
While man, and horse, and hound,
Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath and field, o'er hill and dale,
Scared by the approaching cries,
Still close pursued, yet still unreach'd,
Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mid the lowing herds that graze
Along yon verdant plain,
He hopes, conceal'd from every eye,
A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
Press ravening on his heels:
See, prostrate at the baron's feet
The affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue;
'O spare,' he cries, 'these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

'Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all!'
He spoke:—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds;
Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

'Away, audacious hound!' he cries;
'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see transform'd to beasts
Thee and thy beggar brood.

'Then, to the very gates of heaven,
Who dare to say me nay!
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry;
Come fellows, no delay!'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
Rush swift with impious rage,
When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
Religion's free abode;
For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
E'en now have reach'd his god.

'They cry at heaven's high mercy-seat,
For vengeance on thy head;
O turn, repentant turn, ere yet
The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more religion's cause in vain
The gentle stranger pleads;
Once more, alas! his sullen frere
A willing victim leads.

'Dash on!' the harden'd sinner cries:
'Shalt thou disturb our sport?
No! boldly would I urge the chase
In heaven's own inmost court.

'What reck I then thy pious rage?
No mortal man I fear:
Not god in all his terrors arm'd
Should stay my fix'd career.'

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
He calls his vassal-crew;
Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
All vanish from his view.

All, all, are gone!—no single rack
His eager eye can trace;
And silence, still as death, has hush'd
The clamors of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser's sides,
Nor back nor forward borne;
He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
But hears no sound return.

And now inclos'd in deepest night,
Dark as the silent grave,
He hears the sullen tempest roar,
As roars the distant wave.

Louder and louder still the storm
Howls through the troubled air;
Ten thousand thunders from on high
The voice of judgment bear.

'Accursed before god and man,
Unmoved by threat or prayer;
Creator, nor created, aught
Thy frantic rage would spare.

'Think not in vain creation's lord
Has heard his creature's groan;
E'en now the torch of vengeance flames
High by his awful throne.

'Now, hear thy doom! to aftertimes
A dread example given,
For ever urge thy wild career,
By fiendish hell-hounds driven.

The voice had ceased; the sulphurous flash
Shot swift from either pole;
Sore shook the grove; cold horror seized
The trembling miscreant's soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
Again the lightning's play;
And every limb, and every nerve,
Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant's swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground;
He feels a demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood;
On each o'erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light,
Now red, now green, now blue;
Whilst o'er the gulf the fiendish train
Their destined prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly;
Still at his back the hell-born crew
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below earth's smiling face;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortured sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild baron's hunt;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman (dare they speak)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till god's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!

LATIN DISTICH ON A FLUTE.

Viva fui in sylvis, sum durâ occisa securi;
Dum vixi, tacui: mortua, multa cano.

EPITAPHE D'UN PENDU.

Cî-git dont, s'il te prend envie,
Deux mots vont t'apprendre le sort;
Une parque a filé sa vie,
Un cordier a filé sa mort.

The following laconic will was lately found in the pocket of a young man who died in consequence of taking too large a dose of laudanum:

In the name of the father, son and holy ghost, I will as follows: I possess nothing; I am over head and ears in debt, and I give the rest to the poor.

LATIN ALPHABET,

containing an exact description of human life.

Aura, bulla, cinis, dolus, error, flammula, gutta,
Herbula, imago, lutum, milium, nihil, offula, pluma,
Quisquilliæ, ros, somnia, transitus, umbra, ...

EPITAPHE D'UN HUMORISTE.

Ci-gît qui toujours se fâcha,
En santé comme en maladie,
Qui la soixantaine approcha
Sans avoir souri de la vie;
Et qu'on vit terminer son sort
En se fachant contre la mort.

IN THE PRESS,

and will shortly be published by Solomon Gundy, opposite Trinity Church, Merrimack,

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, MIDDLETOWN, BOSTON,

AND OTHER PARTS OF

NEW-ENGLAND, CANADA, &c.

(*each inclusive*)

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1807 and 1776.

BY THE HONORABLE

BARNABY BORROWELL.

The author of this work is one of those *gentlemen* who are sometimes blown off the coasts of England, Scotland or Ireland in a *gale*. He landed in this country without friends, money, or clothes, and was sheltered in the wigwam of a humane indian. By the kindness of this friend and the credulity of a tailor and bootmaker, the traveller abandoned the wigwam, with great magnanimity spurned the mean accommodation of his host and family, and ridiculed their modes of life; although he wisely accepted letters of introduction to other wigwams previous to his departure, and before his treachery became apparent.

This work is to be published in England about the same time it will appear here. The transactions it details occupy a period of about four years; and from the variety of scenes in which the author has been engaged in the course of that time, there can be no doubt of its affording uncommon entertainment.

The editor of the Ramblers' Magazine is sorry that his limits will not suffer him in this number to insert the *contents* of the above work; but if the advertiser will pay for it, they shall hereafter appear.

THE

RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

PERAMBULATOR.

No. III.

———Fortuna qua giu varia a vicenda,
Mandandoci venture, hor triste, hor buone. *Tasso.*

THE nerves of great writers, I have been told, are strung or unstrung by the state of the atmosphere; and a cloudy day has often obscured an essay or a poem, which alone might have immortalized a Brown or a Barlowe.

I remember, when I was at Philadelphia, some months ago, on a visit to a clergyman with whom I had passed many happy days of my youth, that I was introduced, among other gentlemen of letters, to the celebrated mr. Dennie. It was on such a day, at the fall of the year, as a londoner would denominate "one of the dark days before christmas:" thick mists lowered over the clammy streets of the city; the smoke of well-piled fires smote almost with blindness the eyes of the street-walkers; and the doors of every mansion were closed with more than cockney carefulness.* A

* The style here adopted by Perambulator is so much like that of the *new* work, *the Yankee in London*, that I am almost inclined

meagre sharp-nosed attorney (the very picture which an european would conceive of a Philadelphia lawyer)* who seemed to act the part of *showman* to the american Addison, in vain attempted by a shower of puns, and other efforts of wit peculiar to the *cavaliers*, to raise his sunken spirits to life and cheerfulness. Enveloped in the smoke of çigarrs, a half consumed regiment of which lay in regular rank and file before him on the table, he seemed lost in the contemplation of a fine glowing fire, which, to say the truth, was by no means the most disagreeable thing in the company. The lawyer observed in a whisper to every one who sat near him, that his friend was catching a few *sparks* for his next Port-Folio; whilst a medical gentleman on my side of the house gravely whispered that mr. D. never talked when the wind was in a rainy quarter.

Before midnight the company retired, and left me alone with my clerical friend, to whom I could not help expressing my surprise at the literary gentleman's taciturnity. Smiling at the earnestness of my manner, the doctor entered into a concise and sensible examination of the nervous system, and finished by convincing me that *genius* was more affected by the weather than quicksilver, and that there was no man on earth more subject to its influence than the author of the Lay Preacher. The next morning elucidated the fact; the sky

to believe Yankee and Perambulator one and the same person. *Editor.*

* It is a very common thing in England to observe, of a little bustling talkative man, that he is as *sharp* as a Philadelphia lawyer.

had become clear and frosty; I breakfasted at my friend's request with mr. Dennie, and found him learned, cheerful, polite and attentive; ready to communicate his thoughts, anxious to hear the opinions of others, and modest enough to avoid contention, if they differed from his own. On the whole, I left him with impressions of esteem which will never wear away.

During my short stay in Pennsylvania, I had a violent inclination to pay a visit to Arthur Mervin Brown, to observe how far his genius was exalted or debased by frosts or fogs; but I learned that he secluded himself altogether from society, for the completion of a voluminous work, proving beyond contradiction that human nature is very miserable; that it never was more happy than it now is, and never will be; and that the most delightful thing on earth is conjuring up ideas of wretchedness, and wetting at least three napkins every night with the tears which *refined sentiment* and *philanthropy* must naturally excite. It gave me satisfaction however to hear, inadvertently, that mr. B's *genius* is completely defended from the effects of the atmosphere by a dense vapor eternally floating between the skull and the pericranium, which becomes heavier and more tenacious whenever his fingers come in contact with a goose-quill.

Since I have commenced author myself, I am anxious to discover the true *characteristics* of *genius*, that I may govern myself accordingly. Unfortunately for me, the erudite mr. B——d and the inspiring Minshull have never fallen in my way; the former is engaged in writing a compli-

mentary address to a brother genius, mr. Johnny C——s, on his *masonic orations*, which have saved the craft a very considerable expense in opium, and will be lasting monuments of the invaluable blessings of Somnus. Mr. B——d, it appears, is assisting the renowned editor of the new wonderful magazine,* intended to embrace pedestrian travels in quest of an *oatmeal mine*, said to exist in one of the virginian mountains; and the *wonderful* editor, in return, is to assist mr. B——d in the selection of a number of greek and latin quotations, to be translated by dr. Thwackum, to the end of attacking, *secundum artem*, the third edition of *Dufief's Nature Displayed;* the whole to be published, with notes, by mr. Saddlebags from Leeds in Yorkshire, (of whom I shall speak more particularly in a future number) together with mr Foolscap, whose hands and face, I am glad to observe, are kept a little cleaner than usual, since he has taken possession of his new bookstore.

Thus, in my pursuits after the *characteristics* of *genius*, in this city, I have hitherto been unsuccessful; but I do not despair at length of gratifying my utmost desires. The bookstores and reading-rooms, the bar-rooms of taverns, and the other numerous lounging-places of the *literati* I will sedulously hunt up; and it will be my fault if I am not soon acquainted with every son of *genius*, from the elegant author and compiler of friend Wood's

* Like Katterfelto, with their hair on end,
At their own wonders wond'ring for their bread.
Cowper.

little volumes, up to the *embrio* biographer of Thomas Jefferson;

"Compared with whom be all life-writers dumb,
"Be he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb."

I was lounging a few days since at the book-store of my friend Foolscap, when a young man of modest address inquired for him, and was introduced behind his ponderous leger and daybook. Their conversation was sufficiently loud for me to hear (deaf as I am) the following dialogue.

Young man. My name, sir, is Scribble. I have taken the liberty, at the recommendation of mr. B. to offer you a few manuscripts, on various subjects, which I *suspect* would form the first number of a periodical work; and if you should be pleased with them, I will engage to furnish enough copy to supply a monthly miscellany. All that I request, for it, sir, is barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, till you can increase its sale so as to make me a liberal allowance from the profits.

Foolscap. My dear mr. Scribble, there *is'nt no* bookseller in the United States more ready to encourage literary *talens* than myself; but I have had woful experience, I assure you, that periodical works won't do. Why, sir, it is as impossible now-a-days to *git* a subscriber for a work, as it is to meet an author with money in his pocket. We have our Ladies' Miscellanies, our Gentlemen's Miscellanies, our Doctorical Miscellanies, our Weekly Magazines, our Ramblers' Magazine, our Evening's Fireside, our Flower-Gardens, our

Nosegays, our Bees, our Hives, and a cloud of *ephemera* flying into our doors and parlor windows; and adding to them would, I conceive, be almost as criminal as importing a new kind of locust or a new description of contagious fever. Time was, mr. Scribble, when I could have sold you five or six hundred copies a day of any thing; but now we may post up our show-bills, puff in the daily papers and reviews, and make no more impression on the public than the daily tinkling of the dustman's bell. Soporifics, soporifics, invented by my magazine man and others have done the business;—there they lie, on yon upper shelf, neatly stitched up in nice blue paper, which cost me a matter of four dollars a ream. Your work must have a more than common effect to raise our good citizens from their slumbers; so potent are the doses they have received.

Scribble. I flatter myself, mr. Foolscap, that you will find in my work enough to rouse the seven sleepers of Ispahan. I have epigrams, conundrums, riddles, satires in verse and prose, lampoons, pasquinades, love-ditties, and every other species of composition, calculated to the meridian of New-York, and seasoned to the palates of all classes. In short, sir, read them and believe.

Foolscap. Lord bless you, mr. Scribble, I have never read more than the title of a book these seven years. As my friend R. says, never mind the contents of a book; throw out a good bait, and fools will bite. Only peruse the two *new* works last published by him, which have sold miraculously, considering, and never perhaps were

there more flimsy, absurd catchpennies in the catalogue of a bookstore. I am sorry, sir, I cannot serve you; and really I am at this moment so busy, you will oblige me by offering your writings to somebody else.

The young man made no reply; but replacing the ribband round his manuscripts, with a dejected countenance, made a bow and retired. Never did I feel a greater inclination to *knock down* a bookstore-keeper than at this moment, though I have been an auctioneer for several years. There was something in the applicant's manner that spoke volumes for him; and I determined to buy his manuscripts. Though my limbs were not sufficiently supple to overtake him, my voice effected it. The manuscripts are mine, and in my future pages, their contents shall be given to the public.

The cold breath of the north having ceased to vex us, and the snow, dispersed by the genial sun, no longer clogging our streets, I can again venture forth on my daily peregrinations.

Wherever I turn my steps the blessings of Providence cheer the abode of man; and man, the only animal in creation *enlightened* by reason, seems the least capable of enjoying them. This unhappy biped, amid all the comforts that surround him, is bent on defeating the kind intentions of his creator; and deems it necessary to dash his neighbor's cup of contentment with the fullest drops of bitterness.

Observe the cartman, driving through the streets

like a wild arab, upsetting helpless infants in his course, and dashing their brains out against the curb stones. Watch him now lashing his meagre beast with the utmost fury to overtake the trembling female, who in vain exerts her utmost efforts to avoid him; and see, at length this modern Phæton meets the fate he so richly merits; his car upsets, and his head, less obdurate than his heart, lies crushed on the ensanguined pavement. Follow him now, as the croud bear him to his home, where not long since his wife and little ones prepared his meals and solaced his labors; contemplate the house where joy shall never enter more, and where poverty and distress now commence their dismal reign.

Turning from this picture, behold the pampered magistrate, whose business it is to prevent such accidents, by drawing tight the bands of the police, busied in scribbling for a wretched newspaper to gratify his restless ambition, or smarting and writhing under the lash of a malicious adversary. The calls of order, decency and humanity *cannot* be heard amid the din of combat; the war-whoop is to powerful for the claims of the weak to prevail.

And now, let me proceed into Broadway, where the loiterers from all parts of the city are assembled; where, we find, as some one observes,

> Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
> Showy outsides, insides empty,
> Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
> *Jailors*, aldermen and footmen:
> Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,

Villany, bedaubed all over;
Women, black, red, fair and grey,
Prudes, and some that never pray,
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling.

Let me examine that tall man with a tolerably pleasing countenance, whose strut and imposing appearance proclaim him not of this land. Oh! on a nearer view I find him to be no less than the celebrated Bob Bowbells, who lives, the lord knows how, and contrives to get a dinner every day without paying for it. Bob, on his arrival in this country, became alarmed at the disrepute into which his brother cockneys had fallen who had announced themselves *agents* or *commission-men*; and therefore wisely assumed the character of a scholar, from the university of Cambridge, come over for the purpose of writing his travels. Indeed, Bob's equipage had more the resemblance of a follower of the muses than of a wholesale vender of buckles and buttons; and it was easy enough to affect a contempt of dress whilst circumstance required it. His insinuating address, however, soon vanquished the suspicion of the tailors; and they have full reliance on being paid out of the profits of his travels.

I was smiling at the gulls who were to be fed by Bob's travels, when my old acquaintance and fellow-soldier, captain Keenset, placed his hand on my arm, and pointed to a round building of strange appearance, which he said was an excellent panorama of New-York, painted by the joint efforts of messieurs Holland and Reinagle, scene-

painters of the theatre. My friend was warm in his commendation of this exhibition, and assured me it was superior to any thing of the kind yet attempted on this side the water. On my demanding the meaning of the word panorama, Keenset, who knew no more about it than myself, determined to ask Bowbells, whom he had sometimes heard talking learnedly at the play. A military man seldom wants much introduction; and Bob was accordingly consulted. It was not without difficulty that the cockney could be brought to close quarters; but at length, with a faltering voice he informed us that panorama meant panorama, because the first painter's name was Pan, and he was born at a place called Rama in Ireland, and thus *derivatur* Pan O'Rama. Now, dr. Ferule has since informed me that Bob is an impostor and a blockhead; that panorama comes from two greek words, meaning nothing more nor less than an *entire view.* The doctor, moreover, promises me to examine Bob, touching his university education; and I will certainly communicate to the public all I learn from him.

In my next, I shall attempt to describe the panorama. I passed two hours in viewing it; but it would require at least six to examine it with minute attention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In the course of my professional duties, I am frequently obliged to visit the debtors' prison of this city; and whenever I go, my heart is torn

with anguish at the sight of a groupe of young females immured in a *dungeon* for trifling debts of one, two or three dollars. Yes, mr. Editor, it is literally true that these poor wretches are shut up in the very subterraneous cells where formerly none but murderers and robbers, of the worst description, were confined. If the imprisonment of unhappy girls is the only remedy *an enlightened legislature* can devise to answer the ends of *justice*, then, in God's name, let them be treated at least with as much lenity as other debtors, and certainly that will not be found *too* indulgent.

It is true that the generality of the female prisoners in the dungeon, are those who have forfeited all claims to the *respect* of society; but is there not a better mode of doing justice to the *honest* creditor of one of these *dishonest* creatures? Will the shutting her up for fifteen or thirty days pay a cent, or assist in reclaiming the poor shivering wretch, who only wishes for liberty to be able to renew her vicious courses? No! Legislators of a free country! waste not your time in useless cabals, but turn your eyes to suffering humanity, which has strong claims on your protection. Look to the bright examples of european nations; observe how vice is corrected, and often reclaimed, without dungeons or sheriffs; and adopt some system which might restore a lost being to society, and at the same time give her an opportunity to pay whatever she justly owes.

Forgive, mr. Editor, this long apostrophe. My feelings carry me perhaps too far. I heartily wish the *humane society*, or some other philanthropic

society would examine into the circumstance I mention. A visit to the dungeon would be worthy of their professions.

The history of one of the females I speak of is nearly that of all. It is as follows:

Some conscientious landlord opens a boarding-house in George-street, to which is annexed a dancing-room. The female boarders pay a round sum by the week for board; each being allowed a separate bed. Payment depends on success in trade; for she lets *lodgings*. In failure of this, a weekly bankruptcy takes place, and of course a weekly visit to the debtors' prison. The good landlord, who is *truly sorry* for the necessity of thus acting contrary to his humane wish, becomes the immediate advocate of his imprisoned boarder. He searches all the sailor boarding-houses; he visits all the returning ships, to inform *Jack* that his old friend, *Jane* or *Poll*, is in jail for three dollars. The honest tar, whose feelings are always alive to female distress, advances the cash with costs of court, and the fair female is, after a few days or a few hours imprisonment, re-admitted to the table of her former landlord, and the arms of her delivering friend. In failure of this expedient and to prevent liberation in thirty days, as the law in such cases directs, the humane plaintiff at the end of fifteen or twenty days visits the prison; he condoles with the unfortunate prisoner; he fears bankruptcy himself; and after a few shrugs and many sighs, he proposes to take four notes, each for one fourth part of the money payable at different periods. The prisoner, nearly

suffocated by the stench of the dungeon, or extremely afflicted by the effects of a disorder equally common in George-street and in the dungeon, gladly accepts liberty on any terms. She is discharged; the landlord treating her at the bar to some beer, which makes the first charge in the next bill; and she must expect separate prosecutions on each of the above notes. The account before finally settled too often stands thus:

Miss Jane,

		To F—r—h J—hn—y, dr.	
To balance of one		By cash from Jack,	1 75
week's board,	3	By do. from Bill,	2 25
To expense of four		By do. from Jim,	4
law suits,	12	By do. from Ben,	4
		By do. from Tom,	3
	$15		$15

The prudence, or the charity of an unfeeling jailor is the only security which a well behaved female, whose misfortunes may drive her to a prison, has against being obliged to associate with the unfortunate inhabitants of the dungeon; nor can she then find any suitable room, there being none particularly intended to protect female virtue or conceal female distress. She must be content with a portion of a room occupied by several strange men unless they should, as they frequently do, inconvenience themselves by supplying her with the entire use of a room.

Were the immortal Howard to visit the dun-

geon of the debtors' prison of New-York—this receptacle of filth, disease and human misery; at once a prison for the healthy, and an hospital for the sick—both a prison and necessary or receptacle of excrement—the damp air of the cell, united to the foul effluvia of sick bodies, and the infected breathings of twenty or thirty confined victims, commixed with putrid air arising from the *conveniencies*—were Howard to visit this specimen of humanity in a *free country*, where would end his surprise, his cries or his intercessions for their relief? Yours,

LATITAT.

[The republic of letters has lately witnessed the resuscitation of one of its principal worthies, supposed to be gone long since to that land from whose bourne no traveller returns. This is no less a personage than the celebrated Junius, whose letters will live as long as good sense and elegant composition can find admirers. In the following letter, lately published in the *Independant Whig* of London, the reader will discover strong traces of that pen which poured dismay at a former period into the british cabinet, and which still bids fair to strike its shaft to the consciences of those whose crimes find too much protection in the crown.]

JUNIUS.

To his royal highness the DUKE OF YORK.

SIR,

If, on your retreat from office, you had gone into actual retirement, I should not now have the

cruelty to disturb you: I would respect the shelter which misfortune reserves for the lowest of her victims, and leave you in that privacy which is equally suited to the moderation of your talents and your virtues.

Your royal highness will be convinced that I am not to be easily impressed by common opinion, when I will admit that your existence has not been altogether useless to the country. To establish any valuable truth, one example is better than a thousand lectures; we have a natural suspicion of theory, and we might have lingered through ages of scepticism before we could have so strong an example as that supplied by your Royal Highness—that no degradation can disqualify a man for the service of his country—that the most vulgar vice can give a lesson of morality, and the meanest thirst of power a triumph to the constitution.

I know that, to your delicacy of feeling, nothing is likely to be more unexpected, or, perhaps, more painful, than a public charge of the cardinal virtues. The double accusation of piety and patriotism is, it must be owned, rather oppressive for the blushing humility of a man who has hitherto succeeded in concealing his virtues from the suspicion of even his most intimate friends. But, sir, if I am not mistaken, you were born for a public example! Other men may rest their claims on the gratitude, you deserve your reward from the justice of the country—"*Sepultam virtutem quærimus*," and it is a duty which I dare not decline, to draw your buried merits up to light, and demand for them the honor which is their due.

I must be permitted to pause in your panegyric. An old man's imagination sinks before the task of following you through your course of glory; and, in an age when every thing seems full of alteration, it is no slight gratification to have discovered so striking an example of a total defiance of change, a mind steadily pursuing its original impulse; turning neither to the right nor to the left; neither to be awed by the chilling formality of reason, nor ashamed by the sneering impertinence of ridicule.

But to have enemies is the natural fate of merit. Your enemies may endeavor to represent your course as easy, and scarcely requiring any thing more than a due contempt of those restrictions which vulgar minds may hold sacred. "*Facilis descensus Averni.*" Yet I defy their bitterest malice to give an other instance of a man who has devoted such opportunities and such industry to his purpose, or whose progress has been at once so regular and so precipitate:—so rapid and so undeviating.

Other candidates for fashionable fame have exercised their faculties upon parts of the system: your royal highness may have a few superiors at the gaming table, or the four-in-hand club, the race-course, or the stew:—but, for the range of the universal science, you are without a competitor! you surpass them as far as the rapidity of instinct outstrips the tardiness of instruction—and for each and all, from the penning of a love-letter to the capitulation of an army, you are unequalled, unimitated, inimitable.

I can easily conceive that patriotism like yours

would feel somewhat restless in retirement; a consciousness of superior abilities naturally urges to their exertion. It is reported that you condescend still to direct the arrangements of the commander-in-chief's office; and, as if it were your determination to dazzle us with a blaze of mingled virtues, and a splendid self-denial to a princely patriotism, contenting yourself with the pay and patronage of the command, and leaving to another the undivided honor of the responsibility.

But it is absurd to estimate you by the conceptions of common men. You have, probably, some secret instinct, some dark and prophetic consciousness that you have not yet fulfilled the end of your being, and paid your debt to your country. Some meditations on your past services to the empire may have convinced you that you have been marked out for a memorable duty; that, like the favorite slave of the ancient tyrants, your assistance is necessary to the last hour of her renown; and that no other hand can so effectually shorten the pain of her final struggle.

Report has even gone so far as to say that the appointment of lord Chatham to the command of the expedition is nothing more than an ingenious contrivance for your royal highness's immediate and public resumption of authority. As a friend to the feelings of an injured patriot, I would not advise you to trust too much to this intriguing expedient. You still have to feel the prejudice to which merit like yours must always be exposed! you have already escaped its violence; a second plunge might not be equally fortunate. The tide

of public opinion still runs strong against you. Your robes of office may have hitherto kept you on the surface; but they have been too much drenched not to have lost their buoyancy. They would be too heavy for your feebleness. You would be swept away at once by an irresistible torrent, and your country would have to lament the obscure waste of a life, whose last moments should have been given to her interests, consecrated by the solemnities of national justice, and devoted to the ends of national example.

Beware; I warn you, beware of taking on you the command of the army: it will be your ruin. But you must earn your fate by some humbler crime! if you are to suffer, let justice take its course; but the soiled and trampled laurels of our army must not be the wreath that binds the victim.

Stay, sir, if you would not have every parent in the land raising curses on your head, stay in your retirement. It is fittest for you. You may there best exhibit and indulge all those qualities which natures like yours feel as the first privileges of rank and opulence. You may be a Tiberius at Caprea, or a Domitian at his villa, and alternately enjoy the pure festivities of the one and the philosophic solitude of the other.

Beware of intruding yourself into command! The last army of the empire must not be again trusted with you before an enemy. I dread to look upon the consequence. You have made me feel more than I thought so many years had left to me! you have roused an old man from the bor-

ders of the grave! I have not meddled with public affairs for many years. I thought that, in turning the public eye on the Graftons and Mansfields of my day, I had done my measure of service to my country; but I can serve her yet. I have been the best friend of your royal highness's family, and am personally yours when I warn you against daring to take any share of the public authority. You can be SAFE only while you are OBSCURE! The tiger, in his cage, may be suffered to live an object of fearless abhorrence and cheap curiosity; but, once let loose, it becomes the duty of every man to arm himself against the violence of the royal savage.

If you are not this moment the virtual commander-in-chief, why is the influence of your resentment so fatally predominant? why is your enmity a simple ground of exclusion? must we trace the serpent in every dark and sinuous winding of his retreat, by the infection of his trail?

Why, when such a man as Chatham is employed, is such a man as Ferguson thrown out of service?—is it because he took the single resolution of doing his duty with equal heroism in the senate and in the field?—or is it that you think it but fair to acquaint us with the principles on which a higher rank may empower you to act, and take this opportunity of declaring that no man can be permitted to serve his country till he has turned traitor to his conscience, and that the duties of the army are contrary and hostile to the rights of the people?

It may be for your interest to meditate on those

charges. I have still some hopes of your amendment. I will confess that, on this point, the general opinion is opposite to mine. Your friends attribute your past conduct to a persevering folly —your enemies to an obstinate vice. Both agree that, as your errors were the work of nature, it is absurd to hope for their reformation:—that, as you rushed into crime without reflection, so you will continue in it without remorse. But, in my intercourse with you, I have observed a certain principle which has been termed the beginning of wisdom. The most degrading stain on other characters is probably the paving of virtue in yours. If your feelings are not to be touched by the wrongs of the people, let your fears be roused by their resentment. The wrath of british men is slow, but it is progressive;—the effect of heavy injury, embittered by continual insult, not easily roused; but, once roused, not to be laid without substantial justice;—it will not be satisfied with cutting off the contemptible minions that cling round and prey upon you—it will be neither in your hereditary rank nor in your remembered services to protect you!—the conflagration which has hitherto slumbered, or only thrown out its casual blaze, shall awake;—it shall not be content with feeding on the dry and worthless weeds that lie at your feet; it shall rise to the mighty of the forest; and, in their parched and blasted verdure, leave only the more striking monuments of its unsparing desolation.

Public forbearance has been exhausted; the people cannot submit to further insult; they will

not comprehend the honest policy of redeeming your character at the expense of your country?—and, by the appointment of such men as Chatham and Dundas, proving to the nation that yours are not the only hands by which it may be ruined.

Is my lord Chatham a man fit to be put at the head of a british expedition?—what are his merits? where are his exploits of successful intrepidity or practised skill?—is it for his political virtues or his martial prowess?—is it that your love of justice has been enraptured by the good-natured impartiality which has made him the pliant instrument of so many administrations?—or is it that you reason from his civil to his military accomplishments, not unjustly inferring that the man who has spent his whole life in the barter of office, will be peculiarly dexterous at a convention; and in spite of Hondscoote and the Helder, obliterate even your renown in the art of capitulating with the enemy?

You are not yet totally ruined. I dare not bid the vilest criminal despair. Your duty is plain;—dismiss those miserable substitutes of yours;—send old Dundas to Chelsea and his pension;—send Chatham to his cheap indulgences, his reversions, and his half-pay; tell him that the people will not suffer him to serve them; that they are beginning to know and to despise such men; that their service is not the private sinecure it used to be; and that, if they have punished the tripping honor of a prince, they will not be more lenient to the stately perfidy of a peer!

Then, sir, instantly retire. Misfortune has but

yet done half her work; she has brought you to shame; let her now bring you to repentance! it would be useless to disguise from you that the period must be long and the remorse sincere, before the empire can consider you as the son of its sovereign.

But I once more warn you to beware of retrieving your character by any sudden experiment on popular applause!—if it be true that from Chatham's *incapacity* you look to his *ill success*, and from that to your assuming the command with some comparative *eclat*, no language can be strong enough for your reprobation. But the plan has too much of labored treachery for your indolence. This would not be the spirit of the soldier struggling fairly in the great cause which would ennoble his fall. There is another character; it has probably suggested itself to your royal highness: it is the cowardly maurauder, lingering behind till the danger is over, and then stealing forth in darkness and security, to insult the bodies of the dead, and bring home an unresisted spoil from the desolation of the field. JUNIUS.

To the editor of the Rambler's Magazine.

SIR,

I have frequently heard comparisons made between our performers and those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and much to the disadvantage of the former. As theatrical discussions seem at present to form one of our principal amusements permit me, through your miscellany, to draw

a kind of parallel, which, whilst it partakes of a spirit of liberality towards both, will not be found too flattering to either.

Leaving mr. Cooper out of the question, (for who would pretend to place mr. Cooper on a level with the other performers of the day?) we will begin with the first *ordinary* tragedian. In Philadelphia mr. Wood is the principal hero of the sock and buskin, although many would willingly give the palm to mr Cone. Who is there, of common sense, that, having seen them, will not pronounce them very much inferior to mr. Robertson or our new acquisition, mr. Simpson. *Wood*, without education, and denied by nature those faculties which constitute a good actor, has certainly improved beyond expectation, since the time in which the witty mrs. Hopkinson observed of him and his competitor mr. *Cain*, when striving for superiority, that they were both *miserable sticks*. But mr. Wood's new rival (since the death of mr. Cain) bids fair to triumph over him. Wood's manner and enunciation, remind us of those lines of Churchill, where, speaking of Jackson, he says

Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player;
List to that voice!—Did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is only anxious where to place the left.——
Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

Simpson and Robertson are as far before

messrs. Wood and Cain, as Cooke, in Richard III, is before Cooper. In the next place let us examine the merits of mr. Jefferson and mr. Twaits. Here greek meets greek. Aha! mr. Jefferson, your face is certainly the *queerest*, but then Twaits has the longest nose. Now, mr. Twaits is not the first man that has been preferred on account of the length of his nose; but in the opinion of those who do not judge by *noses*, mr. Jefferson is the better performer. Suffice it for us to know that when mr. Twaits sticks to his *forte*, namely the lowest kind of comedy, he never fails to make us laugh heartily; and Jefferson can do no more.

> In characters of low and vulgar mould
> Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
> There Twaits, with justice strict, attention draws,
> Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.

We now touch on the manager, mr. Warren; and when we place him in competition with our mr. Tyler, it may easily be perceived we mean to compliment him. Mr. Tyler possesses wonderful powers for his age. There are characters, and chiefly those preferred by mr. Warren, which mr. Tyler plays to admiration. In Tyler all is nature; in Warren all art: Tyler conceives his part; Warren reads it. Tyler is an actor of genius; Warren of perseverance. I will dismiss these two by a few other lines from my favorite, which, none will deny, are applicable enough to the Philadelphia manager:

> When he appears most perfect, still we find
> Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:
> Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
> We see too plainly they are not his own:

No flame from nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling *which he was not taught:*
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions as he conn'd his part.

In your next number, with permission, I will pursue this subject. Believe me,

Yours, &c.

VIATOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES
OF
EMINENT PERFORMERS.

MRS. WIGNELL.
(LATE MRS. WARREN.)

This excellent actress was the eldest daughter of mr. John Brunton, manager of the Norwich theatre. She was born, May 30, 1769, in Drury-Lane, London; where her father carried on the business of a grocer and tea-dealer, previous to to the commencement of his theatrical career.

It was during a short engagement of mr. Brunton at Bath, that the talents of our actress, miss Ann Brunton, first began to develop themselves. Before that time nothing could be more unpromising than her appearance and disposition; and the fond father conceived himself likely to lose the unwearied pains he had taken in her education. Unblest with personal attractions, his daughter could only succeed by superior talents; and these

he had strong reasons to imagine were not fallen to her lot. How then must his heart have bounded with joy, when, on her first attempt for his benefit, February, 1785, in the character of Euphrasia (Grecian Daughter) she displayed a variety of powers which excited the astonishment and enthusiastic applause of the most discriminating audience in England. The spark of genius seemed suddenly to have fallen from above upon her mind, and lighted up that fire which was only extinguished at an advanced period of life by the cold hand of death.

The fame of miss Brunton could not long be confined to a provincial city. The newspapers were filled with her praise in every part of the kingdom; and mr. Harris, manager of the Covent-Garden theatre, determined on a journey to Bath for the purpose of engaging her, at any price, if he found her talents equal to general report. So amply was he satisfied in this respect, that he immediately engaged her, with her father, at a very handsome salary for three years.

Some time in October, 1785, she made her first appearance on Covent-Garden boards, in the character of Horatia (Roman Father), before one of the fullest audiences ever witnessed. The final stamp was now given to her pre-eminence in the higher walks of the drama; and mrs. Siddons herself, then in the zenith of attraction, trembled at the presence of so dangerous a rival.

Unhappily for the stage, and her family, miss Brunton soon after her engagement with mr. Harris, at a time "when all her honors were

blooming fresh upon her," fell a victim to the tender passion. Mr. Merry, a man of some talents, but profligate in the extreme, sued for and won the affections and hand of the applauded rival of a Siddons; and to this circumstance America was indebted for the possession of a jewel of so bright a lustre. The embarrassed state of mr. Merry's affairs obliged him to cross the Atlantic; and his wife, sacrificing wealth and splendor to conjugal affection, bade adieu to her native country, her doating parents, and admiring friends; never to behold them more!

The arrival of such an actress in America revived the almost sunken fortunes of the stage, and excited an interest for its success, which the narrow views of infatuated sectaries would willingly have crushed. The hopes of the managers were revived; new recruits were by degrees drawn from Europe; and the drama assumed a more imposing attitude than ever it had done before; and perhaps ever will do again, for a series of years.

In December, 1798, mr. Merry paid the debt of nature at Baltimore, Maryland, and left his widow in low circumstances; having constantly drained the produce of her unwearied exertions, by a perseverance in that *stylish* mode of life which had created his first difficulties, and increased them with his years. As a dramatist, he was far beneath mediocrity. As a poet, it would be difficult to class him; but, if we may believe one of the first critics of the age, he was as wretched a verse-monger as ever turned his views towards Parnassus. Mr. Merry would fain have been

thought a Catullus; and his ditties to Anna Matilda, for a long time, held conspicuous places in the *sentimental* prints of the day. The signature of this gentleman was *Della Crusca;* Della Crusca was the idol of every boarding-school-miss in the kingdom; and it was not till Gifford took up the lash of satire that the public could duly appreciate the trash that issued from his pen.*

Not long after the demise of mr. Merry, our charming actress became the wife of mr. Wignell, manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and son to an actor at Covent-Garden, of no mean talents, who was also an author; and had given to the world a volume of poems. In the year 1804, he also quitted the stage of life, and left mrs. Wignell a second time a widow. In this state she continued till about four years since, when she bestowed her hand on mr. Warren one of her husband's successors in the managerial chair. Mr.

* Lo! Della Crusca in his closet pent;
He toils to give the crude conception vent;
Abortive thoughts, that right and wrong confound;
Truth sacrificed to letters; sense to sound;
False glare, incongruous images, combine,
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.

"Innumerable odes, sonnets, &c, (says the satirist) published from time to time in the papers, have *justly* procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age." Concluding that he must be so, as the prominent features of his composition are, first, downright nonsense; second, downright frigidity; and third, downright doggrel. Among other instances of exquisite nonsense, he adduces, "moody monarchs, radiant rivers, cooling cataracts, lazy Loires, (of which, by the by, there are none) gay Garonnes, gloomy glass, mingling murder, dauntless day, lettered lightning, delicious dilatings, sinking sorrows, rich reasoning, meliorating mercies, dewy vapors damp that sweep the silent swamp; and a world of others, to be found in the compass of half a dozen pages.

Warren's talents speak for themselves. As an actor, he is very deficient; as a man, he possesses many amiable qualities.

In the autumn of 1808 mrs. Warren was attacked with a fever, which in a few days terminated her existence. A very handsome property, saved chiefly from her own earnings, devolved on mr. Warren; who, blest with competence, wisely judged it was not good to die with grief; but consoled himself by a new marriage with *miss Fortune*, the sister of the wife of the *comic* Jefferson.

Mrs. Warren, to her qualifications as an actress added those of suavity and correctness in private life. She was universally esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance; and her society was sought by families of the first respectability, who were proud to rank her among their friends.

It is somewhat singular that no tribute of respect has been hitherto paid to the memory of the greatest actress this country could ever boast, either by the poet or biographer. There have been, it is true, some faint attempts to describe in rhyme her transcendant merits; but, like smoke affected by a humid atmosphere, they only served to obscure the flame that gave them birth. Nor is this neglect alone confined to mrs. Merry: Hodgkinson and Harwood have also sunk quietly into the grave; and their fame seems buried with them.

This neglect of meritorious performers is finely noticed by mr. Sheridan, in his monody on Gar-

rick; and I shall close my imperfect sketch of the lamented mrs. Merry, by an insertion of it.

The *actor* only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is *his* memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof,—to substance unallied!
Ev'n matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind!
The *grace of action*—the adapted *mien*,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene,
The *expressive glance*—whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought.
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloath'd with orient hues, transcends the day!—
Passion's wild break, and *frown*, that awes the sense,
And every *charm* of gentler *eloquence*—
All perishable!—like the electric fire
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

SHERIDAN'S MONODY ON GARRICK.

MRS. CIBBER.

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was the daughter of mr. Arne, an upholsterer in King-street, Covent-Garden, and sister to the celebrated composer of that name. In 1734 she married Theophilus Cibber, and became a pupil of his father Colley, to whose instructions she was considerably indebted for her future eminence. Her wretched husband literally sold her honor and his own to a gentleman, against whom he afterwards commenced a suit in the king's bench, and recovered ten pounds damages. She

continued to live with that gentleman till her death, in 1766. Her person was perfectly elegant; for although she somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wanted that *embonpoint* which sometimes assists in concealing the impression made by the hand of time, yet there was so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constituted her form, that it was impossible to view her figure and not think her young; or look in her face and not consider her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and so much equal command of feature did she possess for the representation of pity or rage, of pride or complacence, that it would be difficult to say whether she affected the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate Celia, or the haughty, the resenting Hermione; in the innocent love sick Juliet, or in the forsaken, the enraged Alicia. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and but for mrs. Pritchard, supreme. She made some attempts in comedy, but they were in no degree equal to her efforts in the tragic walk. Lady Constance, in Shakspeare's King John, was her favorite part, and in it even mrs. Prichard fell below her. With a happiness and propriety known only to herself, she uttered with the utmost melody all the succeeding changes of grief, anger, resentment, rage, despondency, reviving courage, and animated defiance incidental to that character. When she threw herself on the ground pronouncing,

———here I and sorrow sits:
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it!

her voice, look, person, every limb seemed animated with the true spirit of the author.

MRS. PRITCHARD.

Mrs. Hannah Pritchard's maiden name was Vaughan. She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several tragic parts; but not being then in the management of the theatre, he advised her to apply elsewhere. Her first appearance was in one of Fielding's pieces, in the little Haymarket theatre. Her second attempt was in lady Diana Talbot, in Anna Bullen, at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields; and soon after she acted at Bartholomew fair, where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy and unaffected manner of speaking, and was greatly caressed and admired for singing in some farce a droll favorite air, which began with "Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn—." She now obtained an engagement at Drury-Lane; her genteel person, for she was then young and slender, her attractive countenance, which "beat an alarm to love," her expressive yet simple manner, her unembarrassed deportment and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable perhaps one day of consoling them for the loss of their favorite

Oldfield. Rosalind, in As You Like it, at once established her theatrical character: her delivery of dialogue, whether of humor, wit, or mere sprightliness, was perhaps never equalled. Not confined in any one walk of acting, she ranged through them all; and discovered a fund of merit in every distinct class; her tragic power was eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression and dignity of action. Churchill has with great discrimination seized her peculiar excellencies, and given a finished portrait of her, in her prime characters of lady Macbeth, Zara and mrs. Oakly. Her embellished conduct in private life justly increased her favor with all ranks of people, and few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved and powerfully patronised as mrs. Pritchard. One actor and one actress universally pre-eminent are as much as can be expected to be the produce of a single century. After having trod the stage six and thirty years, mrs. Pritchard in 1768 resolved to withdraw into retirement, and spend the remainder of her life at Bath. To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages, which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one mr. Leonard, an attorney, of Lyon's-Inn, a distant relation; of whose will her brother, mr. Vaughan, was the executor. But whatever might have been the intention of the testator by his will, the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were nearer relations. Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public in an epilogue written by mr. Garrick, after the performance of Macbeth for her benefit; she spoke it with many sobs and tears, which were

increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She died at Bath about four months after, of a mortification in her foot. A monument has been erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey.

ODE

Dédiée aux Américains,

Par le traducteur de la Mariannade.

Assez long-tems, muse volage,
Tu t'egayes par des chansons;
Viens célébrer d'un ton plus sage
Le modèle des nations,
Des vastes champs de l'Armorique
Vole aux plaines de l'Amérique,
Sejour du bonheur, de la paix;
Demande au maître du tonnerre;
S'il est un pays plus prospère
Et plus dignes de ses bienfaits.

2

Qu'on vante à présent les conquêtes
Des souverains ambitieux!
Ici l'on met au rang des fêtes
Les jours où l'on fait des heureux.
En Europe c'est le carnage,
C'est l'innocence qu'on outrage,
Qui font la gloire du guerrier;
Ici l'humanité s'épure;
Le seul instinct de la nature
Offre un asile hospitalier.

3

Quand des hordes anthropophages
Dévoraient nos débris sanglans,
Ce sont vos paisibles rivages
Qui receuillirent nos parens.
Sans orgueil, la pitié sincère
Vint consoler notre misère,
Ranimer nos sens abattus,
Chassa loin de nous l'indigence ;
Et nous dûmes notre existence
A la première des vertus.

4

Salut, o bienfaisance auguste !
Salut, M'Intosh généreux !
C'est à genoux devant ton buste
Que nous dirons à nos neveux,
" Il fut un être magnanime
Qui sut déconcerter le crime,
En versant l'or à pleines mains,
Et qui, par des faits mémorables
Sauva mille de ses semblables
Du poignard des vils assassins.

5

Recemment un peuple féroce,
Esclave des ministres saints,
Chassa d'une manière attroce
Les plus malheureux des humains.
Aussitôt votre aréopage,
Indigné d'un pareil outrage,
Rappela ses derniers décrets,
Et malgré les clameurs publiques
D'un tas de fous, de fanatiques,
Rendit aux maîtres leurs sujets.

6

Américains ! que notre histoire
Apprenne aux siècles reculés ,
Qu'un peuple blire unit la gloire
Aux bienfaits les plus signalés.
Malheur au coupable égoiste ,
Au cœur ingrat , au froid sophiste ,
Qui rougirait de nous chanter,
Avant long-tems cet hèmisphere
Sera le seul coin de la terre
Que l'homme sage ose habiter.

[Buffon, the french naturalist, was so much afflicted with sore eyes, that it was feared he would entirely lose his sight. One of his friends wrote the following lines on the circumstance.]

Ah ! s'il est vrai que Buffon perd les yeux ;
Que le jour se refuse au foyer des lumières,
La nature à la fin punit le curieux
Qui pénétrait tous ses mystères.

[La Harpe, the french poet and critic, being violently attacked by Freron, an illiberal journalist of the day, resented his conduct by publishing the following epigram, which, my french readers will allow, is neat and *pointed.*]

Aldibaron , de la goute attaqué ,
Se confessait , croyant sa mort prochaine ;
Et détaillait , de remords provoqué ,
De ses méfaits une liste assez pleine ;
Naïvement chacun était marqué ,
Basse impudence et noire hypocrisie ,
Malignité , mensonge , yvrognerie ;
Il ne croyait en oublier aucun.
Le père dit , vous en oubliez un.
Un ; non , par dieu ! j'en dis assez , je pense !
Hé ! mon ami—*le peché d'ignorance.*

The editor invites translations of the above pieces.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FOR 1809-10,

(continued from page 109)

If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my speech disguise, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I change my likeness. *Shakspeare.*

Friday, 3rd. WHEEL OF FORTUNE, *Cumberland*—and MOCK DOCTOR, *Fielding.* There are few parts, which *mr. Cooper* undertakes, that are more ably portrayed than that of *Penruddock* in the *Wheel of Fortune;* on this evening he fell in nothing, short of his usual excellency. *Mr. Doyle's Tempest* was violent indeed; it amounted almost to a hurricane. Had he introduced an occasional oath or two, it would have been serviceable to the part, and supplied a very great defect in the author—there was rather too much of nature in his personation. *Mr. Simpson*, was a very correct representative of *Henry Woodville;* he played it with much feeling and correctness. *Twaits* was not so happy in *sir David Daw;* he was throughout *too knowing* and too arch. *Mrs. Mason* and *mrs. Twaits* sustained their parts with tolerable credit.

The Mock Doctor betrayed a terrible falling off. *Twaits, mrs. Poe* and *mrs. Young* did their best. And the rest might have done so too; but if they did, bad is their best——

Saturday 4th. ROAD TO RUIN and SPOIL'D CHILD. The weather throughout the day had been most tempestuous, and the house exhibited but, "a beggarly account of empty boxes." An

apology was made for *mr. Twaits*, who was said to be greatly indisposed, and the part of GOLDFINCH was read by *mr. Young*, who wanted only to have committed his part to memory, to leave us nothing to regret from the change. There was much of character in his personation, and what he did was perfectly his own. *Mr. Collins* was much improved in his *Silky;* but it is yet far from a perfect performance. The other characters were generally well sustained. *We fly by Night* which had been advertised for the evening was obligedtogive place to the SPOIL'D CHILD. *Mr. Twaits* continuing too much indisposed to expose himself in *Ferret*—his part of *Tag* the *ragged rhymer* was also undertaken by *mr. Young*.

Monday 6*th*. HONEY MOON, *Tobin*—and ROMP. The *duke of Aranza* is a character well adapted to *mr. Cooper*, and was performed by him this evening with great dignity and correctness. *Mrs. Mason* gave much satisfaction in the part of *Juliana*; it was well conceived and spiritedly executed. *Rolando* by *mr. Simpson*. We have seen this gentleman in other parts with more delight than we felt this evening. *Mrs. Poe* look'd the page well, and gave considerable effect to the affecting scenes. *Twaits* was highly ludicrous in *Jaques*, and *lorded* it with great dignity. Mrs. Oldmixon, mr. Tyler and Robertson sustained their several parts very satisfactorily.

Wednesday, 8*th*. DE MONFORT, *Baillie*—and MOCK DOCTOR, *Fielding*. This tragedy was first exhibited on the New-York stage in April 1801, but after a second representation was found to be of too sombre a hue, and was accordingly

laid aside. From the intrinsic merits of the piece, this want of success was naturally ascribed to tem poraneous circumstances, and it was this night revived with all the aid of new scenery, splendid dresses, and appropriate decorations. The parts were thus distributed.

De Monfort, - - - - - - -	Mr. Cooper
Rezenvelt, - - - - - - -	Young
Count Freberg - - - - - -	Robertson
Manuel, - - - - - - - -	Doyle
Jerome, - - - - - - - -	Collins
Conrad, - - - - - - - -	Hallam
Jaques, - - - - - - - -	Lindsley
Jane De Monfort, - - - -	Mrs. Twaits
Countess Freberg, - - - -	Young

Mr. Cooper in *De Monfort* was very good; he had evidently bestowed great attention to the part and discovered much judgment in its personation. All the scenes with *Rezenvelt* were marked by fine acting; but lost much of their force, from a want of poignancy in the application of that gaiety which is supposed to disorder and distress him. In the scenes with *Jane* the interest was lessened from the very same cause; an inadequacy in the performer to the part assumed. In fact, as the play was cast, De Monfort, though the slave of one deadly and ignoble passion,

> " That had driven him forth from kindred peace
> To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
> Avoiding all men, cursing, and accurs'd—"

engrossed all the interest, while those characters which from their many virtues should have commanded this regard, were passed unheeded by; we do not believe the play was much more successful than when first brought out. There was a general horror excited by the uncovering the body, which, though it testified strongly in favor of the

actor, seemed calculated to discourage repetition. The dresses were rich and splendid, and the new scenery mostly of gothic architecture finished in mr. Holland's best style.

Friday, 10*th*. SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER and CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. The indisposition of mr. Cooper prevented the repetition of De Monfort, and Cherry's Soldier's Daughter was substituted. We saw nothing materially differing from the antecedent representation of it, nor nothing in the piece that could make us wish to see it again. One word to governor Heartall—if the coat in which his *excellency* appeared, is not entailed upon the character, we would advise him without delay to provide one more *befitting* his rank. Against its quality we can certainly say nothing; for it must be an excellent piece of stuff to have stood, for twenty years, the chops and changes to which it has been subject. There has not been a governor under the present or any former reign as far as we recollect, no matter what his size, whom this self same coat did not fit. It is but putting in or letting out a tack or two and it suits every body: to day it is turned down to the standard of *five feet three* in captain Doyle, and to-morrow raised up, by a double tack, to *three feet six* in mr. Twaits. It has covered the broad shoulders of fat Jack, and by the same necromantic power, if necessity required, would be adapted to the slender forms of Robertson or Collins. But it begins now to be a little soil'd, and as the governor has doubtless brought home a few pagodas, it would

perhaps be not uncharacteristic that his wardrobe should testify to his *faithful* administration.

Mrs. Mason and *mr. Simpson* were the *Catharine* and *Petruchio* of the evening; their performance was very spirited and gave very general satisfaction.

Saturday, 11*th*. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, *Sheridan*—and WE FLY BY NIGHT, *Colman*. This attractive comedy had the power to draw a better house than we have been accustomed to see on a Saturday evening. In spite of the defects with which moralists have branded it, the stage scarcely exhibits an equal; for brilliancy of wit, pointed satire, and polished dialogue it stands unrivalled. The manner of mrs. Mason is well adapted to lady Teazle, and in many parts she was very excellent, but we think there was a want of that rich humor in the cajoling scene with sir Peter, which is essential to its highest finish; this want was also observable in the preceding scene at lady Sneerwell's—the art of mimicry belongs but to few, and without possessing it no actress can do full justice to lady Teazle. Mr. Twaits was a very good sir Peter:—the gay, thoughtless and extravagant Charles found a very able representative in mr. Simpson. Mr. Young's *Joseph* lacked hypocrisy, his manner wanted sedateness, and his sentiment was delivered with too little gravity. Mr. Robertson's sir Benjamin, and mr. Collins's Crabtree had neither much to recommend them; who can remember Harwood, and be easily pleased with his successor in Crabtree. Mrs. Young looked beautifully interesting in Maria; there is a

softness in look and a gentleness in her deportment, admirably suited to the character she assumed. *Mrs. Candor* was well supported by *mrs. Oldmixon*, whose excellence in this line is without a rival. *Mr. Doyle's* Moses was execrably bad; he is *cent. per cent.* the worst israelite we have ever seen.

Monday, 13. THE WONDER, *Centlivre*—and CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. From the badness of the weather the house was badly filled; mrs. Mason as Violante, mrs. Oldmixon Flora, Simpson as don Felix, and Twaits's Lissardo, were spirited and entertaining. Mr. Tyler is rather too stiff for col. Britton; besides, he was badly dressed—his coat wanted the wardrobe tack in it, to make it fit; it seemed as though it had been let down to the standard of mr. Fennel, when he belonged to this stage, and had never since been taken up again; or is it the old staff uniform in which *Henry* used to play *Othello*, just after the war?—mrs. Young was a lovely Isabella—Robertson's *Gibby* wanted character; "there was naething fra the north aboot eet."

Wednesday, 15. VENICE PRESERVED, *Otway*—and DON JUAN. This is a favorite play with our audience, and the superiority of *mr. Cooper's Pierre* makes it well entitled to partiality; but the great novelty of the evening was mr. Simpson in Jaffier, this being the first part in the tragic line attempted by him since his arrival in America. What expectations had been formed on the occasion we know not, but the general satisfaction which seemed to pervade the house must have been highly flattering to the actor, as it was honor-

able to the judgment of the audience. It is not "within the scope of our interest," to enter into a detail of the various passages in which mr. Simpson discovered the best conception and most perfect execution; but if we were to single out a part it would be the last scene in the fourth act, where after being left by Pierre disgraced with "a blow; called traitor, villain, coward, dishonorable coward," he is joined by Belvidera, and, agonized by compunction and hurried to despair, is on the point of adding to his other unmanly deeds, the murder of his wife. The whirlwind of contending passions was finely displayed, and the eventual yielding to conjugal tenderness drew forth a burst of applause. Mr. Simpson has an ungraceful habit of inclining his head to one side, which we trust he will only need to know, to correct; it is unfavorable to that dignity of manner which a more erect attitude invariably produces. Of *mrs. Mason's Belvidera* we regret that we cannnot speak so favorably; the same fault that marked her mrs. Beverly (excess of grief) was the blemish in this night's performance. Whether she was made sensible of it in the progress of the piece, we are not competent to decide; but from her visible improvement in the two last acts, we were led to think so; and to give her great credit for the alteration. But for this, her personation of the character was very respectable; though we do not believe, in parts where great tenderness is required, she can ever excel. There is no fault in a good actress, that is not more readily pardoned by a New-York audience than a superabundance of tears. Mrs.

Melmoth was remarkable for this, but she possessed a skill in the management, that enabled her to resist the popular disapprobation: mrs. Whitlock is another and less fortunate instance; she absolutely cried herself to death, and was near drowning the whole *dramatis personæ* by the copiousness of her inundations. At all events, they floated her away at the end of one season, never to return.

Friday, 17*th*. DE MONFORT—and LOCK AND KEY, *Hoare*. *De Monfort* had a second representation this night; and though very well attended, and better performed then at first, settled the question about repetition. It is too gloomy, and exhibits man in too ungracious, and, we hope, as to its extent, unnatural a situation ever to be frequently seen with satisfaction.

In the farce *mr. Simpson* played *Vain;* and though it was considered a prostitution of the talents of this meritorious young actor, yet so exquisitely humorous was his personation of it, as greatly to delight the audience and give promise of extending the sphere of his usefulness.

Saturday, 18*th*. THE WONDER!—and RAISING THE WIND, *Kenney*. This was a Saturday night's performance, attended by a Saturday night's audience. If it *raised the wind*, it certainly was a *wonder*.

Monday, 20*th*. ALEXANDER THE GREAT, *Lee*—and YES, OR NO? (first time) *Pocock*. This mad tragedy of a mad poet, failed not of its usual attraction. Mr. Cooper played the conqueror with much fire and spirit. *Mr. Robertson* was the *Clytus*, and we do not remember ever to

have seen him with more satisfaction:—it was one of his best personations. *Mrs. Young* did great justice to *Statira*. Could she but infuse a little more of energy into her performance, she would be more excellent.

Yes, or No? is a new farce, first acted in London, in September, 1808, and said to be written by John Pocock, esq. The author in a prefatory note pleads guilty to inability and inexperience, and declares his sole object to have been to contrive a few ludicrous incidents and comic situations to display the peculiar powers of the performers. It was here cast as follows:

Sir Barometer Oldstyle, .	Mr. Collins
Obadiah Broadbrim, . .	Doyle
Charles Fervor, ...	Simpson
Wm. Seagrave, ...	Robertson
Drab, ...	Tyler
Corporal Barrel, ...	Twaits
Landlord, ...	Hallam
Waiter, ...	Lindsley
Miss Penelope Snap, . .	Mrs. Hogg
Patty, ...	Young

The piece is by no means destitute of merit. It is made up of an hypocritical quaker, an old baronet and his maiden sister, a pretty girl and her brother, poor and unfortunate, a young officer, and a drunken corporal. Fervor, the ward of sir Barometer Oldstyle, had been committed to the care of Broadbrim; who, to destroy his interest with his guardian, and further his own views upon the fortune of the maiden sister, traduces his character, and sends him to be arrested in the very sight of his guardian by bailiffs, whom he cannot satisfy. The plot is however defeated by

Drab, an upright friend, aided by corporal Barrel, who makes Obadiah drunk, and thus opens the eyes of sir B. to his duplicity and his ward's merit. There is a love affair between *Fervor* and *Patty*, the orphan daughter of Broadbrim's deceased tenant, which terminates in sir Barometer's approbation of their union. It is interspersed with songs which were all omitted except corporal Barrel's; and that might as well have been omitted, for it told not. *Mr. Twaits* played the corporal with great comic humor and originality: there was much of the old soldier in it, particularly when he resents the appellation of *scoundrel*, bestowed on him by his captain. His drunken man is excellent. *Mr. Simpson's* Fervor was gay and animated—delighting in a bustle, yet feelingly alive to misfortune and distress. *Mr. Collins* was a very good *Barometer*. *Doyle* a bad quaker. *Mrs. Young* an interesting *Patty*. *Mrs. Hogg* most snappishly old-maidish; and *mr. Tyler* perfect *Drab*.

Wednesday, 22d. ADELGITHA—and YES, OR NO? *Mr. Simpson* played Lothair, and added thereby much to the interest of the piece. His youthful person aptly qualifies him for the character, no less than the spirit and energy of his performance. He obtained great applause.

Friday, 24th. RICHARD THE III—and THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, *Murphy*. *Mr. Cooper* closed his performance at this theatre, with the crook'd back'd *Richard*. *Mrs. Young* was the *lady Anne*; and was in person all that we could desire. She does not possess however suf-

ficient force to give to the character all the effect of which it is susceptible. In the earlier part of that most interesting scene with Richard, in which he subdues her hatred of him by flattering her vanity, she discovered a considerable want of judgment. When he describes to her another Plantagenet, as a fit successor to her deceased lord, instead of asking, *where is he?* in a manner that should convey a doubt of the possibility and a disgust at the proposal, she exhibited an impatience to learn, that was quite uncharacteristic, and fully prepared us for her subsequent acquiescence. *Mrs. Hogg* was a most insensible duchess. Domestic troubles, such as hers, might have excited some symptoms of grief and affliction; but the old lady heard the whole with the most stoical indifference, as though "it wasn't worth crying about." If *mr. Robertson* would refine his pronunciation a little, and forbear so grossly to violate the ordinary rules of grammar, we should see him with much more satisfaction. In all words ending in *ing*, such as thundering, wondering, groveling, fostering, we are constantly annoyed with the vulgar sounds of *thundrin, wondrin, grovlin, fosterin;* and, what is still worse, the singular and plural are forever coupled together:—"their fears has," "respects whereof is nice," go arm in arm, like man and wife; but, like man and wife, will never agree. We do not mean to say that this was more than ordinarily the case this evening, but we seize the occasion to mention it, as more offending in Shakspeare than any of our modern authors. His performance of Buckingham was upon the whole

very respectable; and his relation of the manner in which the citizens of London received the proposition of Richard's being their king, was well and forcibly delivered: but, in retiring with a promise of future great reward, the raising of the hands was a gesture, we apprehend, rather inappropriate. It would have done very well subsequently, when he had witnessed the king's ingratitude; but while he was high in favor, and conscious that his services entitled him to the remuneration, why he should express wonder at the promise of receiving it, we could not but wonder to behold.

Three Weeks after Marriage went off with great *eclat*. *Mr. Simpson*, as *sir Charles*, and *mrs. Mason*, as *lady Racket*, gave universal satisfaction. *Mr. Twaits* was excellent as *Drugget*; and no better *Dimity* ever played the part than *mrs. Oldmixon*.

Saturday, 25th. YOUNG QUAKER, *O'Keeffe*—and TALE OF MYSTERY, *Holcroft*. The performances of this evening were calculated for the occasion: the anniversary of the evacuation of this city by the british army in 1783. The inside of the theatre was accordingly illuminated, and a grand transparent painting exhibited, in allusion to the day, designed and executed by *mr. Hugh Reinagle*, a pupil of Holland's. The performance was pretty much like all holiday exhibitions, not clearly seen, and sheltered from criticism.

Monday, 27th. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, (first time) *Dimond*—and YES, OR NO? The *Foundling of the Forest* was thus cast:

Count de Valmont, . .	Mr. Young
Longueville, . . .	Doyle
Florian, ...	Simpson
Bertrand, . . .	Robertson
L'Eclair, ...	Twaits
Gaspard, ...	Collins
Sanguine, ...	Hallam
Lenoir, ...	Lindsley
Geraldine, . . .	Mrs. Young
Rosabelle, . . .	Poe
Monica, ...	Hogg
Countess de Valmont, .	Mason

This piece is from the pen of mr. Dimond, a gentleman who has contributed to the dramatic list, with no inconsiderable degree of success. It was brought out at the Haymarket theatre on the 10th of July last. Its interest arises out of the perfidy of *baron Longueville*, to whom the *count de Valmont*, on his departure for the wars, had confided his castle, his countess and his infant son. On his return he finds his castle in flames, and can discover no trace of his wife and child. Wrung to the soul with grief at the supposition of their having perished in the flames, he retires with his niece, Geraldine, to another habitation, and passing through the forest picks up a child, *Florian*, whom headopts. Eighteen years are supposed to have been passed by him in all the wretchedness of heartfelt sorrow, mitigated only by the affectionate regards of his niece and Florian, when he discovers his countess in the person of an interesting maniac, whose life was preserved by a humane cottager, and whom this *eclaircissement* restores to reason. He also discovers his son in the person of the youth, to whom in his seclusion

he had formed a strong attachment. The perfidy of *Longueville* is also discovered; and the piece ends in his punishment, and the union of Florian and Geraldine. The language of this piece is elegant and classical, and the sentiments pure. It abounds in situations of danger and difficulty, and presents many scenes of the most forceful interest: indeed, we have seldom seen any thing that more completely engaged the feelings. The character of count de Valmont is finely drawn, and was supported by mr. Young with considerable effect. Florian, the son of the count de Valmont, is a lively animated youth, full of love, glory and fine feeling:—he was personated by mr. Simpson with great truth and justice. *Robertson's Bertrand* gave general satisfaction:—he is not often so fortunate in his conception or display of character. *Mrs. Mason* was extremely interesting and pathetic in the maniac *countess;* and *mrs. Young* looked as usual beautiful, and was a pleasing representative of the unsophisticated *Geraldine. Twaits' L'Eclaire* and *mrs. Poe's Rosabelle*, were sprightly, characteristic performances. The piece was crowned with uniform applause, and its repetition announced amidst the warmest acclamations. The house was by no means full.

Wednesday, 29th. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. This interesting drama was a second time represented, and to a house well filled by its spreading reputation. The satisfaction dispensed seemed to be universal, and the approbation strong and unequivocal.

High Life below Stairs followed; the parts of which were generally well sustained.

Friday, December 1st. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and WE FLY BY NIGHT. Owing to the unfavorableness of the weather, the house was but badly attended: but the attractions of the play were not diminished, and much delighted those who were present. Nothing transpired worthy of remark till the encoring of *mr. Twaits'* spruce *mrs. Clark*, in the second act of the farce; and a more amusing scene we have seldom witnessed. The call in the first instance was of that unequivocal kind that a man in his sober senses could not easily mistake. The acting-manager however, unhappily, did mistake; but whether from a profound respect to the good sense of the house, or the desire of making a speech, was not "self-evident on the face of it." After keeping the audience waiting till his dignity was satisfied that, amidst the shower of hisses, there was enough of clapping to warrant a return, the great man appeared; but instead of singing his song and putting an end to the contest, nothing would do but he must make a speech. This, as well as we can recollect, for it was somewhat broken, he not being much used to *ex-trumpery* orations, was as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen—things are somewhat different with me than when you saw me last. I was then box-keeper, deputy-manager, and principal tragedian of"——[here there was a break and we heard not what followed until he came to]—"soon after we removed hither—company under my management—tolerable successful—audience select and fashionable—barn sometimes overflow-

ing. Amongst others, attracted by *our* fame—— you remember my Hamlet, Romeo, *Richard*, and so on. The widow Gloomly, the lovely relict of an upholsterer, to divert the effects of long grief and solitude, her husband had been dead three weeks, generally attended our performance. Anxious to show my respect for so distinguished a patroness, I always sat her down for a front row. —I was box-keeper.—She doated upon tragedy; always played my tip-tops.—I was manager. [here was another break] She was not so blind as not to discern a swan among the ravens. The stratagem at length, after some rehearsals, in which I flattered myself I had secured for myself a front row in her affections, I ventured, love my prompter, on a bold attempt; it proved successful—gained much applause from my fair auditor. I knelt, she sighed—I spake, she listened—I pressed, she gave consent:—next morn I led her to the church, the priest performed his part, and then the drama finished and the curtain dropped. But my attachment to the drama will ever continue in its fullest force; and I assure you at this moment no sound could prove so grateful to my ears, as once more to hear the indulgent applause of a brilliant and overflowing house."—[here followed a pause, but little applause] "I yet must doubt—how to decide?—I'll put the question. Those who approve, say aye." A few voices from the gallery called out *aye*, and thinking it safest not to reverse the question, he closed with —"the ayes have it—so *the spruce mrs. Clark* —and went on with the song, with most becoming humility and condescension.

Saturday, 2*d*. ROAD TO RUIN—and PRINCESS AND NO PRINCESS. The house was very thinly attended; and the whole performance seemed affected by the surrounding gloom. We can readily excuse an actor for trifling deviations, when lacking the stimulus of beholders.

Monday, 4*th*, FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, *Colman*. (for the benefit of mr. Twaits, acting-manager) A full and brilliant audience graced the performances of the evening; and the *acting-manager* found great benefit in the Foundling of the Forest. One accident only occurred, and that we are assured was truly an accident. Capt. Doyle in gently throwing his hand backwards, brought it in contact with mr. Robertson's head, which, paying due obeisance to the captain's superiority, made no resistance to the overture, but came to the ground. The audience at first were much delighted at the natural manner in which it was done, and considered it a first rate example of stage effect:—but when, from the dropping of the curtain to remove the senseless victim of incautious omnipotence, they discovered it was not *a part of the play*, they evinced an opposite feeling, and submitted to a momentary resentment. With this exception the business of the night went off smoothly.

Wednesday, 6*th*. VENONI, OR THE NOVICE OF ST. MARK'S, (first time) *Lewis*—and YES, OR NO? This play is written by M. G. Lewis, esq. the well known author of the Monk, Castle Spectre, Adelgitha, &c. &c. Of its first represen-

tation, Dec. 1, 1808, and its subsequent success in London, we take the following from the author's preface. "On the first night of representation the two first acts were well received; the last was by no means equally successful, and the concluding scene operated so strongly on the risible muscles of the audience, as to make it evident to me, on the third night, that unless I could invent an entirely new last act, the piece must be given up altogether—under this persuasion I set my brain to work, and in four-and-twenty hours I composed the last act, as it now stands, both plot and dialogue. With this alteration the drama was received with unqualified applause; and it had already gone through eighteen representations, when a stop was put to it by the burning down of Drury-Lane theatre." On the New-York boards the characters were thus cast:

Venoni, . .	Mr. Simpson
Marquis, .	Hallam
Viceroy, .	Young
Lodovico, .	Tyler
Cœlestino, .	Robertson
Michael, .	Doyle
Jeronymo, .	Collins
Anastasio, .	Lindsley
Nicolo, .	Anderson
Benedetto, .	Twaits
Pietro, . .	Foster
Carlo, . .	M'Enry
Hortensia, .	Mrs. Twaits
Veronica, .	Hogg
Josepha, .	Young
Teresa, . .	Poe
Sister Lucia, .	Miss White

This drama is with little alteration a translation from a french play called "*Les Victimes Cloi-*

frées" The story is as follows:—*Venoni*, a young sicilian nobleman, was on the point of marriage with *Josepha*, when her parents were obliged to visit the court of Naples. During their absence, *Josepha* was placed in a convent, where, it is supposed, she shortly after fell a victim to a contagious disorder, that broke out there. Grief for her loss, for a time robbed *Venoni* of his senses; and on his recovery he entered into the monastery of St. Mark's, which was only separated by a party wall, from the convent in which *Josepha* had expired. At this period the piece commences. *Venoni* is on the eve of pronouncing his vows, when *father Michael* gives him a letter from the *abbess* to the *prior* of St. Mark's, which explains that the *prior* had failed in an attempt upon *Josepha's* virtue, and that her removal from the world had been thought necessary to prevent her divulging to her parents the infamous conduct of the abbess and her confederate. Blinded by fury *Venoni* shows this letter to the *prior;* in consequence of which, he is prevented from leaving the monastery, and confined in a subterraneous dungeon, which the prior believes to be unknown to all except himself and his accomplices. But *father Michael* has suspected the existence of such a dungeon, has traced out the way to it, and hastens to apprise the *viceroy*. In the adjoining cell to *Venoni* a friar of the name of *Lodovico*, who had been a prisoner twenty years, is confined. This man had wrought an opening through the party-wall, and also discovered in *Venoni's* dungeon a private door, which though age pre-

vents Lodovico's passing through it, *Venoni* succeeds in forcing, and escapes. In the mean while the *prior* orders the *abbess* to draw *Josepha* from the prison where she has been confined, while she was reported to be dead. A last attempt is made to induce her to yield to the *prior's* wishes; but *Josepha* resists all temptations, and is on the point of being restored to her prison, when, in effecting his escape through the garden of the Ursulines, Venoni hears the cries of his mistress, and rushes to her assistance. He is however pursued by the *prior* and his accomplices, and the lovers are on the brink of destruction, when *father Michael's* timely arrival assures their safety, and the arrest of their persecutors.

This piece possesses very considerable interest, but is greatly wanting in incident. The scenes are in general too long, and the dialogue so spun out as often to become tedious, and weary the attention. The third act, though but the work of a day, is by far the best in the piece. *Mr. Simpson* personated the half distracted and heart-broken lover with great effect. *Mr. Robertson* was the *prior*, and portrayed the villain and the hypocrite in just and bright colors. *Mr Doyle*, in *father Michael*, was excellent. A little less of declamation, in the last scene, would make it a very perfect performance. *Mrs Young* was the representative of *Josepha*, and made us lament most sincerely her imprisonment. The author has given her but little to do; but that little was done with an energy, feeling and nature that astonished and delighted. If this lady does not

become highly respectable as an actress, the fault is her own:—industry and application are all that she requires; and it gives us no little pleasure to see them already employed to so great and visible effect. *Twaits* was the *viceroy's factotum*, and almost rivalled his master in the richness of his dress: but attention to costume is one of his greatest perfections: there was a very singular instance of it in the third act, where he comes in as *head-master-butler*, loaded with a huge pair of military gloves. Now many people around thought it very absurd, until it was hinted to them that there was a ball in the next room, and that he had put them on to dance; when they saw the propriety of it in a moment. These minutiæ reflect great honor on the judgmeut.

Friday, 8th. VENONI—and JOHN BULL AT FONTAINBLEAU, *O'Keeffe*. *Venoni* was repeated to a better house, though not a full one. The performance was more correct, and the piece went off with tolerable eclat. The defects which we pointed out on the first representation, were more manifest, and will, we fear, go well nigh to prevent its becoming lasting. The only change we observed, was in the viceroy's dress, which, considering he was the brother of the marchioness, who mourned a daughter dead, was not injudicious: had it been black, it would not have been derogatory to his rank, and might have been still more appropriate. This, however, must be regulated by the custom of the sicilians, of which we profess no knowledge that can be put in competition with the wisdom of the stage.

John Bull at Fontainbleau is announced to be from O'Keefe's three act play of FONTAINBLEAU, or, *Our way in France*, and indeed it is so far from it as to make it almost difficult to distinguish it without a spy-glass. Every thing of plot on which the original was founded, is entirely *cut* out, and what remains is a disconnected jumble of witty dialogue, laughable incident, and ludicrous situation. The performance in general was very excellent, and excited great mirth. *Mrs. Poe* and *mr. Collins* (miss Dolly Bull and Lapoche) were by far the most finished characters of the piece. We never saw them more at home than they appeared this evening; and, if we mistake not, it is in this line that mr. Collins will rise to distinguished eminence. *Mrs. Oldmixon* was hardly concise enough in *mrs. Casey*, and the cutting out her song was *cutting* indeed. A circumstance occurred in this piece that is not unfrequent, and savors strongly of absurdity. The english authors of the present day oftentimes describe the person of the performer, in the part he is to represent; but if in casting the parts here, what was in England played by a small man should here fall to one of larger size, so tenacious are our actors of uttering the words of an author, that they stick to it in opposition to all reason and propriety. Thus some years ago, when *mr. Crosby*, who was upwards of six feet high, and rotund in proportion, played *sir Oliver Surface*, he was invariably saluted as "*little Premium*," and spoken of as "the *little* ill-looking fellow over the settee." This night *mr. Collins*, who is not much

shorter, though something less bulky, than *mr. Crosby*, was hailed as the *little* french tailor, from beginning to end. There are many instances more flagrant than these, if we chose to name them, but we confine ourselves to such as we believe proceed from inadvertence.

Monday, 11*th*. PIZARRO—and JOHN BULL AT FONTAINBLEAU. This tragedy ushered before the public a young candidate for theatric fame in the person of mr. MORRELL as *Rolla*. The house was well filled, and very considerable anxiety seemed to prevail on behalf of the novice. This was perfectly natural; for, as *a gentleman of this city*, he must have had a very extensive acquaintance, and those who knew him best must have apprehended the worst. We are aware that, in giving our opinion of mr. Morrell, we shall subject ourselves to the charge of acrimony, if not of injustice; but, as guardians of the stage, wielding the sceptre of criticism, we hold it a duty to be open and sincere, however ungracious and irritating may be our comments and remarks. To this we are strongly urged on the present occasion, by the conviction, that misapplied indulgence has led many an unfortunate man to abandon a line for which he was cut out by nature, and adopt the profession of an actor—many a worthy apothecary's apprentice and journeymen stay-maker have been lured from their home, to become wanderers in a land, in which they were strangers to their dying day. The life of an actor, unless he arrives to eminence, is a life of the most slavish drudgery; and every man aims, when he se-

lects it for a profession, to reach a height of superiority in some of its various departments. Mr. Morrell has chosen for his sphere of action, the highest walks of the drama, and (saving confidence, of which he has an abundant share) without possessing one single requisite to excel. His person is diminutive, his face inexpressive, his actions ungraceful, his conception erroneous, and his pronunciation vulgar. We know it will be objected to this remark on his size, that Garrick, the greatest actor that the world ever produced, was also small in person: but this is a rock on which all young actors split: the supereminent abilities of mr. Garrick bore him triumphantly along; yet even with this pre-eminence it never ceased to be objected to him, that his person was too small, and lacked that commanding dignity essential to many of his personations. It is not because a man is acknowledged by the world to possess talents, that those talents qualify him for the stage: the requisites for an actor are of a peculiar kind, and some of them not to be defined: we know them when we see them, but we know not how they are to be obtained; and there is nothing in which people are so apt to be mistaken, as in the belief that they are destined by nature for this arduous profession. Into this mistake, we suspect mr. Morrell has been drawn; and we hope that no one will have the ill-nature to think, from any thing we have said, that we indulge the slightest wish to undervalue his merit. It frequently happens, that the friends of adventurous candidates for dramatic fame, fly out at us

impartial critics, because we do not look upon the performance of their *protege* with an eye of equal partiality with themselves, and very unjustly accuse us of *sinister* motives and *illiberal* dispositions. To obviate all ground for such a charge in the present instance, we here publicly declare, that though from our hearts and consciences we are compelled to pronounce this young gentleman totally destitute of tragic requisites, yet we have no hesitation in averring, that in his *moral* character, he is perfectly unexceptionable; that he would cut a respectable figure behind the counter, or over it, if his aspiring genius ever led him to take such flights; and that he is eminently qualified by nature for a vender of tape, bobbin, and leno, and an illustrious measurer of nine-penny ribbon. To this conviction we were brought by his scene with Cora, when by a strange concatenation of ideas, it was assimilated to wrapping a yard of *taste* with *the change*, in a piece of *whitey-brown* paper, and dismissing the lady with a most obsequiously smirking *counter bow*, divested of its pathetic, yet never failing accompaniment, "*nothing else ma'am?*

We were not a little delighted at the display of fellow-feeling by the brotherhood of the city. The noted row of Broadway had arisen *en masse;* not a shop but poured forth its *noblesse*—young and old—masters and apprentices—small fry and large fry, all were assembled. Clubs, sticks, bludgeons, and shelelahs were laid under contribution; and it was manifestly determined to support *the pride of the fraternity*, at the expense

of all the walls and wainscots, partitions, and benches of the theatre. A complete tempest, torrent, and whirlwind of applause raged from the very commencement of the piece:—the hammering in no other *Cooper's shop* ever could approach it for frequency or loudness. But it was all in vain—good sense would not be hammered into quiescence; and towards the end of the piece, you could indistinctly hear the "still small voice" of the judicious few, stealing forth in a feeble hiss from the centre of that abyss, the pit—that terrible *pandemonium*, which ingulfs, not the damned, but the *damning*. Upon the whole, mr. Morrell, though by a great many considered a *very promising actor*, was the worst *Rolla* we ever saw; and we hope he will be persuaded to listen to this friendly counsel, and devote his attention to pursuits that come within the compass of his ability, and promise more success.

Mr. Doyle, who has been exalted from the spanish leader, to be the king of the peruvians, played his part in good style:—his management of *Rolla's* wig was feeling and judicious. Could a great soul like mr. Doyle's have admitted envy as an inmate, here little *Rolla* might have been dished forever: he had him fully in his power—it was but moving it back, instead of forward, and the bald pretensions of the chieftain must have sunk, in spite of the host of *retailers*, engaged to support him. But the captain acted with a magnanimity becoming *Ataliba*, and adjusted the deranged scalp of his threatening rival with that anxious solicitude that seemed to say, "dont be afraid my little fellow—I won't hurt you."

The character of *Orozimbo* has, with us, never been a favorite. It it one of those parts, where virtue is absolutely thrust into one's face, "*nilly willy*." The author, in attempting to clothe him with the lofty sternness of a roman, has overstepped the modesty of nature, and has invested him with an egotistical saucy roughness, that can only find grace in the unrefined taste of the million. This blustering honesty never loses any thing in the hands of *mr. Twaits*, who bounces and barks like a little petulant cur, first on one side of him, and then on the other, until he becomes so intolerably insolent as almost to rob you of every species of regret when *Orano* gives him his *quietus*.

The *infant Alonzo* was extremely natural, and like most young performers, seemed very anxious to make a full display of all his *parts*.

We are always gratified with seeing *mrs. Poe* on the stage; for so long as youth and sprightliness are attractive, she cannot fail to please. The part of *Cora*, however, is not exactly in that line in which she is calculated to shine. It was played with spirit and feeling, but wanted that softness and gentle tenderness which forms the distinguishing trait of the character. We point out the deficiency, because we think it possible that with a little attention she might infuse into her performance more of that softness so indispensibly necessary to feminine grace and attraction; and further, as we feel solicitous that she should attain that degree of excellence which, with a little exertion, we think is within her reach.

In the afterpiece, *mrs. Poe* was excellent. It is in this line of characters she particular delights,

and to which she should bend her chief attention. It is difficult to be sprightly without being fantastic, and to act the hoyden, without being gross and mawkish. Mrs. Poe has hit the happy medium; and let her cultivate it with assiduity. It is one of the most difficult and most important departments of female comedy.

Johnny Bull, with all his incongruities, was highly relished, and went off with reiterated applause.

ANECDOTE.

On one of the evenings of performance since our last number, a countryman went into the pit of our theatre before the curtain drew up, and seeing nothing there to engage his attention, straddled over into the boxes, and after promenading a few minutes in the lobby, entered as he supposed, the place where all the fun was to be shown, when, lo! to his surprise, he found he had made his *exit* into the street. In vain were his attempts to be re-admitted. He had no check!

To the Editor of the Rambler's Magazine.

Sir,

For two or three months past the changes have been rung by all the newspapers on poor Tom Moore of Fleet-street, and each learned editor has endeavored to vie with the other in giving place to this *chef-'d'œuvre* of good jokes.

I have at present an opportunity of laying before the good citizens of New-York *the original* Tom Moore, written in the reign of Charles II, and pub-

lished in nearly all the jest books of England from that period even until now.

"There is nothing *new* under the sun," is a saying as wise as ever was said; but old things will bear serving up again at least once in half a century, and even the most squeamish may sometimes relish them. I remember, some weeks ago, seeing in mr. Coleman's paper, as well as some others, a most insipid jest respecting a shoemaker, who had his daughter taught to play on the piano, that he might accompany her on the lapstone. It was said to be taken from a New-Orleans paper. It perhaps was so; but I saw the self-some *beautiful* witticism nearly five years ago, in a little paper published in Philadelphia by Alexis Daudet, and was informed that it applied to a shoemaker of the name of Owen. However that may be, there must be a great lack of *matter*, vulgò *brains*, when *respectable* daily editors are obliged to have recourse to trash of such a description.

DABBLE.

BAD COMPANY; OR, THE MAGPYE.

Let others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir;
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thrush,
And every warbler of the bush;
I sing the mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman named Tom Moore;
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play;
No sounds tohim such sweets afford

As dice-box, rattling o'er the board ;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite Magpye sees the play,
And mimics every word they say ;
Lord ! how he nicks us ! Tom Moore cries ;
Lord ! how he nicks us ! Mag replies;
Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring store,
And, as he throws, exclaims, *Tom Moore !*
Tom Moore ! the mimic bird replies,
Th' astonish'd gamesters lift their eyes.
And, wond'ring, stare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life, of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse ;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heart-felt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims, *bad company !*
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims, from out his wicker grate,
Bad company ! bad company !
Then views poor Tom with curious eye ;
And cheers his master's wretched hours,
By this display of mimic powers.
The imprison'd bird, though much carest
Is still by anxious care opprest ;
In silence mourns his cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison-gate.

Observe, through life you'll always find
A fellow feeling makes us kind.
So Tom resolves immediately

To give poor Mag his liberty;
Then opes his cage, and with a sigh,
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest
Looks round to find a place of rest;
To temple gardens wings his way,
And perches on a neighb'ring spray.

The gard'ner there, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares;
Yet, spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare;
The feather'd plund'rers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew;
The watchful gard'ner now stands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their stol'n repast,
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire,
Does to a neighb'ring shed retire,
And, having first secur'd the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Then, in revenge for plunder'd seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed;
So twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew something more than common bird;
He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
And slipt himself from out the snare,
Then, perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.

Lord! how he nicks us! Maggy cries,
Th' astonish'd gard'ner lifts his eyes!
With falt'ring voice, and panting breath,
Exclaims, 'who's there?'—all still as death.
His murd'rous work he does resume,
And casts his eyes around the room
With caution, and, at length, doth spy
The Magpye perch'd on nail so high!
The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird,
With fear imprest, does now retreat
Towards the door, with trembling feet,
Then says—'thy name I do implore?'
The ready bird replies—*Tom Moore.*
'O lord!' the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes:
Half-op'ning then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:
'What brought you here?' with quick reply,
Sly Mag rejoins—*Bad company.*

Out jumps the gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, imprest with dread,
Exclaims—'the devil's in the shed!'

The wond'rous tale a bencher hears,
And soothes the man, and quells his fears:
Gets Mag secur'd in wicker cage,
Once more to spend his little rage,
In Temple Hall now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—*Bad company.*

END OF VOL. I.

THE

RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

PERAMBULATOR.

No. IV.

Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul,
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.....

HOR.

It is grateful to my feelings to observe that my feeble endeavors have already "done the public some service," and whether they "know it" or not is to me a matter of little moment I am a feeble old man, fast verging to the grave, and careless who writes my epitaph. I have fought for my country; I have conquered for it. The sword, indeed, is more familiar to my hands than the pen; but whilst the one is of necessity secured perhaps for ever in its scabbard, the other shall be used whilst I have a hand to wield it.

My coadjutors in the Ramblers' Magazine, young and athletic, have taken the field, under circumstances not the most promising. They are but raw in the profession; but they hope to gain knowledge, as all new recruits acquire it, by constant *drilling* and a few days of *sharp peppering*. That they have had no foe to encounter is not their faults: they have thrown out the signal of engage-

ment; and if the enemy "keep their wind," and refuse combat, they are not to blame. Unlike those heroes

> Who fight, and run away,
> And live to fight another day,

they will adventure life and limb in the cause they have espoused, and defy the united attempts of all the critics in Christendom, armed *cap-à-pee*, and furnished with darts dipped in the poison of the deadly *upas*, to vanquish or discomfit them.

As I am considered the leader of this intrepid band, it is not unnatural for them to acknowledge me as their general; though, like many other generals, I never saw the face of one of my army but the orderly serjeant, and the état-major; and I have every reason to believe they never saw mine. From the report of my *aids-de-camp*, I am assured, however, that there never was a set of more determined fellows at an assault; and Vauban himself was not more skilful than each of them in the science of defence. The following is the report of my adjutant-general, after an inspection of their various *positions:*

'Sunday the 31st January, 8 o'clock, P. M. visited the quarters of captain Snarl; passed the front gate without opposition, centinels having left their posts; ascended promptly one pair of stairs; all secure; mounted to the second, and was opposed by a formidable *chevaux-de-frise* and a breast-work which all the sheriffs *(insinuating* as they are) would never be able to surmount. On hailing the citadel with the well-known trumpet of the human face divine, and uttering the pass-word, the *port-*

cullis flew up, and gave admittance; found all well; *Snarl* projecting a new kind of torpedo, by which the whole city might be *blown up* as easily as a fishing-smack.

Monday, Jan. 1. General muster, to eat beef and plum pudding. Captains *Quiz* and *Barker* obtained leave of absence for want of *uniform*. Mem. Staytape, the tailor, having discovered these gentlemen to be followers of the muses, had long since closed their account.'

But not to weary the patience of my readers with an account of men as indifferent to worldly affairs as the world is to theirs, I shall, after the manner of other great officers, recapitulate the benefits the public have received from *me*. I have prevented the Free-school from degenerating into a toy-shop: I have determined the proprietors of the theatre to repair it on the outside, lest it should fall on the heads of its visitors; and I have turned the hearts and minds of the *humane society* to an inspection of the illegal sufferings of their fellow-creatures. If I had not the modesty of a *Perambulator* I should recount a thousand other services. My head has never ached for praise; and I shall be careful never to accept the honors of a triumph.

Let me not however arrogate to myself the full credit of these glorious achievements. I am much indebted to my printer's *devil* for a great number of *new lights* which he has been able to throw on a variety of subjects, particularly in whatever relates to the theatre, where he is a constant attendant. Little does the manager think, as he hugs himself in his *private* box, enjoying the enchanting

sight of a *full house*, that my friend Asmodeus *hears* all he *thinks*, and, on certain occasions, gives him a confounded tweak on the nose of his conscience. Little does he think that my *Ariel* (first cousin of the Ariel at Washington) can even influence his determinations. Little does he think that *I know* he has endeavored to *oust*, by disgusting them, two of the most respectable performers (indeed the only props of his dwindled establishment) merely because he has a personal dislike to them.* That mr. and mrs. Young will not sign articles for the next season is not to be wondered at; and that mr. Simpson should be *ordered* to study *Iago* is a natural consequence of it. That Doyle, with his tough irish brogue, should play John Bull, a thorough cockney, is natural too, considering there is no one else to play it and that poor Hogg will not fall on his knees and ask the great man to *bestow* on him an engagement.†

* Messrs. Twaits and Tyler leave the theatre at the end of the season.

† The public should be informed that by a late *rule* of the manager, no performer will be solicited by him to re-engage. The performer must be the *solicitor;* must bow right humbly before the golden calf which Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up; and afterwards put up with insult and abuse from all the petty officers of the theatre, from the great bashaw down to the candle-snuffer. In Europe all managers who behave like gentlemen, or consider the gratification of the public that support them liberally, are the first to ask the services of those whom the public approve. If such were the case here, we should not lose the talents of a Hogg, a Twaits, a Tyler, and many others, and be assassinated by the barbarous attempts of a Doyle, an Anderson, or an Oliffe, whose salaries are as high as the immense sum of ten dollars per week.—*Cheap as dirt*, Pedro.

I am obliged, unwillingly, to drop further remarks on this subject until a future opportunity. In the mean time I shall collect as much information as *my* Ariel shall think proper to disclose. And let it be well remembered that the actors are not the only persons of the theatre who will be subject to my animadversions.

FOR THE RAMBLERS.

The *gentleman* whose red waistcoat dazzles the eyes of the ladies, as they walk or ride near Mechanic-Hall, is *mr. Edward Augustus Mug*, own cousin to the celebrated *Henry Augustus Mug*, the ivory turner from Snow-hill. This great personage has lately been travelling for information among the canadian indians, and is returned stored with the choicest curiosities from the numerous nations inhabiting the borders of the great lakes. Among the rest is a tooth of the great sage Porawtah; who, strange as it may appear, wrote commentaries on Shakspeare, by inspiration, several years before the birth of the bard. It is asserted, in many circles, that the private history of mr. *Mug* would be a delicious *bonne bouche* to the families frequented by him, in return for the many favors he has received from them.

The red-waistcoat tribe remind me of those elegant turkies which strut with so much majesty, on a fine morning, before the enchanted eyes of their *gobbling* belles.

NOLENS VOLENS.

FOR THE RAMBLERS.

I am one of those persons, who, having a decent competence in life, endeavor to benefit America, my country, by my example and advice. Accident lately introduced me to the acquaintance of a foreigner of uncommon talents, whose history I here present to your useful magazine, together with a few reflections which may not be irrelevant.

Signor Filippo Trajetta was born in the city of Venice. His father, Thomaso Trajetta, one of the most celebrated composers of his time, was highly famed in Vienna, Petersburgh, London, and in every country of Europe.

Filippo Trajetta, the extraordinary young man who forms the subject of this paper, possesses the rare advantage of uniting in himself a profound literary knowledge with the delightful science of music. In his earliest youth he devoted himself to the noble art which distinguished his father, whose genius and talents he fully inherited. When he had made himself master of the most difficult parts of his profession, and in some measure reformed the taste of his venetian cotemporaries, he repaired to Naples, the emporium of musical talents, whither he was called by an ardent spirit of emulation and an insatiable thirst after fame. The great and immortal Piccini, then in zenith of his glorious career, perceived in Trajetta the buds of a sublime genius; and undertook, with the utmost alacrity and zeal, to put the finishing hand to his education. Such were the acquirements of Tra-

jetta at the age of eighteen, that his master did not hesitate to propose him as composer of the theatres at Naples, in conjunction with Cimarosa and Paesiello, two of the greatest masters of the age.

At this time Trajetta composed an opera for the *Teatro de' Fiorentini*, so perfect in all its parts that it was difficult to decide whether it excelled most in profundity of science, or in brilliance and vivacity of imagination.

At the period when the baleful influence of the french revolution spread its ravages to Naples, Trajetta quitted that city, and with it Europe; seeking refuge in America, the happy asylum of liberty and peace. In the short space of seven years, (elapsed since his arrival on these shores) he has given the most unequivocal proofs of his proficiency in the very difficult arts of vocal and instrumental performance, in Boston, Charleston, and other cities. The lovers and admirers of music will be delighted to hear that at this moment he is in New-York, where his extraordinary talents will no doubt meet with that encouragement which ought to distinguish the most polished city of the Union. It is even said that Trajetta has already offered one of his dramas to the manager of our theatre; and the professors and amateurs who have heard the music, declare that nothing of the kind can be superior.

It will be a matter of material import to the progress of the most delightful art we can boast, that no obstacle be placed in the way of the representation of this drama. Would it not be disgraceful to us to hear it said "*this music is too*

fine for us; that the taste of the public here is too much vitiated to be pleased with it? Are our ears formed of fibres and nerves different from those of other nations? are our hearts only to be affected by the *divine* airs of *Yankee-doodle*, *Tidre-I*, and others of a similar description? or shall we always be disposed to think nothing worth seeing or hearing till we are informed from Paris or London that it is *very fine?* And if we admit that signor Trajetta's music is too fine for us, ought we not to endeavor to raise our taste to a pitch at which we might relish it? Who is there amongst us that would rather be blind than give ourselves the trouble of opening our eyes?

The example of France is sufficient to convince us of the possibility of reformation of taste. Fifty years ago the music of that nation was almost as barbarous as that of the savages of our country; and it was not without much difficulty that Piccini and Sacchini, aided by Marmontel and other literary men, were able at length to establish a reformation, which, taking root in the capital, extended its branches throughout the whole kingdom.

It is hoped that the manager of our theatre will not neglect the present opportunity of employing to advantage a person whose superior as a composer will never, perhaps, be seen in this country. Let them for once lay aside the parsimonious system which has so long disgraced the american stage, and which bids fair, if persevered in, to tumble the whole fabric to the ground. With a composer like *Filippo Trajetta*, a scene-painter like *Holland*, and such actors as a little more

liberality on the part of the manager would infallibly draw to the city, New-York might in a short time vie with London and Paris in scenic representations, and disseminate a refined dramatic taste in every part of the United States, which the ignorance of a Warren, the *charlatanism* of a Placide, or the mean disgraceful cupidity of others would be unable to root out.

Much has been said about *want of talents*, in this country, for dramatic composition; but the last two or three years have proved beyond the possibility of denial that America contains jewels of no common lustre, which but require the fostering hand of patronage to lift their glories to the day. What is the fate amongst us of a poor *aspirant* after fame in the walks of the drama? His production is delivered into the hands of men capable perhaps of examining the correctness of a *leger*, but totally incompetent to the task of judging of literary merit. Admitting that a piece be put in rehearsal, that it be played, and that the public receive it favorably; the author receives an invitation to dinner, in company with a host of the manager's parasites, and is *be-praised* and *be-thanked* for the services he has rendered to the theatre until his head runs round, and then is dismissed with a general invitation to repeat his visit at every convenient opportunity.

Here then is the harvest the poor devil of an author reaps on this side the Atlantic, after four or six months' seclusion and labor. No *third night* dances before his eyes, to brighten his midnight lamp, and cheer the gloom of his dreary

garret; no Mæcenas is at hand to reward his toils; and his only compensation is the half-concealed sneer of the self-conceited critic, or the open abuse of envious and less successful candidates for praise.

A manager here, like a bookseller, grows fat on the brains of europeans, drinks his wine out of their skulls, and is careless of meddling with those of his own countrymen. For this there are a *thousand* reasons; one of which will preclude the necessity of enumerating the other nine hundred and ninety-nine—*he pays nothing for the former, and he would have to* PURCHASE *the latter.* If a manager or bookseller were not *very poor*, he might have the honor sometimes of treating his brethren in foreign parts with a few american dishes, in return for those so constantly imported. Our *Salmagundi*, for instance, is relished in every country of the world, and has been served up at the very best of tables. If *cooks* among us were paid as they are in other parts, we should seldom want the services of foreign caterers; and every city of the New World might produce a Swift or a Goldsmith, a Cumberland or a Colman. Let managers give but a hundredth part of their profits to the cultivation of our literary and scientific soil; let them encourage *professors* of established merit, and destroy the *moles* and *rats* with which we are infested, and a very little time will prove that we have among us minds "pregnant with celestial fire," and hands that might "wake to ecstacy the living lyre."

To conclude, it will be a sin of no common dye

to permit a phenomenon like Trajetta to suffer neglect. If managers can be *great*, if they can for once consider themselves rather the directors of public taste than the venal keepers of a *show-box*, they will lay chains on this distinguished favorite of Apollo, which, while they *bind* his talents to their services, will hold his heart in the softest captivity.

AN ENEMY TO TID-RE-I.

FOR THE RAMBLERS.

A Hint to *genteel* Tavern-keepers.

A certain HOGG-*ish* looking person, after calling repeatedly upon an excise officer in this city for a licence to vend strong liquors, and not being able to find the *great*-man at home, and the clerk in said office being incompetent to judge what fee should be exacted, was lately *had up* before an assistant justice and fined in the sum of fifty dollars. The *brute* remonstrated with the excise-officer upon the injustice of the case, as he had repeatedly tendered the money, and could not conceive why he had been unable to procure his license: "Why, sir," says my man of the excise, I myself scarcely could have decided, for you looked like a *gentleman*, and we always *make a difference* in such cases."

We understand that the *Hogg* has petitioned the corporation to repeal the fine *imposed* on him by the *inferior* court.

GEMINI.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FOR 1809-10.

[continued from page 212 of vol. 1st.]

Wednesday, Dec. 13th. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and NO SONG, NO SUPPER, *Hoare.* It will be deemed, perhaps, superfluous to add any thing to what has been already said on the performance of the, *Foundling of the Forest*—yet the principal characters of this drama are so admirably supported that every repetition of it discovers some new excellence, that inhibits silence. The striking situations into which the heroine is continually thrown, are such as to awaken the most agonizing recollections, and to call for an expression of the most turbulent emotions. To exhibit these without falling short and sinking into tameness and vapid declamation, or, without "overstepping the modesty of nature," and offending by extravagance and rant, requires not only the strongest powers and most genuine feeling, but likewise sound judgment and nice discrimination. To say then that *mrs. Mason* gave entire satisfaction in this character is to pass a high encomium on her professional talents; and this we do without qualification. There is, in her delineations of the passions, a strength, and fulness, which relieve the imagination from the task usually imposed upon it by our cold phlegmatic actors, of supplying *their* want of feeling and energy, in the af

fecting scenes of the drama—at times we are hurried away by the fervor and exuberance of her manner, while, again, there is an unexpected touch of pathos in her voice and action that seizes the heart by surprise and completely overpowers it. As an example we would barely refer to her expression of the last words of the character, when, sinking into the arms of de Valmont, she says "ah! chide not love; joy kills as well as grief!" we recollect no passage in the whole play that went more touchingly to the heart. *Mrs. Poe* was very clever in *Rosabelle*—there is a pertness and volubility in her manner and delivery that is very appropriate—*L'Eclair* was no less successful, and went through his *manual* with a precision and dexterity that proves him to be a severe disciplinarian. *Mr. Collins's Gaspard* wanted uniformity. The *old* man, was, at some times, entirely forsaken, particularly in the scene with *Rosabelle*, when she invites him to dance—the capers he cut bore too strong a resemblance to *three and twenty*—the stiff and feeble figuring of sixty five were not to be seen.

No Song No Supper proved nor song nor supper to us—there was a time when we enjoyed both, and we do not despair of seeing it again; but better cooks must be procured or it will never relish.

Friday. 15th. VENONI—and TALE OF MYSTERY. The lovers of mirth, fun, and jollity were highly regaled this evening by the most happy selection of laugh-provoking pieces that we have seen since the congenial conjunction of "To marry

or not to marry" and "Princess and no Princess." The managers have certainly a most exalted opinion of the sensibility of their audience and are determined to gratify it to the fullest extent. They are not satisfied with rousing it by a slap on the shoulders with a serious comedy of three long acts, but they must afterwards tweak it by the nose with an afterpiece of equal length and seriousness. The strong resemblance of these pieces to each other should have been a guarantee against their union. They both display the deformities of human nature —both exhibit virtue and innocence oppressed, both excite for their respective victims an animated interest. Indeed, a very little stretching of the imagination would convert the *Tale of Mystery*, into a continuation of *Venoni*, and he must be clever indeed who on the succeeding day can determine, whether he was *most delighted* with the hypocritical villany of *Celestino* or the revengeful malignancy of *Romaldi*.

Monday, 18*th*. BELLES' STRATAGEM, *Mrs. Cowley*—and JOHN BULL AT FONTAINBLEAU. The Belles' Stratagem is a delightful comedy, and excepting a few vulgarisms, which it is almost impossible to exclude if real life be the object portrayed, claims rank with the best productions of the modern muse. The evils growing out of fashionable life are held up to odium and avoidance, while the refinement which springs from its intercourse, which sweetens and beautifiés society, is depicted in colors so alluring and attractive, that it is impossible to see it, without wishing to partake. It is much to be regretted that this spe-

cies of comedy is so seldom to be seen on our stage; for, independent of the general benefit which might be expected from its representation, it would prove a school for the actor, in which he might learn something of that ease of gesture, gracefulness of carriage, and polished conversation, which mark the difference between that society which he is generally accustomed to, and that which it is his endeavor to exhibit for imitation. It may with great justice be said, that this is a species of knowledge which every man should acquire, before he engages in the active duties of the profession; but when we see men daily enlisting in the service, apparently without having considered it even an useful accomplishment, they should, if it were possible, be inveigled into the habit, by continued and frequent practice. There is an opinion, as prevalent as it is untrue, that it is the part which makes the actor, and every young performer who, from want of power to fill the higher, is confined to the lower walks of the drama, attributes his want of supereminence to this imagined unjust restraint. For the correction of this error there is no better remedy than the performance of genteel comedy; for when the actor is made sensible how great is the difficulty of portraying manners of which he has numerous and daily examples to imitate, he cannot deny the much greater difficulty, in exhibiting Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard and Rolla, of which he has but few models, and those perhaps not perfect. We shall require no better illustration of our position than the performance of this evening;

and if any one will say (with very few exceptions) that they ever saw a more unfinished set of gentlemen, we shall be ready to acknowledge our error, and admit that they have been in much worse company than we even suspected them of. With the *Letitia Hardy* of *mrs. Mason*, the *mrs. Racket* of *mrs. Oldmixon*, and the *lady Touchwood* of *mrs. Young*, we were very much pleased. The first is perhaps as finished a piece of acting as the New-York boards have ever exhibited in that line. *Twaits* would have been a very good *Flutter*, had he confined himself to his author, and let *mrs. Clark* alone. His scarlet coat and black under-clothes may be very stylish. We presume they are, for they look'd like *old-stagers*, and evinced being frequently called upon. Indeed, when he said "my tailors bill has not been paid these two years," we were perfectly satisfied that his tailor had been even with him, and within that time had not trusted him with a new suit. *Captain Doyle* wanted only the red coat, to be a match for *Flutter;* fashioned as he has been however in the New-York school, we can readily excuse his preference of *sable entire*—he looked mournfully elegant, and, if he had shown a white handkerchief dangling from his pocket, would have been killingly genteel. *Mrs. Young* was not guided by her author when dressing for the earlier scenes of the play. A court dress for the morning is absurd. Her costume should have been adapted to walking; for *mrs. Racket* is made to say to her "you will have time enough to dress for dinner when we return." *Mr. Simpson's Doricourt* did

not equal our expectations—he wanted that *je ne scai quoi* which the author describes, and which should raise him preeminently superior to all his companions. *He*, *mr. Young* and *mr. Foster*, were the only well dressed men of the party, and looked the characters they personated.

Wednesday, 20. MOUNTAINEERS—and LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, *Colman*. *Mr. Morrel* made a second attempt this evening as *Octavian*—we saw nothing in his performance, to induce us to depart from our first opinion; he is not competent to fill the highest walks of the drama. If he is determined however to make the stage a profession, let him direct his attention to parts within the compass of his ability, and by practice and application he *may* become a respectable performer. Were his knowledge of the business of the stage equal to that of those who now tread its boards, he would not shrink in comparison with the most of them. We were sorry to see that indulgence withheld from him, that is always due to a trial performance. An established actor, who voluntarily undertakes, or suffers himself to be unnecessarily placed in parts without the scope of his talents, might merit an early expression of disapprobation; but the youthful candidate should be encouraged while the chance remains to him of exhibiting his powers. The veteran, if combating with public dislike, will feel his powers slacken and his genius sink:—how much more embarrassed, then, must be the novice, who has not the aid of experience and maturity of judgment, to bear him up against the chilling blasts of

unceasing opposition. The piece was throughout badly performed, and merited the disapprobation universally expressed.

Love laughs at Locksmiths was the afterpiece; and by a rich support in all its parts made some amends for the defects which preceded it. The speech-making little gentleman who so much amused us on a former occasion played the second to the same tune this evening. He did not, to be sure, apologize *for singing*, nor did he call for the *ayes*, without the *nose*; but he told us a pathetic tale of his bodily infirmities, and, while he begged to be excused from repeating the song, of which he was altogether incapable, from indisposition, invited attention to an occasional address, prepared expressly for the purpose of repelling an *illiberal insinuation*, which had been made in some of the public prints, viz: that speech-making was congenial to his temper and disposition. He begged the audience to believe that nothing was so foreign to his inclination, and called, as proof, the present instance, when, laboring under severe indisposition, he had travelled out of his path to address them on a subject interesting to himself alone, and which had nothing to do with the business before them. The gallery clapped, as usual; and the little man, swelling with self-delight, marched off, in a style unparallelled by any thing, but the tragedy strut of the two *Kings of Brentford*, or a vain-glorious crow getting across a gutter.

Friday, 22d. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, *Murphy.* Our pleasure this evening was marred by

the indisposition of *mr. Doyle*. *Mr. Twaits*, who is a very Hercules, and whose *desire to be useful* often outstrips his prudence, undertook to support the part of *Longueville* as well as that of *L'Eclair*. We would have excused this, had there been no person out of the cast capable of undertaking it; but while *mr. Tyler* was unemployed, it certainly was not necessity, and we should have preferred to hear him read the part, to witnessing the heart-rending transitions from Alexander the great, to Alexander the coppersmith. There was one thing however which afforded us great satisfaction, and, as it bespeaks the profound knowledge of our modern Proteus in the arts of the stage, we cannot pass it by unnoticed. It was this; whenever he played the part of *mr. Doyle*, he cunningly slipped on the surcoat of that gigantic actor, in which he hectored about like another little David in the coat of mail of Goliah: and so complete was the deception produced by this artifice, that we should have taken him for the captain himself, had he instead of speaking through his nose, spoke from the bottom of his belly.

The exquisite performance of *mr. Simpson* and *mrs. Mason* as *sir Charles* and *lady Racket*, *mr. Twaits's Drugget*, and *mrs. Oldmixon's Dimity* has rendered *Three Weeks after Marriage* the most diverting afterpiece of the season. It was played with infinite spirit, and drew forth continued applause.

Tuesday 26th. GEORGE BARNWELL, *Lillo*— and TALE OF MYSTERY. It is not often that the principal characters in this moral and interest-

ing tragedy are so well supported as they were this evening. *Mr. Simpson* represented *Barnwell*, and not only looked the character well, but portrayed it in colors of great richness and perfect nature. His simple and unaffected manner is well adapted to the personation of the character; and it this simplicity and unaffectedness of manner that constitute one of his chief excellencies. We have been so long accustomed to hear every thing delivered in a formal studied way, that when we see *mr. Simpson* playing from nature, discarding all the art and trickery of the stage, and speaking not according to the best laid down rules, but with a feeling inspired by the sentiments he utters, he awakens a sensation of pleasure that we can hardly describe. *Mrs. Mason* was the fascinating syren that lured the artless youth to his downfal:—her *Millwood* was a very able and impressive performance. *Mrs. Poe* played *Lucy*, and gave to the character an importance which it seldom receives. *Mrs. Young* was beautifully interesting as *Maria*, and had she strength equal to her sensibility, need not fear a comparison with any other representative. *Mr. Tyler* was at home in *Thorowgood*. It is that line for which he is peculiarly destined, and in which there is no actor on the american stage who is his superior.

The Tale of Mystery followed, and produced all the enlivening effects for which it is so much admired and which are its prominent characteristics.

Wednesday, 27th. ROAD TO RUIN—and MY

GRANDMOTHER. The continued indisposition of *mr. Doyle* compelled the subtituting of the *Road to Ruin* for the *Foundling of the Forest*, which had been announced as the entertainment for the evening. The house was excessively thin, but the play was nevertheless supported with considerable spirit.

The farce of *My Grandmother* exhibited some very good acting. *Twaits's Dicky Gossip* was in the first line of excellence. *Collins* is a very excellent frenchman, and gave *Souffrance* with much character and effect. *Mrs. Oldmixon* sung *Florella* charmingly; but her vivacity wants restraint:—a too free indulgence oftentimes makes her appear fantastical.

Thursday 28th. VENONI—and DON JUAN.

Friday, 29th. FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST—and CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. This favorite play was announced for the last time, and drew a much better house than the two preceding. It was received as usual with great pleasure, and mr. Doyle being restored to his place, it suffered nothing in the representation.

Monday, January 1st, 1810. THE AFRICANS; OR, WAR, LOVE AND DUTY. (first time) *Colman*—and HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. This very celebrated piece of the younger *Colman* was made the manager's *new year's gift* to the public. The following performers were arranged as the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Foulahs.		Second warrior,	Mr. Foster
Farulho, *(the priest)*	Mr. Tyler	*European.*	
Torribal, .	Young	Henry Augustus Mug,	Twaits
Madiboo, . .	Simpson	Fetterwell, .	Hallam
Selico, . .	Robertson	Marrowbone, .	Lindsley
Mandingoes.		Capt. Adamant,	M'Enery
Demba Sego Jalla, *(king of Kasson)*	Doyle	*African Women.*	
Daucari, . .	Collins	Darina, . .	Mrs. Twaits
Chief and warrior,	Anderson	Berissa, . .	Young
		Sutta, .	Oldmixon

The Africans was brought out at the *Haymarket* theatre in London, the 29th July, 1808. The fable is taken from a collection of french novels intituled "*Les Nouvelles de Florian*," and exhibits a pleasing combination of the most interesting emotions of the mind. *Darina*, a widow of the Foulah tribe, is left with three sons, *Selico*, *Madiboo*, and *Torribal*. *Selico* is betrothed to *Berissa*, the daughter of *Farulho*, the priest; and when on the eve of marriage the ceremony is interrupted by an irruption of the *Mandingoes* into the town of Fatteconda, then commences the first conflict between "*war*, *love* and *duty*." *Selico*, torn by contending passions, at length flies to the succour of his mother, whom he finds with his two brothers, who had taken refuge from the barbarity and massacre of the *Mandingoes*, in the neighboring woods. Here they are reduced to encounter the dreadful calamity of famine: to alleviate which *Selico* obtains a reluctant consent from his brother, *Madiboo* to take him up for sale to the slave-market, temporarily instituted by the king of the Mandingoes, and to apply the produce to the relief of their mother's distress. The slave-merchants objecting to the weakness of *Selico*,

he proposes to *Madiboo*, (his brother) as a last resource, that he shall deliver him up to the Mandingo monarch, as a slave who had escaped from his tent, and for whose apprehension a reward is offered of 400 ounces of gold. An interesting struggle ensues between the brothers; *Madiboo* is at length prevailed upon, and the wretched *Selico*, wearied with life, as he thinks his mistress *Berissa* has perished with her father, in the general massacre, is delivered up to the sanguinary monarch of Mandingo, who instantly orders him to the stake A funeral pile is also prepared for a female slave, who has resisted the amorous advances of the tyrant. The wretched criminals are brought out, and at the dreadful moment, when the fatal torch is about to be applied, they mutually recognize eaeh other as *Selico* and *Berissa*. An affecting appeal is made to the humanity of the Mandingo; but he continues unrelenting, until the appearance of the venerable priest, and the agonised mother, whose united solicitations so work upon his savage nature, that he at last grants a general amnesty, and consents to the union of *Selico* and *Berissa*. The distress of the piece is relieved by the whimsical adventures of *mr. Henry Augustus Mug*, an ivory-turner of London, who is first shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, is then made a slave to the *Foulah* tribe, and afterwards arrives at the extraordinary and high sounding situation of secretary of the foreign department, to the black king of the Mandingoes; he has also an affair of the heart with *Sutta*, a simple yet benevolent african; and they conclude

their amour by forming an additional couple in the matrimonial dance.

This drama possesses, in a very considerable degree, those characteristic attributes, which peculiarly distinguish the muse of *mr. Colman:* it blends the pathetic with the gay, and, by the force of contrast, exhibits, in strong and appropriate colors, the energetic burst of feeling, the impressive flow of sentiment, and the jocund effusions of hilarity. A vein of humor, happily adapted to the different situations of the respective characters, enlivens those parts of the performance which, with less skilful management, might produce a drawling and disagreeable *tædium.* The *sentiments* are dictated by the purest morality, and not unfrequently conveyed in terms well calculated to captivate the judgment and affect the heart. Perhaps in a few of the lighter scenes, a fastidious mind might object to expressions which seem too nearly to approximate to the language of low life; but those like blots upon white paper are easily erased. The Pegasus of MR. COLMAN is not a dull, lifeless, plodding animal: he is a steed of spirit, full of fire and genius; and, as he gallops with vigor and velocity, it cannot be unpardonable to kick up a little *dust* in his progress. In the AFRICANS we do not discover much of originality of character; yet the peculiarities of each are nicely discriminated, and the person once introduced upon the stage acts in a natural and probable manner until the completion of the design. MR. COLMAN has, with great success, steered his dramatic bark between the sombre heaviness of the

german school, and the farcical frivolities, which, too frequently, disgrace the modern drama. He has woven, from the light materials of a french novel, a *web*, in which the different hues of sensibility, terror, affection, and mirth, are skilfully touched, and happily varied. In the occasional situations of the characters, technically called stage-effect, *mr. Colman* has evinced great judgment and taste; the agonizing conflict of fraternal love, the distress of the mother and the heart-rending recognition of *Selico* and *Berissa*, at the dreadful pyre, are specimens of dramatic ability, which must always excite the admiration of a sympathising audience;—and though perhaps in regularity of plot, and the higher qualifications of the *vis comica*, the play of THE AFRICANS may not rank with some of the productions of the same ingenious author, it yet possesses merit so unquestionable as to place it in an honorable station in the list of modern dramas. The music is by *Kelly*, and displays a very pleasing union of taste and science. The scenery by *Holland* was picturesque and descriptive, and the town in flames managed with fine effect. On the dresses we cannot bestow much praise; the costume was deficient in uniformity, and in some instances quite inapposite. The mandingo king looked as if he had borrowed his dress from the grand turk, and *Farulho* might have very well passed for the high priest of the greek church. *Mr. Mug* wanted only an apron, to be a good representative of a cook's scullion, and the finery of *Dorina's* family but little comported with that state of poverty, which required the manual la-

bor of three sturdy boys to keep one old woman from starving. On the performance this evening we forbear to make any comments: the house was a bumper, and netted upwards of seventeen hundred dollars, the greatest sum ever received since its erection. The audience, as was to be expected, was riotous and noisy, but, excepting the throwing a fork at mrs. Oldmixon, when singing the bravura song, was not guilty of any very striking indecorum. We thought it very injudicious to expose her to insult, on an occasion such as this; for it is well known that our taste is not yet sufficiently refined, to enjoy this style of singing; and a New-York audience, in their *soberest* moments, will only listen to it from respect for the performer.

Wednesday, 3d. THE AFRICANS—and JOHN BULL AT FONTAINBLEAU. The house this evening was very well attended to witness the second representation of *The Africans*. The disappointment we experienced on the first evening, and which we readily ascribed to an imperfection of vision, incident to the day, was but little removed. We were not sensible before of the heaviness of many scenes, which are unnecessarily prolonged to an unreasonable length and are supported by a dialogue feeble in interest and destitute of spirit; these would not be injured by curtailment, and the piece consequently improved by the alteration. *Mr. Robertson* played *Selico*, and as in every thing in the serious line which he undertakes was mr. Robertson throughout. This gentleman is in that stage of improvement when a few hints,

if attended to, may be of service to him. By dint of long practice and close attention to his profession, he has conquered his natural deficiencies and attained a knowledge of stage business and stage effect, so, as to fill a very respectable line of characters, in a very respectable manner. He has evidently taken mr. Cooper for his model, and almost all that he exhibits of excellence is the result of a close imitation of that distinguished actor. The voice, the attitude, the gesture, the enunciation, &c. are all copies, more or less successful;—now, though we would be much better pleased to see mr. Robertson acting in a style of originality, yet as he has, perhaps judiciously, chosen to rely more upon his talents of mimicry than invention, we are anxious that he should at least confine himself to the excellencies of his model, and not, in his indiscriminate eagerness to imitate, fall into an adoption of his faults. We would caution him to avoid that tedious and painful precision which of late years has characterized the enunciation of mr. Cooper, and which in mr. Robertson is the more impolitic as it is not accompanied by that correct pronunciation for which mr. C. is noted. We would caution him against that dull, monotonous phlegmatic manner of delivering the most common place conversation of his characters—that turgid bellowing with which a glow of passion is heavily lumbered forth—that see-sawing of the hands—that formal and studied gesture which requires all the finish and grace of mr. C. to make it endurable—that stage trickery which, instead of suiting the action to the word and making the ges-

ture spring from the quick impulse of the feeling, induces the actor to be continually throwing himself into some statue-like attitude, so that a sudden glow of emotion, or burst of passion is kept suspended until the actor has fixed himself into some pretty posture in which to bring it forth. Thus the flashes of the author, the quick and ever-varying feelings to which the scene should give rise, are incessantly *hanging-fire*, and the spectator is constantly reminded that the scene before him is altogether a deception and the actor a mere puppet playing a part. We are sick of these phlegmatic, half-finished copies of mr. Cooper—these tedious, tardy enunciations—these laborings after grace—these rowings of the arms—twistings of the head—sawings of the air—these pauses without signification, and all the other fantastic grimaces, by which a set of unmeaning creatures weary us to death, and really seem to imagine that they are successful imitators of mr. Cooper, because they have not suffered one of his faults to escape them. We do not mean to apply these last remarks in their full extent to *mr. Robertson.* He is certainly entitled to much credit for the respectable standing to which his sedulity has raised him: but they may be taken home by most of our dramatic corps, who are too generally the humble *ditto's* of mr. Cooper, having each one seized some fault or other of his, wherewith to cover, as with a filthy rag, their own nakedness; so that, even our old acquaintance *John*, who seems to "flourish in immortal youth" can hardly carry off a chair or snuff a candle, without a grace or an attitude. Our recollection

at this moment furnishes us with but one passage and that very imperfectly, to instance as an illustration of *mr. Robertson's* faults. This was an apostrophe, or invocation, or ejaculation, we really forget which, uttered just before he is brought to the stake, to his mother, and brother, and threatened love, and some half a score other blessed saints, both living and dead.—At this passage *mr. Robertson* seems to have said to himself, in the words of *Nick Bottom*, " here will be salt tears shed, or I'm mistaken' ; and at it he goes, in a manner that made our hearts ache ;—not for poor *Selico* and his starved mother and half burnt wife, but for the unhappy english language, thus barbarously tortured. There were such m-m-mothers, and bl-l-l-lesseds, and mur-r-r-der-r-r-ed l-l-loves, that we dreaded, what between the mumbling and rumbling, scarcely a word would get away in its natural form. It seems as if these mannerists never knew when to let an M escape from their lips, and as to an unlucky R, they never happen upon one, but they are sure to r-r-ride it to death. The preceding was accompanied with indescribable writhings and stretches, in which *mr. Robertson*, through an over zeal to be graceful and affecting, continually indulges. One would almost suppose that he had been delighted with the uncouth picture of *mr. Kemble* as *Rolla*, and was on all occasions attempting a similar attitude. Indeed, we are sorry to see him so partial to these straddle-bag attitudes, wherein the body is shown at full length, from the point of one finger, to the extremity of the opposite toe. And since such is his

ambition, it is a pity it should not be gratified, and we here put his heart at rest by assuring him that both in enunciation, and gesture, and attitude, he is, to use a yankee phrase, "a very *lengthy* actor ——by *lengthy* meaning *tedious*." This remark may appear rather abrupt, nor should we have made it, did we not think it in the power of mr. Robertson to obviate its future application, by infusing more spirit into his performance and discarding that drawling enunciation, that turgid ranting, and that formal, and oft times unmeaning, gesticulation.

Mr. Simpson's Madiboo was given with great feeling and spirit, though occasionally with too much hurry, and at the close with a bustling vivacity, rather bordering upon antic. The transports of the simple child of nature are certainly to be given with fervor and wild enthusiasm, but throughout the character there is a manliness of feeling incompatible with puerile turbulence. We would invite the attention of *mr. Simpson* for one moment to a fault which is the natural companion of that liveliness, spirit and feeling, that we so much admire in him, and this is, an occasional hurry in his manner, which prevents him from giving finish and effect to many passages, and often robs them of the impressiveness they would otherwise possess. He too often overshoots the point where effect is to be produced, and in a manner, to speak technically, gives the clap-trap the go-by. He apparently acts entirely from feeling, and though this gives his performances an uncommon appearance of nature, yet it would not be impolitic in him, to

vein in his youthful ardor, to curb that hey-day of the spirits that "runs frolic through the veins" and pay some attention to stage effect, and the justifiable arts of "an able actor."

Mr. Simpson is one, for whom age and experience will do much. He has admirable materials for his profession; and when sober time has taken off the *fiery edge* of his youth, and tamed down that wild exuberance, which sometimes runs away with the young performer, we shall be much disappointed if he is not distinguished for a style of acting, rich, chaste and mellow. *Mr. Young* was a very tolerable *Torribal:*—his performance was marked by all the roughness with which the author has dressed the character. The *Mug* of *mr. Twaits* was of very common manufacture;—if it claims to be *delft*, it was but half finished, and lacked even the glossy coat to make it pass current—There was more of character in *mrs. Oldmixon's Sutta*, than almost any other part in the piece. *Mrs. Twaits* made nothing of *Darina*. *Mrs. Young* looked the beautiful *Berissa*. *Doyle* was furiously majestic as *Mandingoes'* king; and *mr. Tyler* supported the part of the priest with reverend gravity and pious resignation.

Friday, 5th. AFRICANS—and THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Monday, 8th. Do.—and MY GRANDMOTHER.

Wednesday, 10th. Do.—NO SONG NO SUPPER.—The indisposition of *mr. Simpson*, occasioned an alteration in the parts, that very much injured the representation of the evening. *Mr. Doyle* was substituted to read the part of *Madi-*

boo, and executed his task to the best of his ability. *Mr. Anderson* assumed the robes of Mandingoes' king, but there was *too little* of majesty about him, to make his personation supportable. *Where is he?* a revived farce, was postponed from the same cause, and *No song No supper* introduced in its stead.

Friday, 12th. WILD OATS, *O'Keefe*—and CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. The comedy of *Wild Oats* has generally been ranked as the best of O'Keefe's productions. When first introduced on the New-York stage it was a great favorite. The performance of the evening however promises little from the revival. *Mr. Simpson*, though but half recovered from his indisposition, came forward as *Rover*, but was very deficient in that eccentricity which marks the character, and which was so happily hit off in our ever to be lamented *Hodgkinson*. *Twaits*, who was also apparently suffering from sickness, was very defective in *sir George Thunder*—his person is peculiarly adapted to the part, and had he infused into the personation more dignity of manner and characteristic petulance, it would have been of infinite service.

Mr. Doyle seemed to have been allotted by the destinies for an original *John Dory*, and we believe he would have met the design, had he been master of the words of his part:—but a shameful deficiency in this regard deranged the whole business, and instead of playing *John Dory*, he "played the very devil." *Mr. Lindsley* too, though a mere nothing in general, made himself

of importance as a *Gammon*, by destroying some of the best scenes through a total ignorance of every word it was his duty to have uttered: if he has saved his *bacon* with the managers, he has been more lucky than he deserved. Many others are equally obnoxious to the same charge, though in a lesser degree. The *Ephraim Smooth* of *mr. Collins* may fall under like censure, but with less injurious results. The *Amelia* of *mrs. Twaits* was like most of her performances, productive of little effect. *Lady Amaranth* by *mrs. Mason*, and *Jane* by *mrs. Oldmixon* were well supported characters. We were highly pleased with *mr. Robertson* in *Sim.* There was a chasteness and simplicity in his style of acting, an unobtrusive humor, and a natural display of frankness and feeling, that we have very rarely of late seen displayed in characters of the kind on our boards. We would recommend to *mr. Robertson* to pay attention to parts of this kind, where rusticity is to be depicted, blended with honest feeling, and where there is no occasion for broad farce or comic caricature. The simple country lad is one of the most pleasing characters in the minor department of comedy, and if *mr. Robertson* can succeed in perfecting himself in it, he will add very greatly to his already respectable standing in the drama. *Mr. Young* was very respectable in *Harry;* and *mr. Tyler*, as the reduced clergyman, venerable and impressive. A further apology was made for the postponement of *Where is He?* and the *Children in the Wood* accepted as a substitute.

Monday, 15*th*. BELLES' STRATAGEM—and

WHERE IS HE? The present state of the company is an insurmountable obstruction to a perfect representation of this comedy. The scene lying entirely in high life, and the various parts requiring the most finished manners and elegance of address for a faithful portraiture, requires a greater number of accomplished actors than are to be found in the list of our *dramatis personæ*. The *sables* on this occasion were more general than before; and we could not but again remark, and that with great pleasure, the spirited manner in which our friend captain *Doyle* and his worthy compeers dress the fine gentleman. When they wear a round hat it is fiercely stuck on one side the head, and a white pocket-handkerchief is a never to be omitted appendage dangling from the skirts of the coat. As an improvement to the last captivating fashion, we would recommend that hereafter they never strut on the stage without the end of the shirt tail sticking out the breeches pocket.

Where is He? we believe produced universal disappointment. We were kept constantly on the tenter-hooks of expectation for something very clever, and were as constantly balked in obtaining it. That its repose has been disturbed, we think is matter of regret, and we recommend to the managers to lay it quietly down again, and if any one should inquire *where is he?* 'say gone to his rest never again to be disturbed.'

Tuesday, 16*th*. AFRICANS—and SPOILED CHILD. The *Africans* and *Spoiled Child* were the closing performances of the first part of the

season. The house, it is understood, will remain shut till the middle of February, when several new pieces, which are now in preparation, will be brought out.

It may not be ungratifying to our readers to be informed of the full theatrical force of North America. The following statement, we conceive, will be found correct.

New-York—managers, Stephen Price esq. and mr. Cooper—performers, mr. and mrs. Twaits, mr. and mrs. Young, messrs. Cooper, Simpson, Robertson, Collins, Tyler, Doyle, Foster, Hallam, Lindsley, Oliff, Anderson, M'Enery, mrs. Mason, Oldmixon, Poe, Hogg, and miss White.

Philadelphia—manager, mr. Warren—performers, mr. and mrs. Wood, mr. and mrs. Jefferson, mr. and mrs Francis, mr. and mrs. Jacobs, mr. and mrs. Wilmot, mr. and mrs. Seymour, messrs. Warren, Cone, Cross, Downie, Hardinge, West, Blisset, M'Kenzie, Briers, Miller, Drummond, Charnock, Thornton, Harris, Durang, master Barrett, mrs. Barret and mrs. Morris.

Boston—managers, Bernard, Powell and Dickinson—performers, mr. and mrs. Powell, mr. and mrs. Claude, mr. and mrs. Darley, mr. and mrs. Mills, mr. mrs. and miss Cunningham, mr. and miss Worrall, messrs. Bernard, Bernard, jun. Dickinson, Robertson, Johnston, Barnes, Allen, mrs. Graupner, mrs. Simpson, and mrs. Turner.

Charleston—*mr. Placide*, manager—performers, mr. and mrs. Bray, mr. and mrs. Clark, mr. and mrs. Utt, messrs. Caulfield, Fox, Clough, Spear, Rutherford, Sully, Turnbull, Jones, Ringwood, mrs. Lipman and miss Field.

A mr. *Dwyer*, of whose praise the gossip *Fame* is not very lavish, is, it is said, engaged to join the New-York company.

In our next number, which will appear shortly, the opinions of the british critics on this gentleman's talents, as well as those of other performers newly arrived among us, will be impartially selected from various publications.

ANECDOTE.

Cromwell, riding one day in state through the streets of London, amidst an immense number of spectators, who rent the air with their acclamations, one of his officers, Lambert, then at the head of the troops, expressed great pleasure at so marked a show of loyalty and affection; but Cromwell, observing what manner of men the shouters consisted of, replied coldly. "Harkee, my dear cousin, there would be a much greater crowd, and ten times the noise, if you and I were both in a sledge, going to be hanged.

When the parisian mob, hail Buonaparte, as he passes through the streets, may not he justly make a similar conclusion.

For the Ramblers.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

The kingdom of Poetry.

Poetry is bounded on the east by Eloquence, on the south by Painting and Sculpture; on the west by Music; and its northern shores are washed by the ocean of Erudition.

It is divided, like other countries, into high and low lands. The higher Poetry is inhabited by grave self important personages, whose language, compared with that of the other provinces, is like the spanish compared with the french. They are generally heroes by profession; and cutting an armed giant in twain from head to foot is but a trifle in their estimation. As to their women, the sun itself is not to be compared with the ugliest of them. Their horses are more fleet than the wind; and the trees of their country disdain to wave their heads lower than the clouds.

The capital of the province is called *Epic Poetry*. It is built on a sandy and barren soil which few have attempted to cultivate. This city is said to be far more vast than the ancient Nineveh. Whether it be so or not, it is a fact that those travellers who have attempted to explore every part of it complained mightily of being fatigued.

The inhabitants of this upper country, as well as those of the whole kingdom, are not very scrupulous about the veracity of whatever they advance. They entertain strangers with tales of

fancy, which they relate with a very serious air, and in a manner tolerably interesting. They are particularly careful to conduct the curious to the antique mausoleum of Homer, to the tomb of Virgil, and to the more modern monument erected to the memory of Telemachus.

The most disagreeable occurrences in this city are the disputes, challenges, combats, and massacres which we encounter at every step; but the gloominess which such scenes naturally inspire are soon dissipated on our arrival at the roman suburbs. These exceed the city itself in length; and the people residing in them are handsomer and more accomplished. They have all been great travellers and are all impassioned lovers. They are ever running at the ring of pleasure; festivals occupy the chief part of their attention; and a stranger is never suffered to leave them till he has assisted at five or six of their most splendid marriage ceremonies.

From the extremes of these suburbs are discovered immense shelvy mountains, surrounded on all sides with precipices: among these are situated *Tragedy*, an extraordinary country, where we particular remark the ruins of a few cities still beautiful amid their devastation. On approaching them the mind is seized with the profoundest melancholy. The inhabitants here are so habitually cruel, that even the women clap their hands with approbation at the sight of a miserable being in the act of stabbing or poisoning himself.

Not far distant from the ruins, in a charming situation, rises the fair city of Comedy. A natu-

ral taste for painting is generally infused among its inhabitants; but it is a pity that they often make use of this talent to represent dangerous objects under a seducing appearance. Each one here amuses himself with the little foibles of his neighbors, without caring who laughs in return; and this forms the chief pleasure of their societies.

The city is divided into five parts; at the entrance of each is placed a band of musicians and sometimes a group of dancers to welcome the stranger. It is defended by a citadel, which, in the language of the country is called a *Bologne*; and here visitors are stopped, to be informed of the beauties of the place, and to be desired to conduct themselves with proper decorum during their stay in it. These precautions are taken to guard against the *critics*, a cunning and evil minded nation, eternally at war with the kingdom of Poetry.

On the declivity of a little hill is seen another city, called *Tragi-Comedy*, where the inhabitants laugh with one side of the face and cry with the other. Although they are much liked by some, they never retain the affections of strangers for any length of time.

The higher and lower Poetry are separated by the immense solitary retreats of *good sense*, where the eye never reposes on a town or hamlet, and meets nothing but humble cottages scattered on the plain. It is, notwithstanding, the finest soil in the kingdom; producing in abundance all the delicacies of life. The want of population in this part arises from the narrowness of the roads and the difficulty of obtaining proper guides.

Besides these obstacles, this province is nearly surrounded with the country of *False Wit*, whose inhabitants are either amusing themselves in the pursuit of *pretty nothingnesses* and dazzling chimeras, or repose at their ease in the lap of voluptuousness; so that few of them take the trouble of visiting the neighboring solitudes. The capital of this dangerous country is called *Elegy*; it is encompassed with caves and purling rills, and rocks and woods, where the solitary inhabitants are ever on foot, with arms folded and eyes bent downwards, imploring the inanimate objects around them to be the faithful confidants of their grief; which the rocks and purling rills are of course careful not to betray.

The kingdom of Poetry is watered by two rivers: *Rhyme* and *Reason*. The latter is confined to the retreats of *good-sense*; and hence we may account for its being so little frequented. The former rises from the foot of mount *Reverie*; and a vast number of travellers are attracted by a magnificent abode, built on its banks, distinguished by the name of *Frivolity*.

The province we have above described is bounded on one side by the vast forest of *Stupidity*; the trees of which grow so close together, and are so rankly interwoven one with the other, that the rays of the sun can never penetrate it. It is so ancient, that passengers make it a point of religion to touch one of the branches. On its confines we meet with *Imitation*, a province of immense extent, and totally unfruitful: its inhabitants are extremely poor, and make a livelihood by gleaning

in the neighboring fields; and that without the least acknowledgment to the proprietors.

The kingdom of Poetry is extremely cold at the northern extremity, where the inhabitants are of small growth, pedantic and affected, to such a point, that if you attend to them, they will speak nothing but latin, and converse an hour at least on the turning of a particular phrase, or the force of a particular point. In this part of the kingdom we also find the little towns of *Anagram*, *Acrostic*, *Charade*, and many others of like note. It is worthy of remark that in these towns the inhabitants scarce ever arrive at the years of manhood. Beyond this place is the ocean we have before spoken of. At a small distance from the shore we discover the island of *Satire*, dependent on the kingdom of Poetry. The sea by which this island is encompassed, abounds in a salt of an extremely acrid and pungent flavor; and it is probably from this cause that the islanders here are afflicted with bilious complaints, and become morose and ill-natured. One of their towns, however, is an exception to this character. At the time the island was under the dominion of the romans, this city was governed by one *Juvenal*, who left behind him a taste for true wit and beauty that is not yet entirely lost.

I might also add a description of the peninsula of *Epigram*, which is terminated in a very sharp point, where it was once intended to erect a castle, to intercept all *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Songs*, that should approach the shore. But, on reflection, the few that could possibly arrive were

not deemed of sufficient importance, and the project was dropped.

FOR THE RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

"Among the many ancient mythological fables that have descended to us," says a writer of celebrity, "there is none that is more interesting to our feelings than that solemn idea, fraught with moral instruction, which their sages meant to convey under the allegorical representation of *Kronos;* or, as we term him, *Time devouring his children.*

The poet (for this idea is certainly poetical) intended, by this sublime fiction, ingeniously and elegantly to display the great father of ages feeding upon the elapsing centuries, which he considered as his offspring; and, although he swallowed them in succession, still continuing, with an appetite ungratified, voraciously to devour them as they arrive at maturity. The ancient sculptors have borrowed and embodied the same mental image, in order the more forcibly to convey to their *unlettered* countrymen a moral lesson in the statues which they formed upon it.

To solemnize this useful impression, and stamp it upon the public mind, the romans clothed the symbol of it with the form of Janus, whom they represented with *two faces*, the one *retrospectively*, and the other *prospectively* viewing the past and future; glancing from year to year, and from century to century, and with steady eyes pervading the events of ages and nations; the consequences that had resulted or might be excited from them; the

good and evil actions of mankind, and their probable influence upon particular individuals or society in general."

To the credit and honor of these our modern times, the chizel of the artist is not requisite to remind us of the commencement of a new epoch. So completely is the idea of Time devouring his children blended with our natures, so strong is our aversion to the hoary tyrant, and so justly are we incensed at his unceasing cruelties, that every nerve is strained, not only at particular epochs, but all the year round, to *kill* and *destroy* him.

The indignity offered to the venerable father of ages in all our most *fashionable* societies, even by female hands, no doubt forms a part and arises out of ancient prejudices. Wherever we turn our eyes, Time is *beaten* so unmercifully that none but ears with *tympani* as tough as parchment can hear it without shuddering; and not content with this, our men of battle hire the unhappy victims which have been torn from the bosom of their country, and held in chains of bondage (the sable sons of Afric) to scourge with sticks and rods *him* who will one day avenge their cause and set them free.

Among a great variety of complaints against Time, is that he never was known to pay respect to rank or condition; "he stays for no man." Our great folks in office, and those who have taken advantages of him on all occasions; who have by his means acquired property and *respectability*, the natural result of property, are very apt to blame their benefactor, and complain that his visits are disagreeable, and his manners rugged

and uncouth. If a public building fall into decay, *Time* is accused of having caused it, even when the fault is in the officer paid to keep it whole. Time is also said to have delayed the completion of that eighth wonder of the world, the new State-house; although it is pretty evident his long and diligent services can alone give the finishing stroke to the work.

We have amongst us a description of people called *Time Servers*, but, instead of being good and faithful servants, they are alway aiming at *seizing him by the forelock*. Moreover, strange as it may appear, our reverend grey-beards even advise their friends to offer this insult to this great *chronos*, formerly an object of adoration among the ancients, and who at this day hurls kings from their thrones, and makes an alderman of a baker or tallow-chandler with as much ease as a certain magistrate can *turn his coat*.

Time, we are happy to perceive, has also roused the *humane society* to visit the abodes of suffering humanity. If *Time* should bring about a reformation in our *body corporate*, their *reports* may be heard; but if this should not be the case, the biggest cannon in the arsenal, fully charged with the powder of eloquence and fired close to the ears of the said *body*, would not be heard, or, if heard, would not be *noticed*.

An excellent figure of *Time*, or *Janus*, as described by the ancients, *with two faces*, may be seen daily in a most *classical* attitude opposite Trinity church.

FOR THE RAMBLERS' MAGAZINE.

The gentleman who sat in the right hand stage box (on the evening of the first representation of Venoni) screwing up his delicate mouth, and simpering at the ladies, is requested to examine himself in the glass, while in the act of exercising those amiable *oglings;* and he will perceive that it was not without reason that the persons who observed him imagined he was affected with st. Vitus's dance.

Mr. B. I have my eye on you. Remember the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. Who knows but I may be destined to strip it off? Do you recollect the person who rode with you in a stage lately, and listen with mute attention to your own praises from your own lips during the whole of the journey? If you do not, and I again perceive you practising those ridiculous airs which have lately distinguished you at all public places, where you get admittance, I will be upon your flanks. "So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well! thy casement I need not open; for I look thee through."

Moreover, be careful not assert again that you are *one* of the authors of *Salmagundi.* It *may do* in *Canada,* but not here.

Q IN THE CORNER.

For the Ramblers.

Among the valuable acquisitions lately obtained by Bonaparte in Germany, that of the Salt-works at Halle is not the most inconsiderable. The immense revenues derived from these works by the sovereign possessing them, could not fail to attract the notice of the insatiable corsican, who whilst he chopped the joints from the unhappy germanic *body*, had *an eye* to the *preserving* and *seasoning* them for use. A philadelphia punster (the sharp-nosed attorney for instance) might here observe that the austrian emperor could well afford to lose his salt, as he is in a *pretty pickle* without it.

The following description of these works, from the pen of mr. Addison, will not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Halle is particularly famous for its salt-works. There are in the neighborhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in these mountains, where, as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of Halle, where it is received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pounds weight. This would raise a great revenue to the

emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt, that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt-works at Halle have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tirol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt-works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor; the rest of it passes on to Halle. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty leagues up the river above Halle; and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt-works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighborhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neighboring mountains; where,

as we are told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ."

The city of Venice has justly been considered an object of the greatest curiosity. Its situation and the remembrance of its former glory; its splendid palaces, and inimitable works of art; the policy of the late government, and the singular manners of its inhabitants, conspire to render it worthy of minute attention. Mr. Addison's description of this city is here inserted; and although written many years ago, is a complete picture of it up to the period of the late french invasion of Italy, when its old government was destroyed.

"The carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice, than in those of other countries; and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill as the music is good.

The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient greeks or romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old romans, squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them: *Si leva Cesare, e dice a' Soldati, A' la fugga. A' lo scampo.* The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy, he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hands; but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the opera of St. Angelo, that was acted at the same time. The king of the play endeavors at a rape; but the poet being resolved to save his heroine's honor, has so ordered it, that the king always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The italian poets, besides the celebrated smooth-

ness of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets; but among the italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words, that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The english and french, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and it is probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But it is no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage; the doctor, harlequin, Pantalone, and Coviello. The doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that, with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any other author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion's are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid acted at Bologna, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old roman personæ, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The french and italians have probably derived this custom, of showing some of their characters in masks, from the greek and roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has, at the head of every scene, the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antique statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the eunuch; for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the vatican manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient romans and athenians should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a cyclops, or a satyr that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humor of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble in-

deed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise; but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him: so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighborhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the venetians. There is a set of artisans, who, by the help of several poles, which they lay across each other's shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it; the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which

show that the venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens.
Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.

Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Cons.

SKETCH OF THE

LIFE OF MOZART,

The Composer.

This celebrated character, from whose works much has been borrowed for the english stage, was born at Salzburg in 1756, where his father was master of the chapel.—Young Mozart, at the age of three years, attending to the lessons which his sister, then seven years old, was receiving at the harpsichord, suddenly became captivated with the harmony; and when she had left the instrument, he would instantly place himself at it, find the *thirds*, sound them with the liveliest joy, and employ whole hours at the exercise.—His father, urged by such early and striking indications of genius, immediately began to teach him some little airs; and soon perceived that his pupil improved even beyond the hopes he had formed of him. At the age of six years, he had made such progress as to be able to compose short pieces for the harpsichord, which his father was obliged to commit to paper for him. From that time nothing made any impression upon him but harmony; and infantine

amusements lost all their attractions unless music had a share in them. His father returning home one day with a stranger, found little Mozart with a pen in his hand—"what are you writing?" said he, "a concerto for the harpsichord," replied the child. "Let us see it;" rejoined the father, "it is a marvellous concerto, without doubt." He then took the paper, and saw nothing at first but a mass of notes mingled with blots of ink by the mal-address of the young composer, who, unskilled in the management of the pen, had dipped it too freely in the ink; and having blotted and smeared his paper, had endeavored to make out his ideas with his fingers; but on a closer examination, his father was lost in wonder; and his eyes, delighted, and flowing with tears, became rivetted to the notes. "See," exclaimed he to the stranger, "how just and regular it all is! but it is impossible to play it; it is too difficult." "It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be practised till one can execute it. Hear how this part goes." He then sat down to perform it; but was not able to execute the passages with sufficient fluency to do justice to his own ideas.

Extraordinary as his manual facility was universally allowed to be for his age, it did not keep pace with the progress of his knowledge and invention. In the year 1762, his father took him and his sister to Munich, where he performed a concerto before the elector, which excited the admiration of the whole court; nor was he less applauded at Vienna, where the emperor called him the *little sorcerer*. His father gave him lessons only

on the harpsichord; but he privately taught himself the violin: and his command of the instrument afforded the elder Mozart the utmost surprise, when he one day at a concert took a second violin, and acquitted himself with more than passable address.

True genius sees no obstacles. It will not, therefore excite our wonder, if his constant success in whatever he attempted begot an unbounded confidence in his own powers: he had even the *laudable* hardihood to undertake the *first* violin, and did not long remain short of the necessary proficiency. In the year 1763 he made, with his father and sister, his first grand musical journey. He visited Paris; and was heard by the french court, in the chapel royal at Versailles, where his talent on the organ was admired even *more* than on the harpsichord.

At Paris, the musical travellers gave two concerts, which procured them the highest reputation, and the distinction of public portraits. It was here that a set of sonatas for the harpsichord, some of his earliest compositions, were engraved and published.

From Paris, they went to London, where they also gave two concerts, consisting of symphonies composed by young Mozart, who even at that early age, sang also with much expression, and practised publicly with his sister. From London, where Mozart also published six sonatas for the harpsichord, the musical family went to Holland, thence again to France; and in 1766 returned to Salzburg. In 1768 he again visited Vienna, where

Joseph the second engaged him to set to music a comic opera, entitled "La Finta Semplice," which obtained the approbation of Hasse and Metastasio. It was at this time also, that, although but twelve years of age, he composed the music for the consecration of the church of orphans, at the performance of which he himself presided. In 1769 Mozart again returned to Salzburg, where he became *maitre de concert.* Not having yet seen Italy, in the December of the same year, he set out for the seat of the fine arts. Those talents which had already excited the admiration of Germany, France, and England, now awakened in that land of musical taste the most lively enthusiasm. In 1771, he had no sooner given personal proofs of his genius, than *la scrittura* for the following carnival was conferred upon him. He visited Bologna, then as famous for harmonious excellence as Naples, where the celebrated theorist, Martini, was amazed to see a german boy work and execute the theme of a fugue which he presented to him, in the extraordinary style in which Mozart acquitted himself. He next went to Florence: Florence even enhanced the eulogiums which Bologna had lavished upon him. During the holy week he arrived at Rome, and assisted at the "Miserere" in the sextine Chapel, which performance is justly considered as the *ne plus ultra* of vocal music. This circumstance claims particular notice, as introducing a proof of another faculty of his mind, only to be equalled by those wonderful powers which he had already demonstrated. He was prohibited from taking a copy of this,

"Miserere" and therefore picqued himself on retaining it in his memory. Having heard it with attention, he went home, made out a manuscript from recollection; returned the next day to the chapel, heard the piece a second time, corrected the rough draught, and produced a transcript which surprised all Rome. This "Miserere" formed a *score* numerous in its parts, and extremely difficult of execution. His mind had embraced and retained the whole!—he soon after received from the pope the order of the gilt spur; and at Bologna was complimented, by an unanimous decision, with the title of "Member and Master of the Phil-harmonic Academy." As a proof, *pro forma*, of his qualifications for this academical honor, a fugue, for four voices, in the church style, was required of him, and he was shut up alone in his chamber. He completed it in half an hour; and received his diploma. The opera which he composed for Milan was called "Mithridates:" this piece procured him *la scrittura* for the grand opera of the carnival of 1773, which was his *Lucio Sulta*. At length, after a tour of fifteen months, he returned to Salzburg.

In 1777 Mozart visited Paris: but the music of that capital, which so little accorded with his taste, together with the disgust he conceived from the base intrigues of the late french court, soon determined him to quit that capital, and return to his domestic comforts. In 1781, at the request of the elector of Bavaria, he composed the opera of "Idomeneo" for the carnival of that year.—At his twenty-fifth year he was invited to Vienna,

where he continued spreading, as from a centre, the taste of his compositions through all Germany and the lustre of his name over the whole of Europe. Joseph the second, solicitous for the perfection of the german opera, engaged Mozart to compose a piece. He accordingly produced "L'Enlevement du Serail;" performed for the first time in 1782. It excited the jealousy of the italian company, who therefore ventured to cabal against it.—The emperor, addressing himself to the composer, said, "It is *too fine* for our ears, my dear Mozart, and most *charmingly crowded* with notes."—"Precisely what it ought to be," replied the spirited musician, who justly suspected that this remark had been suggested to Joseph by the envious italians. This opera produced at Vienna unbounded applause and admiration; it drew the most overflowing audiences: every body was amazed at its new traits of harmony, and at passages so original, and, till then, so unheard from wind instruments. During the composition of this opera, he was married to mademoiselle Weber a distinguished *virtuosa;* and the piece was supposed to owe to this felicitous circumstance much of that endearing character, that tone of tenderness, and that expression of the softer passions which form its principal attractions. "The Marriage of Figaro," which was in the highest repute at all the theatres, was in the year 1787 transformed into an italian opera; and Mozart, at the instance of the emperor, set it to music. This piece was highly received every where, and kept possession of the theatre at Prague during almost

the whole of the winter in which it first appeared—Mozart came that very winter to Prague, and performed in public on the pianoforte. His auditors at all times listened to him with admiration ; but whenever he played extempore, and indulged the spontaneous and uninterrupted sallies of his fancy, which he sometimes would for more than half an hour, every one was seized with the most enthusiastic raptures, and acknowledged the unrivalled resources of his imagination.

About this time the manager of the theatre contracted with him for the composition of a new opera, which when produced, was called, " Il Dissoluto Punito ; or, Don Giovanni." His reputation was now so exalted, that the bohemians picqued themselves on the circumstance that this opera was composed for their entertainment. But this fame, this great and universal applause, had not yet produced to the admired artist any solid advantages ; he had obtained no place, no settled income ; but subsisted by his operas, and the instructions and occasional concerts which he gave. The profits of these proved insufficient for the style which he was obliged to support ; and his finances became much deranged. The critical situation in which he now found himself made him resolve to quit Vienna, and seek an asylum in London ; to which metropolis he had been often invited ; but Joseph nominating him *compositeur de la chambre*, though with a very inadequate salary, he was induced to accept it ; and Germany had the advantage of retaining him.

In the year 1791, Mozart, just after he had re-

ceived the appointment of *Maître de chapelle* of the church of St. Peter, and when he was only thirty-five years of age, paid the last tribute; and left the world at once to admire the brilliancy, and lament the shortness of his earthly sojournment. Indefatigable, even to his death, he produced during the last few months of his life, his three great master-pieces, "La Flute Enchantée," "La Clemence de Titus," and a "Requiem," his last production. "La Flute Enchantée" was composed for one of the theatres at Vienna; and no dramatic Olio could ever boast of greater success.—"La Clemence de Titus" was requested by the states of Bohemia, for the coronation of Leopold. The composer began it in his carriage during his route to Prague, and finished it in eighteen days. Some circumstances attending the composition of the last piece are too interesting to be omitted.

A short time before his death, a stranger came to him with the request that he would compose as speedily as possible, a "Requiem" for a catholic prince, who, perceiving himself on the verge of the grave, wished, by the execution of such a piece, to soothe his mind, and familiarize it to the idea of his approaching dissolution. Mozart undertook the work, and the stranger deposited with him as a security, four hundred ducats, though the sum demanded was only two hundred. The composer immediately began the work, and during its progress, felt his mind unusually raised and agitated. He became at length so infatuated with his "Requiem" that he employed not only the day, but

some hours of the night, in its composition. One day, while he was conversing with madame Mozart on the subject, he declared to her that he could not but be persuaded that it was for himself he was writing this piece. His wife, distressed at her inability to dissipate so melancholy an impression, prevailed on him to give her the score. He afterwards appearing somewhat tranquillized, and more master of himself, she returned the score to him, and he soon relapsed into his former despondency. On the day of his death, he asked for the "Requiem," which was accordingly brought to his bed. "Was I not right," said he, "when I declared that it was for myself I was composing this funeral piece?" and the tears trickled from his eyes. This production of a man impressed during its composition with a presentiment of his approaching death is *unique* in its kind, and contains passages which have frequently drawn tears from the performers.

Mozart, at the time of his death, was considerably involved in debt; but Vienna and Prague disputed the honor of providing for his widow and children; and M. Van Switten has been a father to them.

This account is chiefly extracted from a memoir of him, written by mr. *Thomas* (now dr.) *Busby*, a gentleman who has lately distinguished himself in musical composition, and whose first dramatic effort was the music of "Joanna," acted at Covent Garden, 1800, which evinced much science and grandeur. He also composed an Oratorio, called "The Prophecy," &c.

From the Satirist, a London paper.

Our great tragedian, mr. Kemble, is well known to be as enthusiastic an admirer of good wine as he is of good plays, and has a corresponding affection for the *authors* of both. Not long ago he called upon a celebrated merchant, in the vicinity of Hammersmith, and told him that he was come to take his mutton with him. The gentleman replied that he was most happy to see him, but that he should be compelled to leave him at 9 o'clock, being particularly engaged to an evening party. "Never mind that" exclaimed mr. K. " you dont take the key of the cellar with you, I suppose? " certainly not." Dinner was accordingly served, and at 9 o'clock, when K. had not taken *above two bottles of wine*, his friend, having told him that his butler had orders to supply him with whatever he wanted, wished him a good evening and went out.

Mr. K. ordered another bottle of wine—it was instantly brought, and in a few minutes swallowed. He rang the bell again—another bottle appeared, which was also emptied. "Now, John" said he to the butler, " fetch me the *landlord's bottle:*" John respectfully complied, and was about to withdraw " stop John." cried K. " you are a d—d honest fellow! you love your master, and so do I—sit you down in that chair, and we will empty this bottle to his good health." John, being a well bred gentleman of livery, politely assented, and they finished the bottle, *tete-a-tete*, when mr. K. observed, that they would have one more bottle, and then

he'd go to London; while they were drinking this, he thus feelingly addressed the butler: John, when I have taken a *little too much* wine, I am apt to be quarrelsome! now, if you should see me at all inclined that way, before I get into a hackney coach, have the goodness to—*knock me down!* "god bless my soul, sir," exclaimed John, "I could not think of such a thing?"—"why not!" returned K. "it is the only means that you can take *to save* me from being ill used, and I insist upon your doing as I desire you." "Well sir," said John, "as my master told me, I was to do *whatever* you ordered, it is not my business to contradict you; but I trust, sir, there will be no occasion for my resorting to such means of *pacification!*" he was of course thanked heartily for this *kind* promise and requested to order a coach; which in a few minutes was at the door. Mr. K. not liking the appearance of the horses, thus addressed the coachman; "do you think those d—d old rips will ever take me to London?" "yes, sir" replied the man, "if you were twice as big as you are!" "you are an impertinent fellow," cried mr. K. "and if you'll come down from your box I'll be d—d if I dont give you a good thrashing!" *Coachee* being a man of courage, instantly descended: when John, recollecting his orders, and thinking this a proper moment for carrying them into execution, stept back, put himself into a Belcher attitude, and

"Felled the *tragic* hero to the ground,"

who most liberally repaid the act of *solicited kindness* by getting up and giving John a desperate beating: having done this, he rewarded the coach-

man in a similar manner, and then coolly observed that, as he was *rather warm*, he would *walk* to London.

From an English Magazine.

DIARY,

of a celebrated Police Officer.

Monday. Got up at eight o'clock—had a *drap of Jackey*—drank two dishes of *slop* with spouse—took a gentle walk to the office, found all quiet, excepting a few night charges—paid my respects to sir William, and the rest of the *Beaks*, and walked home—read half a dozen pages of a book called *Political Justice*—thought it had been something in our way—devilishly mistaken—couldn't understand a syllable, so fell fast asleep, and did not wake until it was time to attend lady Fleec'm's *rout*—the coachman and chairman being a little *obstropolos*, was *obligated* to tip them a little *patter*.

Tuesday. Did not get up till noon, having drank rather too freely of *black strap* the night before—very queer at dinner—took a walk afterwards to Fulham—returning home, met Bob Blunderbuss and Ben Bounce, going out on their *prads*—in the evening attended my duty at the Opera—had a long talk with lord Flutter about Galloping Dick and Boniparty—handed lady Wheedle and the young ladies to their carriage—called at a *ken* in the way home, drank four *goes* of brandy and water, smoaked my pipe, and went to bed.

Memorandum. If any thing done by *scamps-men* on the Fulham road, send the *traps* to *pull up* Bounce and Blunderbuss, two *forties* at least, besides what the *prads* will fetch at the repository.

Wednesday. Not being at the office yesterday, took a stroll there—found the *beaks* and *titlarks* reading the papers and taking snuff—looked over the information book—plenty of business—seventeen burglaries, twenty-four highway and footpad robberies, all entered since Saturday—none of the parties *spoke to* on the road able to swear positively, because the dogs wore crapes and handkerchiefs over their faces.

Thursday. Did not get up until it was time to attend the drawing room at St. James's; after which Mack and I called at a *flash ken* in St. Giles's—closetted with the *cove* and Sal Sly for half an hour—had a special meeting of the *straps*, at the *russian* coffee-house—agreed to *grab* about a dozen old acquaintances for examination next week. In the evening went to the opera—lord Spooney presented me with two guineas, for the new flash song made on the last execution, beginning

"Within a *Rattler* stands *Moll Flash*,
"To see the kiddies die."

Friday. Attended at the office—three boys brought in for *prigging* of *wipes*—no prosecutors appeared—blew up the patrole for not apprehending them, as well as the thieves. At twelve o'clock, went to the lectures at St. James's—the church amazing full—pick-pockets very numerous—met with several old friends from Botany Bay, who

appeared to pay as much regard as ever to the 8th commandment. At night dined with sir —— and lady —— both expressed a great desire to learn the slang language—agreed to teach it for a guinea a lesson—at eleven o'clock took him to a *ken*—heard some capital knowing songs—sir John *lipt* us the favorite *chaunt* of poor *Jerry Abershaw's.*

" Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers,
" You're all upon the lay."

Staid till five in the morning—both got dead drunk, but made shift to reach the *Finish*, where we took coffee.

Saturday. Went into the city—had a consultation with the bank directors about the forged notes—after which, attended their lordships of the Post-office, about a mail robbery—drank chocolate at both places, put on some very knowing looks, but know just as much who forged the notes, or robbed the mail, as the pope of Rome—must find out, if can—because why? these prosecutions pay a body very well for one's trouble.

Sunday. Put on my best mourning—went to Chapel Royal—lost my last new *caster*, cost twenty five shillings—the king and all the royal family (god bless 'em) laughed ready to split their sides to think how the knowing one was done. Went home rather cross, eat a hearty dinner of roast beef, and drank plenty of punch—read Moll Flanders and lord Chesterfield's letters. At nine o'clock went to st. Giles's as agreed with the officers, and *grabbed* about fifteen *pretty boys*, for an exhibition before sir William the next morning.

Memorandum. Must ask some of my friends, *the Judges*, whether hat stealing in a church is not sacrilege; and whether, as the robbery was done between sun-rise and sun-set, I can't sue the county for the twenty five shillings?

Glossary of Fashionable or Cant Phrases.

Beaks—Magistrates.
Black-strap—Red Port.
Caster—A Hat.
Cove—The landlord.
Flash ken—A public house for thieves.
Forties—Rewards.
Go—Half a quartern.
Grabbed—Pulled up—Synonymous for apprehending.
Jackey—Gin.
Lip a chaunt—Sing a song.
Nosed—Observed.
Prads—Horses.
Prigs—Thieves.
Russian Coffee-house—The Brown bear.
Slop—Tea.
Spoke to—Robbed.
Tilarks—Spectators at Bow-street.
Traps—Runners.
Wipes—Pocket handkerchiefs.

Burlesque upon private routs, from a London Magazine.

Amongst these most elegant and convivial parties the metropolis has to boast of the present season, we must rank the assembly, April 11, at the amiable mrs. Swipes's. To enumerate all

the beauty, gaiety, and fashion, that ornamented this charming *rout*, would be to recapitulate all that are worth noticing in London. The rooms were open about nine: and we can with the strictest truth observe, that, if ever the charming hostess exceeded herself, it was on this occasion. "Her face," to use the words of our immortal bard, "was fired with labor; she was all attention, all politeness, and all festivity:—indeed, she seemed to possess the power of ubiquity; for, wherever we turned our eyes, she still presented herself, with a bottle of gin in her right hand, and a gin glass in her left. Her daughter, too, the lovely Kitty Swipes, seemed to vie with her mother in entertaining her guests, by carrying hot purl to every quarter of the rooms. About eleven, miss Slang was earnestly entreated to charm the company with the much admired *cantata* of "*Come, tip us a glass of true blue?*"—To those who know the affability, the readiness to oblige, and the sweet condescension of this young lady, it will be needless to observe how cheerfully she complied. She was accompanied by the two master Tripes, one on the marrow-bone and cleaver, and the other on the jew's harp. She was, it must be confessed in full song, a fine compass of voice, great light and shade, and a most enchanting *portamento*. Master Tripe's performance, too, was astonishing: more firmness of finger, and delicacy of touch, we never witnessed. At that pathetic part of the cantata, "*For Sal had the gift of the gab*," we observed a tear of sensibility gently stealing down the cheek of the fair mrs. Noggin.

On enquiring the cause, we found that her delicate feelings had been cruelly wounded by that part of the song reviving the fate of her unfortunate daughter, who, a little time before, on account of some *amiable indiscretion*, had been transported to Botany Bay. To this period, nothing could exceed the decorum of the assembly; when, unluckily, a person (for we cannot call him a gentleman), who is supposed to have intruded himself under the sanction of a *forged ticket*,* abruptly exclaimed, "d—n all this cheek music! let us have a little jaw-work of another sort! where are the hot mutton-pies that mother Swipes promised?—a reel was now performed, in a capital style, by a part of the company, when the eldest miss Dunstan, who was one of the dancers, in consequence (as it was thought) of her having inadvertently mixed too much gin in her purl, tumbled with some force against miss Slammerkin, who, stepping back, asked her, in an angry tone, if she had a mind to be running her rigs? telling her, at the same time, that she would "*dim her daylights!*"—such an insult was too much, even for the gentleness and forbearance of miss Dunstan, who, squaring her elbows, asked miss Slammerkin, "what she was for?"—"a ring! a ring!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter of the room; when, luckily, mrs. Bungay interposed, and remonstrated, with great earnestness, on the impropriety of such conduct, and desired them to consider how such vulgar proceedings would be reprobated, by the company who frequented any of

* This alludes to the hoax of false tickets of invitation to the marquis of Abercorn's ball.

the assemblies which they might consider as their competitors!—This did not fail to bring all parties to a proper sense of the respect that was due to their own characters, and every thing was amicably adjusted: the hot mutton-pies were introduced, and the ladies waited for no solicitations to testify their practical approbation of the gin and purl. About three in the morning, the assembly began to separate: carts were provided for those who could not walk; the riders in which, falling to blows soon after their quitting the rooms, were seized by the watch, and all safely lodged in Tothill-fields bridewell.

Every oxonian and every birmingham button-maker will recollect Miles Stratham, driver of a stage between Oxford and Birmingham, who in his time had travelled as many miles as would compass the whole globe fourteen times. He married in January, 1800, after a courtship of twenty-six years; during which time his wife had been house-keeper in a gentleman's family. The following lines were written on the occasion, and inserted in the Sporting Magazine; the writer of them is now in America.

How strange that he who with such skill
  Had plied his whip through life,
Should be full six-and-twenty years
  In *whipping* up a wife!
Miles was he rightly called, since he
  Has travell'd many a *mile*.
His Poll's idea went with him,
  But she *kept house* the while.

Full fourteen times his nags and he
(So well he made them stir),
Had compassed the whole world about,
Ere he could compass her.

Ye oxford men, while thus his praise
A cambridge quill relates,
What! could not such a driver drive
Some wit into your pates?

This Miles's fame is *passing* great,
As many a town doth see;
So great that he with ease can leave
Your famous library.

Then try if you can teach your Miles
To rival Hobson's* name,
And then the road he drives may prove
To you a road to fame.

VERSES ON OPIUM.

Hail! lovely flower, to thee I sing,
Thou friend of peasant and of king!
I worship at thy shrine;
The god who did to thee impart
The means to ease the head and heart,
That faculty divine.

The old, the young, the rich, the poor,
Will oft from thee receive a cure,
While other drugs prove vain;
The tortured limb, the aching head,
Or victims that disease has made,
Will happy ease obtain.

* Alluding to Hobson, the celebrated livery-stable keeper in Cambridge, who gave rise to the old saying "Hobson's choice."